PLAYS

Written by

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

VOLUME the SECOND.



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson, W. Feales, G. Straban, B. Motte, D. Brown, R. Wellington, J. Brindley, and G. Corbet.

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Don Carlos, PRINCE of SPAIN.

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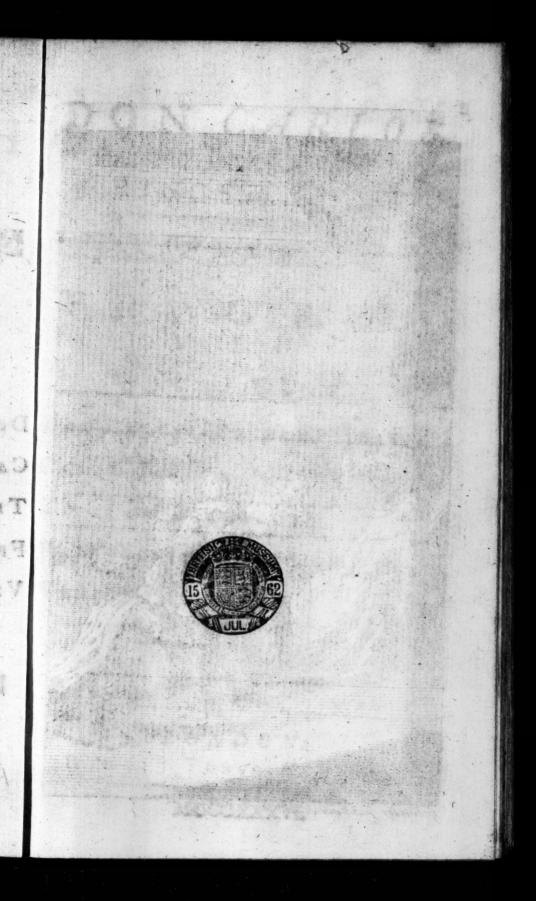
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DON CARLOS,

PRINCE of SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. OTWAY.

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LONDON:

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SENHON-HENKENS

To his Royal Highness the

DUKE.

SIR,

TIS an approved Opinion, There's not so unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: For certainly be lives to very little Use that only toils in the same Round, and becanse be knows where he is, tho' in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a smoother Path for fear of being loft. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinc'd, in that I durst presume to put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it were not ordinary: For, besides my own Propensity to take an Opportunity of publishing the extreme Devotion I owe your Royal Highness, the mighty Encouragement I receiv'd from your Approbation of it when presented on the Stage, was Hint enough to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Tet whilft I do this, I am fenfible the curious World will expect some Panegyrick on those heroick Virtues, which are thre out it so much admir'd. But as they are a Theme too great for my Undertaking, so only to endeavour at the Truth of em, must in the distance between my Obscurity and their Height, savour of a Flattery, which in your Royal Highness's Esteem I would not be thought guilty of: Tho' in that part of 'em which relates to my self (viz. your Favours shower'd on a Thing so mean as I am) I know not bow to be filent. For you were not only so indulgent as to bestow your Praise on this, but even (beyond my Hopes) to declare in favour of my first Essay of this Nature, and add yet the Encouragement of your Commands to go forward, when

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I had the Honour to kiss your Royal Highness's Hand, in token of your Permission to make a Dedication to you of the seconds. I must confess, and bonst, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not fensible bow far I am undeferving. Yet when I consider you never give your Favours procipitately, but that it is a certain Sign of some Defert when you vouchsafe to promote; I, who have terminated my best Hopes in it, should do wrong to your Goodness, should I not let the World know my Mind, as well as my Condition, is rais' aby it. Lam certain none that know your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so great and so good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near you and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all Men created an awful Love and Respect towards you; since in the firmness of your Resolution the brave and good Man is sure of you, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over; and I hope your Royal Highness will pardon it, Since 'tis maaffectedly my Zeal to you, who am is nothing Jo unfortunate, as that I have not a better Opportunity to let you and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highness's most Humble, most Faithful, and most Obedient Servant,

Compands to co for

THO. OTWAY.

configurations of year



ey think, 39H To. Whoever they are, ever though a tegra mor have they thank

PREFACE.

READER,

ontheir own Venezue Lam

Is not that I have any great Affection to Scribbling, that I pefter thee with a Preface; for amongst Friends, 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it with those that write Hackney under Attornies, it will hardly keep us in Ale and Cheese. Honest Ariosto began to be sensible of it in his Time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpose;

I pity those who in these latter Days
Do write, when Bounty hath shut up her Gate:
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labour oft have but a Mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir John Harrington's Tranflation; had I understood Italian, I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talen, there fore to proceed: This Play was the second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess, I had often a Phillation to Poetry, but never durit venture on my Mufe; till I gother into a Corner in the Country; and then like a bathful young Lover, when I had her private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought the would have produc'd any thing; till at last, I know not how, ere I was aware, I found my felf Father of a Dramatick Birth, which I called Alcibiades: But I might, without offence to any Person in the Play, as well have call'd it Nebuchadnezzar; for my Heroe, to do him Right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but wou'd as little have boggled at the obliging the Passion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I should my felf, had I the same Opportunities, which I have given him. This I publish to antedate the Objections some People may make against that Play,

The PREFACE.

who have been (and much Good may it do 'em) very fevere, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am fure I never disoblig'd them: nor have they (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me. In the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. Iam well satisfy'd I had the greatest Party of Men of Wit and Sense on my Side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I receiv'd from the Earl of R. who, far above what I am ever able to deferve from him, feem'd almost to make it his Business, to establish it in the good Opinion of the King and his Royal Highness; from both of whom I have fince receiv'd Confirmation of their good liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all Gratitude confess, I owethe greatest part of my good Success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extremely build my Hopes of a next. I dare not prefume to take to my felf what a great many, and those (I am fure) of good Judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (viz.) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late, for, I thank Heav'n, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modeftly boast of, which the Author of the French Bernice has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so noble a Pleasure: for 'twas not my Business to take such as only come to a Playhouse to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Tho'a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his Opinion of this Play, very gravely cock'd, and cry'd, I gad he knew not a Line in it he would be Author of. But he is a fine facetious witty Person, as my Friend Sir Formal has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And fo, Reader, I bid him and thee Farewel.

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PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Author took this Play in hand, He doubted much, and long was at a Stand. He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings Were to be treated of as Sacred Things, Not as they're represented in this Age, Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage! Us'd only just for reconciling Tools, Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools. Besides, the Characters be shows to Night, He found were very difficult to write: He found the Fame of France and Spain at stake, Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which Part to take; Till this his Judgment safest understood, To make them both Heroick as he cou'd. But now the greatest Stop was yet unpast, He found himself, alas! confin'd too fast. He is a Man of Pleasure, Sirs, like you, And therefore hardly could to Business bow; Till at the last he did this Conquest get, To make his Pleasure Whetstone to his Wit, So sometimes for Variety he writ. But as those Block-heads, who discourse by rote, Sometimes speak Sense, altho' they rarely know't: So be scarce knew to what his Work would grow, But 'twas a Play, because it would be so: Yet well be knows this is a weak Pretence. For Idleness is the worst want of Sense. Let him not now of Carelesness be tax'd, He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next: Mean while-Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare; Yet do it kindly, be not too severe, He may bear better Fruit another Year.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

South in south of the time in the time

Officer of the Guards.

Philip II. King of Spain, Mr. Betterton. Mr. Smith. Don Carlos, his Son, Don John of Austria, Mr. Harris. Marquiss of Posa, the Prince's Con-Mr. Crosby. fident Mr. Medburn. Rui Gomez, Mr. Norris.

WOMEN.

But usay the greated Elect area at autaff. He Bound Simplet, ales to seeded do fall.

He may bear better I wait another

Queen of Spain, Mrs. Mary Lee. Dutchess of Eboli, Wifeto R. Gomez, Mrs. Shadwell. Mrs. Gibbs. Henrietta, Mrs. Gillow. Garcia,

> Prince his Mose Grown Braining at Employed Ponty



Don CARLOS, PRINCE of SPAIN.

ACTI. SCENEI

S C E N E, a Palace Royat.

The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen attended, Don Carlos, the Marquis of Posa, Rui-Gomez, &c. Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.

KING.

APPY the Monarch on whose Brows
no Cares

Add Weight to the bright Diadem he
wears:

Like me in all that he can wish for, blest. Renown and Love the gentlest Calms of

And Peace adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast. [Rest,]
To me great Nations tributary are;
Tho' whish my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I reign, I must pay Homage here.

Approach, bright Mistress of my purest Vows,
Nor show me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more devoutly bows

D. Car.

D. Car. So Merchants, cast upon some savage Coast Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.

Curse! What's Obedience? A false Notion made

By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd,

By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.

[Aside.]

A Father! Oh——

King. --- Why does my Carlos shroud His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud? My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide; From this fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride, Shall such a noble Race of Heroes spring, As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know, Than what already I enjoy in you. The brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Pow'rs I only can admire, as they are yours.

King. Heav'n! How he stands unmov'd! not the

Of Transport, least Show

D. Car. --- Not admire your Happiness? I do

As much admire it as I rev'rence you. Let me express the mighty Joy I feel:

Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. [Kneels to the Q. Queen. How hard it is his Passion to confine!

I'm sure 'tis so, if I might judge by mine. [Aside. Alas, my Lord, y 'are too obsequious now. [To Car,

D. Car. O! might I but enjoy this Pleasure still,

Mere would I worship, and for ever kneel. [do. Queen. For Heav'n, my Lord, you know not what you King. Still there appears Disturbance on his Brow;

And in his Looks an Earnestness I read,

Which from no common Causes can proceed. [Aside.

I'll probe him deep ---

Shall I the mighty Debt of Love defray?

Hence to Love's fecret Temples let's retire,

There on his Altars kindle th' am'rous Fire,

Then Phoenix-like each in the Flame expire.

Still he is fix'd--- Looking on Don Carlos.

--- Gomez.

Yet smile on me, my charming Excellence.
Virgins should only Fears and Blushes shew;
But you must lay aside that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n is good:
Oh, the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now Fate her utmost Malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos, farewel; for fince I must submit--

King. Now wing'd with Rapture, let us fly, my Sweet.

My Son, all Troubles from thy Breast resign,

And let thy Father's Happiness be thine.

[Ex. King and Queen attended.

D. Car. What King, what God would not his Pow'r forego,

T'enjoy so much Divinity below? Didst thou behold her, Posa?

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Posa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? Such a Bride?

O Posa, once she was decreed for mine:
Once I had Hopes of Bliss. Hadst thou but seen
How blest, how proud I was if I could get
But leave to lie a Prostrate at her Feet,
E'en with a Look I could my Pains beguile;

Nay, she in Pity too would sometimes smile;
Till at the last my Vows successful prov'd,
And one Day sighing, she confess'd she lov'd.
Oh! then I sound no Limits to our Joy,

With Eyes thus languishing we look'd all Day; So vigorous and strong we darted Beams, Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames; Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight: For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the Light, As we had gaz'd all Day, we dream all Night.

But after all these Labours undergone, A cruel Father thus destroys his Son;

In their full Height my choicest Hopes beguiles, And robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils. My dearest Posa, thou wert ever kind; Bring thy best Counsel, and direct my Mind.

R. Go. Still is he here --- my Lord.
D. Car. --- Your Business now?

R. Go. I've with Concern beheld your clouded Brow, Ahltho' y'ave lost a Beauty well might make Your strictest Honour and your Duty shake, Let not a Father's Ills misguide your Mind, But be obedient, tho' he's prov'd unkind.

D. Car. Hence. Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals I have no Leifure now to hear thee preach: [teach,

Still you'll usurp a Power o'er my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
Nor need it be so soon forgot that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy.
When to my Charge committed, I alone
Instructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and War's noblest Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts:
Whilst, tho' but young --You would with Pleasure read of Sieges got,

And smile to hear of bloody Battles fought:

And still, the not controul, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Disguise:
Too well I know the Falshood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You damp'd my Father's Smiles still as they sprung,
Persuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my Hopes by you were frustrate made,
And, robb'd of Sunshine, wither'd in the Shade.
Whilst, my good Patriot! you dispos'd the Crown
Out of my Reach, to have it in your own.
But I'll prevent your Policy—

This Accusation is unjust and hard.
The King, your Father, would not so upbraid
My Age: Is all my Service thus repaid?
But I will hence, and let my Master hear
How generously you reward my Care;
Who on my just Complaint, I doubt not, will
At least redress the Injuries I feel.

Pofa. Alas, my Lord, you too severely urge Your Fate, his Int'rest with the King is large. Session of Besides, you know he has already seen of the Transports of your Passion for the Queen. The Use he may of that Advantage make You ought at least tavoid but for her sakes [Part 3.

D. Car. Ah! my dear Friend, th'ast touch'd my tender'st. I never yet learn'd the dissembling Art.

Go, call him back, tell him that I implore. His Pardon, and will ne'er offend him more. The Queen! kind Heavin, make her thy nearest Care. O! fly, o'ertake him ere he goes too fare. [Exit Posal.] How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate?

By so much more unhappy as we're great.

A Prince, and Heir to Spain's great Monarch born, I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom most b scorn, Who like a Bramble 'mongst a Cedar's Boughs, Vexes his Peace under whose Shades he grows. Now he returns: Assistance Falshood - down, Thou Rebel Passion 4-

Re-enter R. Gomez and Pofa.

Sir, I fear I've done
You Wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I do this abject thing, and live! [Afide.]

R. Go. Ah my good Lord, it makes too large Amends,
When to his Vaffal thus a Prince descends;
Tho' it was something rigid and unkind;
T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend.

D. Car Alas, no more; all Jealousies shall cease,
Between us two let there be henceforth Peace.

int an arely. HI owners out the

So may just Heav'n assist me when I fue, As I to Gomez always will be true, die a nousloop A sid T

R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take All the Return Sincerity can make, will be I : 300 14 Blest in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours, May not one Fear disturb your happy Hours: Crown'd with Success may all your Wishes be, And you ne'er find worfe Enemies than me. Data Man A.

enti vierevel det in Exeuni Di Car, and Pofa. Nor, spite of all his Greatness, shall he need: Of too long Date his Ruin is decreed. You do y sall all Spain's early Hopes of him have been my Fears; 'Twas I the Charge had of his tender Years, And read in all the Progress of his Growth. An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth; A Will unruly, and a Spirite wild; it havest toy novem I At all my Precepts still with Scorn he smil'd. Or when, by th' Power I from his Father had, Any Restraint was on his Pleasures laid, in the and and I Usher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would rife, And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes. 318 Wolf But now to all my Fears I bid adieu; For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you. Here comes the Star by whom my Course I steer. Who like a fremble incilod Enter Ebolica Bouche,

Welcome, my Love tale show robnu soco T in eses V

Eboli. My Lord, why flay you here, : an unit of which Losing the Pleasure of this happy Night? Isda A world When all the Court are melting in Delight, You toil with the dull Bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Only, my fair One, how to make thee Great. Thou tak'ft up all the Bus'ness of my Heart, And only to it Pleasure can impart. Say, fay, my Goddess, when shall I be blest? It is an Age since I was happy last. The literate found

Eboli. My Lord, I come not hither now to hear Your Love, but offer fomething to your Ear. If you have well observ'd, you must have seen a man and the To day some strange Disorders in the Queen.]

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R. Go. Yes, fuch as youthful Brides do still express, Impatient Longings for the Happiness.

Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,

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As Needles always tremble near the Pole. [well Eboli. Come, come, my Lord, feem not so blind; too I've feen the Wrongs which you from Carlos feel; And know your Judgment is too good to lose Advantage, where you may so fafely chuse. Say now if I inform you, how you may

With full Revenge all your past Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Blest Oracle! speak how it may be done:

My Will, my Life, my Hopes, are all thy own.

What of the Queen and Prince you can descry:
What ev'ry Look, each quick and subtle Glance;
Then we'll from all produce such Circumstance
As shall the King's new Jealousy advance.
Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you shew:
If you will make me great, begin it now.
How, Sir, d'ye stand considering what to do?

R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King.

A Queen and Prince, three goodly Flowers spring:
Whilst on 'em like a subtle Bee I'll prey,
Till so their Strength and Virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each shall droop,
Grow pale and fading hang his wither'd Top:
Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unladeall the precious Sweets at home. [Ex. Go.

Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,
And make what haste thou canst to be undone,
Whilst I have nobler Bus'ness of my own.
Was I bred up in Greatness? Have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen?
Made Love my Study, and with practis'd Charms
Prepar'd my self to meet a Monarch's Arms;
At last to be condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one, whom Nature made to her Disgrace;
An old, impersect, seeble Dotard, who
Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?

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On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom, As Jewels that are loft t'enrich a Pomb?

No, tho' all Hopes are in a Husband dead, Another Path to Happiness Piletread;

Elsewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd:

Yet, while he can, let the Slave serve my Pride.

Still I'll in Pleasure live, in Glory shine;

The gallant, youthful Austria shall be mine:

To him with all my Force of Charms I'll move;

Let others toil for Greatness, whilst I love. [Exir.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, An Orange Grove.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. W. H.Y should dull Law rule Nature, who first made a back a bank woll That Law by which her felf is now betray'd? Ere Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he Was born most Noble that was born most Free! Each of himfelf was Lord, and unconfin'd, Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind. Law was an Innovation brought in fince, When Fools began to love Obedience, And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence. My Glorious Father got me in his Heat, When all he did was eminently great: When warlike Belgia felt his conqu'ring Pow'r, And the proud Germans own'd him Emperor. Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood, Because I came not in the common Road, But born obscure, and so more like a God? No! tho' his Diadem another wear, At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir:

Here I should meet my Eboli, my Fair.

Enter Eboli,

She comes as the bright Cyprian Goddess moves; 1 When loofe, and in her Charlot drawn by Doves, She rides to meet the warlike God fhe loves on is 12

Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Rear

And Hazard I am come to meet you here it would

D. John. O banish it: Lovers like us should fly, And mounted by their Wishes soar on high, Where foftest Ecstasies and Transports are, While Fear alone distorbs the lower Air.

Ebolk But who is fafe when Eyes are every where?

Or if we could with happiest Secrefy no ton Il . Yall

Enjoy these Sweets, oh, whither shall we fly T' escape than Sight whence we can nothing hide?

D. John. Alas, lay this Religion now aside; I'll shew thee one more pleafant, that which Jove Set forth to the old World, when from above He came himfelf, and taught his Mortals Love. ...

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?

My Lord, you might confiden who bank if D. John I know y'are her I love, what should I more

Regard? D. Yoka. I'm sw' L Eboli. --- By Heav'n he's brave --- [Afide.

But can fo poor thee or abnowled and drive den

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A Thought poffess your Breaft, to think that he Will brand my Name with Luft and Infamy!) [prize

D. John. Those who are noblest born should higher Love's Sweets. Oh! let me fly into those Eyes! There's fomething in 'em leads my Soul aftray: As he who in a Necromancer's Glassen valued ward Beholds his wish'd-for Fortune by him pass,

Yet still with greedy Eyes Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, Heav'n, I dare no longer stay; Your Looks speak Danger: I feel something too That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [Half aside.

D. 70hn. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove falle; See at your Feet the humble Auftria falls. Kneels. Eboli.

Eboli. Rife, rife, Austria rifes. My Lord, why would you thus deceive? Sighs. D. John. How many Ways to wound me you con-Speak wouldft thou have an Empire at thy Feet ? [trive? Say, wouldft thou rule the World? I'll conquer it. Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you, If you would be but -D. John. - What? For ever true. Eboli. -D. John. That thou may'ft ne'er have Cause to fear I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms: [those Harms, Nay, I'll not one short Minute from thee stray; My felf I'll on thy tender Bosom lay, and alan 70 Till in its Warmths I'm melted all away. Enter Garcia. Gar. Madam, your Lord -Eboli. Oh! fly, or I'm undone. D. John. Must I without my Bleffing then be gone? Samuel y minu que den que sent put [Kiffes ber Hand. Eboli. Think you this Indiferetion merits one? enom I bloom so ly payof I rad out y won Pulls it back. D. 7ohn. I'm aw'd -As a fick Wretch, that on his Death Bed lies,

D. John. I'm aw'd

As a fick Wretch, that on his Death Bed lies,
Loth with his Friends to part, just as he dies,
Thus sends his Soul in Wishes from his Eyes. [Exit.]

Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and Vigour
Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far;
Too easily I'll not my self resign:
Ere I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
Draw him by subtle Baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make Escape;
About him swiftly the soft Snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him saft.

Enter Rui Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtly range The solitary Paths of dark Revenge: The fearful Deer in Herds to Coverts run, While Beasts of Prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli.

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Fholi. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your You little think what my poor Heart endures; [hours! Whilst, with your Absence tortur'd, I in vain Pant after Joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my Unkindness sure upbraid; You should forgive those Faults your self have made.

Remember you the Task you gave?

25.

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r

Your Pardon, for I do remember now. [Sighs, If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my Mind: And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too kind.

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!

Oh thou most precious Blessing of my Life!

Eboli. Does then Success attend upon your Toil?

I long to fee you revel in the Spoil.

R. Go. What strictest Diligence could do, I've done, 'T' incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son. I to Advantage told him all that's past, Describ'd with Art each am'rous Glance they cast: So that this Night he shunn'd the Marriage-Bed, Which thro' the Court has various Murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes;

Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher rise.

If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark Cell,

And laugh to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor Is fading Greatness? or how vain is Power?
Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen?
I, who o'er Nations have victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curs'd Jealousy, that poisons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th' Invader sits!
Oh Gomez, thou hast giv'n my mortal Wound.

R. Go. What is't does fo your Royal Thoughts come A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have, [found? And ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave.

King. Thou counsell'it well, but art no Stranger sure

To the fad Cause of what I now endure.

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And dost not wonder to behold me live? I find you And never study did as by my Duty ty'd, in the live?

And never study d any thing beside.

Quickly, what past between 'em more, declare.

How greedily my Soul to Ruin slies!

As he, who in a Fever burning lies,

First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,

Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,

Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more.

Oh then

R. Go. —— I fear that you'll interpret wrong;

'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long. [faid? King. Lie still, my Heart: Not long, was't that you R. Go. No longer than they in your Presence stay'd. King. No longer? Why, a Soul in less time slies. To Heav'n; and they have thang'd theirs at their Eyes. Hence abject Fears, be gone: she's all Divine.

Speak, Friends, can Angels in Perfection sin?

R. Go. Angels that shine above, do oft bestow.

Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphere.

True, she may show'r promiscuous Blessings down
On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Grown:
But when too kindly she his Brightness fees,
It robs my Lustre to add more to his.
But Oh! I dare not think
That those Eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop to him, when they had vanquish'd me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince, That he of Virtue has too great a Sense, To cherish but a Thought beyond the Bound Of strictest Duty. He to me has own'd, How much was to his former Passion due, Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, than advise:

Be not more charitable than y are wife.

The

The King is fick, and we should give him Ease.

But first find out the Depth of his Disease.

Too sudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;

We must not heal up fester'd Wounds too soon.

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King. By this then you a Pow'r wou'd o'er me gain, Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.

I'm stung, and won't the Torture long endure:

Serpents that wound, have Blood those Wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I should ever dane
To question Virtue in a Queen so fair;
Tho' she her Eyes cast on her glorious Son:
Men oft see Treasures, and yet covet none.

The Truth difguis'd in obscure Contraries.

No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark

And subtlest Paths, each little Action mark.

If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Enter Queen attended, and Henrietta.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes,

For all around she'll her bright Beams display:

Shou'd I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,

Spite of my self I should be led aftray.

Exit the King attended, looking at the Queen.
Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure ere his Love he'd let me know his Pow'r:
As Heav'n oft thunders ere it sends a Show'r.
This Spanish Gravity is very odd:
All things are by Severity so aw'd.
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Hen. Alas! what can you from old Age expect,
When frail uneasy Men themselves neglect?
Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Tho' such as in extinguish'd Fires you'll find;
Where some Remains of Hear the Ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Sasety of the State; Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate; That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills, And with salse Happiness smooths o'er our lls.

It was by that unhappy France was led, When the by Contract I should Carlos wed I was an Offering made to Philip's Bed, [Hen. fighs Why figh'ft thou, Henrietta? Hem. Who is it can Know your sad Fate, and yet from Grief refrain ? With Pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell Of Carlos' Love. Queen. ___ And did it please you well? In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet All that we could obliging call or fweet, At ev'ry Point he with Advantage stood; Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad; Else fost as Angels, charming as a God. Hen. One so accomplished, and that lov'd you too, With what Refentments must be part with you? Methinks I pity him - Bur oh! in vain: He's both above my Pity and my Pain. Aside. Queen. What means this strange Disorder? Hen. Yonder view. That which I fear will discompose you too. Enter Don Carlos, and Posa. Queen. Alas the Prince! There to my Mind appears Something that in me moves unusual Fears. Away, Henrietta-Offers to go. D. Car. - Why would you be gone? Is Carlos' Sight ungrateful to you grown? If 'tis, speak: In Obedience I'll retire. Inigher. Queen. No, you may speak, but must advance no D. Car. Must I then at that awful Distance sue. As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do, When they Petitions made at that great Shrine, Where none but the High Priest might enter in?

Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear, But what's so pure it might be offer'd there. Queen. Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to flay: If you must speak, proceed: What would you say? Carlos kneels.

Nay, this strange Ceremony pray give o'er.

D. Car. Was I ne'er in this Posture seen before?

Ah! can your cruel Heart so soon resign
All Sense of these sad Sufferings of mine?

To your more just Remembrance, if you can,
Recal how sate seem'd kindly to ordain

That once you should be mine; which I believ'd:

Tho' now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd. [upbraid.

Queen. Then, Sir, you should your Fate, not me D. Car. Iwill not say y'ave broke the Vows you made; Only implore you would not quite forget. The Wretch y've oft seen dying at your Feet, And now no other Favour begs to have, Than such kind Pity as becomes your Slave. For midst your highest Joys, without a Crime,

At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen. If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;

It is a Language which I dare not hear.

My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right;

All other Passions I must now forget.

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D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispense
Upon your Heart such mighty Instuence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence?
Had I been rais'd to all the Heights of Pow'r,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperor,
Of all its Riches, all its State posses'd,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my Breast.

Queen. In vain on her your Obligations lay, Who wants not Will, but Power to repay.

Hen. Yet had you Henrietta's Heart, you would At least strive to afford him all you could. [Aside.

D. Car. Oh! fay not you want Pow'r; you may with Kind Look pay doubly all i've undergone. (one And knew you but the Innocence I bear, How pure, how spotless all my Wishes are, You would not scruple to supply my Want, When all I ask you may so safely grant.

Queen. I know not what to grant; too well I find That still at least I cannot be unkind.

R

D. Car.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Queen. You shall not want what I may let you have.

[Gives ber Hand fighing.

Queen--- Nay, you too far encroach;

I fear I have already given too much. [Turns from him. D. Car. Oh take not back again th' appearing Blifs: How difficult's the Path to Happiness! Whilst up the Precipice we climb with Pain, One little Slip throws us quite down again: Stay, Madam, the you nothing more can give, Than just enough to keep a Wretch alive; At least remember how I've lov'd......

Queen. -- I will.

D. Car. That was fo kind, that I must beg more still; Let me love on; It is a very poor And easy Grant, yet I'll request no more.

Queen. Do you believe that you can Love retain,

And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. Car. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too, So long as I can find that you are so:
All my Disquiets banish from my Breast;
I will endeavour to do so at least. [Sighing deeply. Or if I can't my Miseries outwear,

They never more shall come t'offend your Ear. [admire, Queen. Love then, brave Prince, whilst I'll thy Love [Gives her Hand, which Don Carlos during all this

Speech kiffes eagerly.

Yet keep the Flame so pure, such chaste Desire,
That without Spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we shall come all Soul, all Love.
Till when---,-Oh! whither am I run aftray?
I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:

For

For should I, the soft Charm so strong would grow, I find that I shall want the Power to go.

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Ex. Queen and Henrietta,

D. Car. Oh sweet--
If such Transport be in a Taske so small,

How bles'd must be that possesses all!

Where am I, Posa? Where's the Queen? [Standing Posa. --- My Lord [am az'd. A while some Respite to your Heart afford:

The Queen's retir'd,---

D. Car.—Retir'd! And did she then
Just shew me Heav'n, to shut it in again?
This little Ease augments my Pain the more;
For now I'm more impatient than before,
And have discover'd Riches make me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had, You should correct Desires that drive you on Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.

No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;

The Brave may by themselves be happy made.

You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Car. But ere he robb'd me of her, she was mine. To be my Friend is all thou hast to do, For half my Miseries thou canst not know.

Make my self happy! Bid the Damn'd do so;

Who in sad Flames must be for ever tos'd, Yet still in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave lost. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Grove continues.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. J. HOW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no
Love is a God, and like a God should be [Laws?
Inconstant with unbounded Liberty,

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Rove

Rove as he lift----I find it; for ey'n now I've had a Feast, Of which a God might covet for a Tafte. Methinks I yet ----See with what foft Devotion in her Eyes The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice. Oh how her Charms furpriz'd me as I lay! Like too near Sweets they took my Sense away; And I ev'n loft the Pow'r to reach a Joy. But those cross Witchcrasts soon unravell'd were, And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far: As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride. Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide. How wretched's then the Man, who tho' alone He thinks he's bleft, yet as confin'd to one, Is but at best a Pris'ner on a Throne?

To him King attended, Posa, and Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Powers, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y'ave lain of Earth the Rule and Care.

Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill,
And to those weighty Cares add greater still?
Oh how could I your Deities enrage,
That bless'd my Youth thus to afflict my Age?
A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. John. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought From the fost Arms of his young Bride? [To Gomez.

King .--- Ay true!

Is the not, Austria, young and charming too?

Dost thou not think her to a Wonder fair?

Tell me----

D. John. -- By Heav'n more bright than Planets are: Her Beauty's Force might ev'n their Pow'r out-do.

King. Nay, she's as false, and as unconstant too.
Oh Austria, that a Form so outward bright
Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul,
Takes from its Shrine the precious Relick down,
T'adorn a little Idol of her own.

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My Son! that Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
Oh the distracting Throws of Jealousy!
But as a drowning Wretch just like to sink,
Sees him that threw him in upon the Brink;
At the third Plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into Destruction too:
So thou from whom these Miseries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.

Seizes roughly on Rui Gomez,

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait All the Successes of my Sov'reign's Fate. What is't, Great Sir, you would command me?

King. How ? ----

What is't? --- I know not what I'd have thee do: Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. John. Alas! what Frenzy does your Temper haunt?

Revenge! on whom ?

King. On my false Queen and Son. [have done? R. Go. On them! good Heav'n! what is't that they Oh had my Tongue been curs'd ere it had bred This Jealousy--- [Half aside.

King. --- Then cancel what thou'st said.

Didst thou not tell me that thou saw'st him stand

Printing soft Vows in Kisses on her Hand;

Whilst in requital she such Glances gave,

Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did; and what less could the Queen allow To him, than you to ev'ry Vassal show? Th' affording him that little from Love's Store,

Imply'd that she for you reserv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtless, she must have a wondrous Store Of Love, that sells it at a Rate so poor.

Now thou'dst rebate my Passions with Advice; And when thou shou'dst be active, wou'dst be wise.

No, lead me where I may their Incest see, Do, or by Heav'n--do, and I'll worship thee!

Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!

Under their heavy Weight I yield and bow.

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But I'll re-gather yet my Strength, and stand Brandishing all my Thunder in my Hand.

Posa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes.
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Confort bear
No Ill, since they of any guiltless are.
Here with my Sword Desiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their Fame.

D. John. I too dare with my Life their Cause make good.

King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave understood,
That you so prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wouldst thou speak me Comfort? I would find
'Mongst all my Counsellors at least one kind.
Yet any thing like that I must not hear!
For so my Wrongs I should too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own mean Flatterer.

Posa withdraw---
Rey Lords, all this y'ave heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it, Sir, with strict Regard: The young Lord's Friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd ? I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all . My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall. Like Cefar in the Senate thus I stand, Whilst Ruin threaten'd him on ev'ry hand. From each fide he had warning he must die; Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I. To strive for Ease would but add more to Pain: As Streams that beat against their Banks in vain, Retreating swell into a Flood again. No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear: My just Revenge so true a Stamp shall bear, As henceforth Heav'n it felf shall emulare, And copy all its Vengeance out by that. All but Rui Gomez I must have withdrawn. I've fomething to discourse with him alone.

[Ex. Omnes, prater King and Gomez.

Now, Gomez, on thy Truth depends thy Fate: Thou'st wrought my Sense of Wrong to such a Height, Within my Breast it will no longer stay, But grows each Minute till it force its way. I would not find myself at last deceived.

R. Go. Norwould I 'gainst your Reason be believ'd.
Think, Sir, your Jealousy to be but Fear
Of losing Treasures, which you hold so dear.
Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:
I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King, Meant! what should Looks, and Sighs, and No, no; I need not hear it o'er again. [Pressings mean? No Repetitions --- formething must be done. Now there's no Ill I know that I would shun. I'll fly, till them I've in their Incest found, Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot; Like a Granado from a Cannon shot, Which lights at last upon the Enemy's Ground, Then breaking deals Destruction all around. [Exit King. R. Go. So, now his Jealoufy is at the Top, Each little Blast will serve to keep it up. But Ray; there's something I've omitted yet; Posa's mine Enemy; and true, he's great. Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do; For my Snare's large enough to hold him too: Yet I'll disguise that Purpose for a while; But when he with the rest is caught i'th' Toil, I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil. Enter Pofa.

Posa. My Lord Rui Gomez! and the King not here: You, who so eminent a Fav'rite are In a King's Eye, should ne'er be absent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a rising Prince Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way, Rich in that Bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to I wish there were no publick Enemies: [prize, No lurking Serpents Poison to dispense, Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence;

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No Flatt'rers, that with Royal Goodness sport, I hose slinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay, if good Wishes any thing could do, I have as earnest Wishes, Sir, as you: 'That tho' perhaps our King enjoys the best Of Pow'r, yet may he still be doubly bless'd. May he----

Posa. Nay, Gomez, you shall ne'er out-do me there; Since for Great Philip's Good I would you were

(If possible) more honest than you are.

R. Go. Why, Posa; what Defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay, half your Mysteries I'm yet to learn:
Tho' this I'll boldly justify to all, [Gomez That you contrive a gen'rous Prince's Fall. Smiles.
Nay, think not by your Smiles and careless Port,
To laugh it off; I come not here to sport,
I do not, Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord, what Meaning has This Heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y'are base.

R. Go. Nay then, I Pardon ask that I did fmile: By Heav'n, I thought y'had jested all this while. Base!---

Posa. Yes, more base than impotent or old. All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood, runs cold: Thy rotten putrid Carcase is less full Of Rancour and Contagion than thy Soul. Ev'n now before the King I saw it plain; But Duty to that Presence aw'd me then: Yet there I dar'd thy Treason with my Sword: But still-----

Thy Villany talk'd all: Courage had not a Word. True, thou art old; yet if thou hast a Friend, To whom thy cursed Cause thou dar'st commend; 'Gainst him in publick I'll the Innocence Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewel, bold Champion---Learn better how your Passions to disguise,
Appear less cholerick, and be more wise. [Exit R. Go.
Posa.

Posa. How frail is all the Glory we design, whilft such as these have Pow'r to undermine? Unhappy Prince! who might'st have safely stood, If thou hadst been less great, or not so good. Why the vile Monster's Blood did I not shed, And all the Vengeance draw on my own Head? My Honour so had had this just Desence, That I preserv'd my Patron and my Prince.

Enter Carlos and the Queen.
Brave Carlos: Ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up against you both.

D. Car. Has then the false Rui-Gomez broke his Oath

And, after all, my Innocence betray'd ?

Pofa. Yes, all his subtlest Snares are for you laid.

The King within this Minute will be here,

And you are ruin'd, if but seen with her.

Retire, my Lord----

Queen: How! is he jealous grown?

I thought my Virtue he had better known.

His unjust Doubts have soon found out the Way.

To make their Entry on our Marriage Day:

For yet he has not known with me a Night:

Perhaps his Tyranny is his Delight;

And to such Height his Cruelty is grown,

He'd exercise it on his Queen and Son:

But since, my Lord, this Time we must obey

Our Interest, I beg you would not stay:

Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

D Carl Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes, you must.

D. Car. Not then when Storms against your Virtue. No; since to lose you wretched Carlos dies, [rise. He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cause. This is the noblest thing that Fate could do; She thus abates the Rigour of her Laws. Since 'tis some Pleasure but to die for you.

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Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards When their base Fears compel 'em to despair: [dare, Hope's the far nobler Passion of the Mind; Fortune's a Mistress, that with Caution kind Knows that the Constant merit her alone, They who, tho' she seem'd froward, yet court on.

D. Car. To wretched Minds thus still fome Comfort gleams,

And Angels case our Griefs, tho' but with Dreams.

I have too oft already been dectiv'd,

And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.

You, Madam, bid me go. [Looking earnestly at the Queen.

Queen. You must.

Pofa. You shall.

Alas I love you, would not fee you fall; And yet may find fome Way t'evade it all.

D. Car. Thou, Posa, ever wert my truest Friend; I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.

Thou of a Thing that's lost tak'st too much Care; And you, fair Angel, too indulgent are. [To the Queen. Great my Despair; but still my Love is higher. Well---in Obedience to you I'll retire;

Tho' during all the Storm I will be nigh, Where if I see the Danger grow too high,

To save you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.

[Exit Don Carlos.

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Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guess'd that this had ever been?

[Seeing Posa and the Queen.

Distraction! Where shall my Revenge begin? Why, he's the very Baud to all her Sin; And to disguise it puts on Friendship's Mask: But his Dispatch, Rui-Gomez, is thy Task. With him pretend some private Conference, And under that Disguise seduce him hence; Then in some Place sit for the Deed impart The Bus'ness by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. Go. 'Tis done.

King. So, Madam--- [Steps to the Queen. Queen.

ards lare,

Queen. --- By the Fury in your Eyes, I understand you come to tyrannize. I hear you are already jealous grown, And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son. King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myst'ries who can scan.

Too deep for eafy, weak, believing Man? Hold, let me look: Indeed y'are wond'rous fair: So on the outside Sodom's Apples were: And yet within, when open'd to the View, Not half so dangerous, or so foul as you.

Queer. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am! And you unworthy of a Husband's Name!

Do you not blush?

King. Yes, Madam, for your Shame. Blush, too, my Judgment e'er should prove so faint, To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint. When first I faw and lov'd that tempting Eye, The Fiend within the Flame I did not fpy: But still ran on and cherish'd my Desires, For heav'nly Beams mistook infernal Fires; Such raging Fires as you have fince thought fit Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth should meet. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!----

Queen. ... Poor ungenerous King! How mean's the Soul from which fuch Thoughts must Was it for this I did so late submit, fipring! To let you whine and languish at my Feet; When with false Oaths you did my Heart beguile, And proffer'd all your Empire for a Smile? Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did resign, Tho' you fill swore you wall preserve it mine, And still it shall be so, for from this Hour I vow to hate, and never fee you more. Nay, frown not, Philip, for you, foon shall know. I can refent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell, her Pride's as raging as her Lust. A Guard there--- Seize the Queen--Enter Guards.

Enter Carlos, and intercepts the Guards.

D. Car. -- Hold, Sir, be just.

First

First look on me, whom once you call'd your Son, A Title I was always proud to own.

King. Good Heav'n! to merit this what have I done,

That he too dares before my Sight appear?

D. Car. Why, Sir, where is the Cause that I should Bold in my Innocence, I come to know

The Reason why you use this Princess so.

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this Siege: He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege. Foul Ravisher of all my Honour, hence! But Stay! Guards, with the Queen secure the Prince. Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow? Now in my Reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

Enter Don John of Austria, Eboli, Henrietta, and Garcia.

D. John. I come, Great Sir, with Wonder here, to fee Your Rage grown up to this Extremity, Against your beauteous Queen, and loyal Son; What is't that they to merit Chains have done? Or is't your own wild Jealoufy alone ?

King. O Austria, thy vain Enquiry cease, If thou hast any value for thy Peace. My mighty Wrongs fo loud an Accent bear,

"Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Car. Father, if I may dare to call you fo, Singe now I doubt if I'm your Son or no; As you have feal'd my Doom, I may complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes: Dying Men should not their Thoughts And fince you take such Joy in Cruelties, (disguise; Ere of my Death the new Delight begin, Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been. Time was that we were fmil'd on by our Fate, You not unjust, nor I unfortunate: Then, then I was your Son, and you were glad To hear my early Praise was talk'd abroad. Then Love's dear Sweets you to me would display, Told me where this rich beauteous Treasure lay, And how to gain't instructed me the Way.

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I came, and faw, and lov'd, and bles'd you for't.
But then when Love had seal'd her to my Heart,
You violently tore her from my Side:
And 'cause my bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But still some Pleasure to behold her took,
You now will have my Life but for a Look.
Wholly forgetting all the Pains I bore,
Your Heart with envious Jealousy boils o'er,
'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

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Hen. Alas! how can you hear his fost Complaint, And not your harden'd stubborn Heart relent? Turn, Sir, survey that comely, awful Man, And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.

King. Away, Deluder, who taught thee to fue?

Eboli. Loving the Queen, what is't she less can do,

Than lend her Aid against the dreadful Storm?

King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that Form? This is their little Engine by the by,

A Scout to watch and tell when Danger's nigh. Come pretty Sinner, thou'lt inform me all,

How, where, and when; nay, do not fear—you Hen. Ah, Sir, Unkind!—— [fhall,

King. - Now hold thy Siren's Tongue:

Who would have thought there was a Witch so young ? D. John. Can you to suing Beauty stop your Ears?

[Takes up Hen. and makes his Address to her.

Heav'n lays its Thunders by, and gladly hears, When Angels are become Petitioners.

Eboli. Ha! what makes Austria so officious? That Glance seems as it sent his Heart to her.

[Aside to Garcia...

D. Car. A Banquet then of Blood since you design, Yet you may satisfy your self with mine. I love the Queen, I have confess'd, 'tis true: Proud too to think I love her more than you; Tho' she, by Heav'n, is clear—but I indeed Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed. There were no lawless Thoughts that I did want, Which Love had Pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant;

Tho' I ne'er yet found Hopes to raise 'em on, For she did still preserve her Honour's Throne, And dash the bold aspiring Devils down. If to her Cause you do not Credit give, Fondly against your Happiness you'll strive; As some lose Heav'n, because they won't believe.

Queen. Whilst, Prince, my Preservation you design, Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.

The Clearness of my Truth I'd not have shewn, By any other Light besides its own.

No, Sir, he thro' Despair all this has faid, And owns Offences which he never made.

Why should you think that I would do you wrong?

Must I needs be unchaste, because I'm young ?

King. Unconstant wav'ring Heart, why heav'st thou I shiver all, and know not what I do. [so! I who ere now have Armies led to Fight, Thought War a Sport, and Danger a Delight; Whole Winter Nights stood under Heav'ns wide Roof, Daring my Foes, now am not Beauty proof. Oh turn away those Basilisks, thy Eyes, Th' Insection's satal, and who sees them dies.

[Geing away.

Queen. Oh, do not fly me; I have no Defign
Upon your Life, for you may yet fave mine. [Kneeks.]
Or if at last I must my Breath submit,
Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your Feet:
Will you not look on me, my dearest Lord?

King. Why? wouldst thou live? Queen. Yes, if you'll fay the Word.

D. Car. Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he A praying Beauty proftrate on her Knees! [sees Rise, Madam — [Steps to take her up.

King. — Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
Into my Breast her Glances thick are shot.
Not true!——Stay, let me see-—by Heav'n thou art
[Looks earnestly on her.

A false vile Woman __Oh my foolish Heart!

I give thee Life—but from this time refrain, And never come into my Sight again:
Be banish'd ever.

Queen. This you must not do, At least till I've convinc'd you I am true. Grant me but so much time; and when that's done, If you think sit, for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain:
She heats me first, then strokes me tame again.
Oh, wert thou true, how happy should I be!
Think'st thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the Bliss I'd give;
Nay, tho' it were not so, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite,

Queen. I would not, Sir, deceive you, if I might.
But if you'll take my Oaths, by all above,
'Tis you, and only you that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that fails along, With Pleasure hears th' enticing Siren's Song, Unable quite his strong Desires to bound, Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd. Come to my Bosom then, make no Delay;

[Takes her in his Arms.

My Rage is hush'd, and I have room for Joy.

Queen. Again you'll think that I unjust will prove.

King. No, thou art all o'er Truth, and I all Love.

Oh that we might for ever thus remain

In folded Arms, and never part again! [Pow'r. Queen. Command Me any thing, and try your King. Then from this Minute ne'er see Carlos more. Thou Slave, that dar'st do Ill with such a Port, For ever here I banish thee my Court. Within some Cloister lead a private Life, That I may love and rule without this Strife. Here Eboli receive her to thy Charge: The Treasure's precious, and the Trust is large.

Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit
To wait for Joys which are too fierce to meet. [Ex. King.
D. Car.

D. Car. My Exile from his Presence I can bear With Pleasure: But no more to look on her! Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear.

No, Madam, all his Pow'r shall nothing do a 1'll stay and take my Banishment from you.

Do you command me, see how far I'll fly.

Queen. Will Carlos be at last my Enemy? Consider this Submission I have shown, More to preserve your Sasety than my own. Ungratefully you needless Ways devise, To lose a Life which I so dearly prize.

D. Car. So now her Fortune's made, and I am left Alone, a naked Wanderer to shift. [Aside. Madam, you might have spar'd the Cruelty, To the Queen. Bles'd with your Sight I was prepar'd to die. But now to lose it drives me to Despair, Making me wish to die, and yet not dare. Well, to some solitary Shore I'll roam, And never more into your Presence come, Since I already find I'm troublesome. [Is going.]

Queen. Stay, Sir, yet stay:—You shall not leave me so-

D. Car. Ha! ----

Queen. -- I must talk with you before you go.
Oh Carlos, how unhappy is our State?
How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?
Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,
Till envying to see us like to win,
Straight fell to cheat, and threw the false Lot in.
My Vows to you I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh, Madam, I can hear no more---[Kneels: Queen. -----You shall--- [Kneels too. For I can't choose but let you know, that I,

If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.

D. Car. Sure nobler Galantry was never known.
Good Heav'n! This Bleffing is too much for one:
No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.

But

But to what Country wherefoe'er you go, Forget not me, for I'll remember you.

D. Car. Shall I fuch Virtue and fuch Charms forget?

No, never .---

Queen. --- Oh that we had never met,
But in our distant Climates still been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So towards Happiness more safely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
What makes you look so wildly? --- Why d'ye start?

D. Car. A faint cold Damp is thickning round my Queen. What shall we do? --- [Heart.

D. Car. --- Do any thing but part;
Or stay so long till my poor Soul expires
In view of all the Glory it admires.

Eboli. In such a Lover how might I be bless'd!
Oh! were I of that noble Heart posses'd,
How soft, how easy would I make his Bands! [Aside.
But, Madam, you forget the King's Commands:

[To the Queen.

Longer to stay, your Dangers will renew.

D. Car. Ah Princess! Lovers Pains you never knew;

Or what it is to part, as we must do.

Part too for ever----

After one Minute never more to stand
Fix'd on those Eyes, or pressing this soft Hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not starve,
Yet that is more than I did e'er deserve:
Tho' Fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from Eternity can't spare one Hour.

Queen. If it were had, that Hour would foon be gone, And we should wish to draw another on.

No, rigorous Necessity has made

Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.

Come, let us try the parting Blow to bear.

Adieu----

D. Car. Farewel. [Looking at each other.---I'm fix'd and rooted here,

I can-

I cannot stir---

Queen. Shall I the Way then show?

Now hold, my Heart----

[Goes to the Door, then stops, and turns back again.

- Nay, Sir, why don't you go?

D. Car. Why do you ftay?

Queen. I won't----

D. Car. ---- You shall a while.

[Kneels.

With one Look more my Miseries beguile, That may support my Heart till you are gone. Queen. Oh Eboli! thy Help, or I'm undone.

Takes hold on Eboli.

Here take it then, and with it too my Life.

[Leans into Eboli's Arms,

D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at Strife. Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill, I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the Ill. Well, Madam, now I'm something hardier grown: Since I at last perceive you must be gone, To venture the Encounter I'll be bold;

[Leads her to the Door.

For certainly my Heart will fo long hold. Farewel--be happy as y'are fair and true.

Queen. And all Heav'n's kindest Angels wait on you.

[Exit with Eboli.

D. Car. Thus long I've wander'd in Love's crooked way.

By Hope's deluding Meteor led aftray:
For ere I've half the dang'rous Defart cross'd,
The glimm'ring Light's gone out, and I am lost.

[Exit Don Carlos.



ACTIV. SCENE

SCENE, The Ante-Chamber to the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Don Carlos and Posa.

D. Car. THE next is the Apartment of the Queen : In vain I try, I must not venture in.

Is going.

Thus it is with the Souls of murder'd Men, [Returns. Who to their Bodies would again repair; But finding that they cannot enter there, Mourning and groaning wander in the Air. Robb'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown From all those Hopes that promis'd me a Crown; My Heart, with the Dishonours to me done, Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my Breaft: But it will break, and I mall be av Reft. No: Dull Despair this Soul shall never load: Tho' Patience be the Virtue of a God, Gods never feel the Ills that govern here, Or are above the Injuries we bear. Father and King; both Names bear mighty Sense; Yet fure there's fomething too in Son and Prince. I was born high, and will not fall less great; Since Triumph crown'd my Birth, I'll have my Fate As glorious and majestick too as that. To Flanders, Posa, straight my Letters send; Tell 'em, the injur'd Carlos is their Friend: And that to head their Forces I defign; So vindicate their Caufe, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th' Rebels ?-D. Car. No, th'are Friends; their Cause is just; Or, when I make it mine, at least it must. Let th' common Rour like Beafts love to be dull, Whilst fordidly they live at Ease and full;

Senfeles

Senseless what Honour and Ambition means, And ignorantly drag their Load of Chains. I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view, And cannot brook to lose the Prospect now. If th' art my Friend, do not my Will delay.

Posa. I'll do't ____ [Exis Posa.

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord.

D. Car. Who calls me? Eboli. You must stay.

D. Car. What News of fresh Affliction can you bear? Ebeli. Suppose it were the Queen; you'd flay for her?

D. Car. For her? yes, stay an Age, for ever stay; Stay e'en till Time it self shou'd pass away; Fix here a Statue never to remove,

An everlasting Monument of Love.

Tho' may a Thing so wretched as I am
But the least Place in her Remembrance claim?

We both can talk of nothing else but you:
Whilst from the Theme e'en Emulation springs,
Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

D. Car. But from that Charity I poorly live, Which only pities, and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing! Propose what 'tis you claim, and I, For ought you know, may be Security. [pay,

D. Car. No, Madam, what's my Due none e'er can There stands that Angel Honour in the Way, Watching his Charge with never-sleeping Eyes, And stops my Entrance into Paradise.

Eboli. What Paradise? What Pleasures can you know,

Which are not in my Power to bestow?

D. Car. Love, Love, and all those eager melting.

The Queen must yield when in my Father's Arms. That Queen, so excellently, richly fair, Jove, could he come again a Lover here, Would court Mortality to die for her.

Oh,

Oh, Madam, take not Pleasure to renew

Those Pains, which if you felt, you would not do.

Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: Think you no Sense I have Of what you feel? now you may take your Leave:
Something I had to say; but let it die.

D. Car. Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? Not I.

Eboli. Nay, Sir, your Presence I would not detain:

Alas! you do not hear that I complain,

Tho' could you half of my Missortunes see,

Methinks you should incline to pity me. [tell;

D. Car. I cannot guess what mournful Tale you'd But I am certain you prepare me well.

Speak, Madam -

Eboli. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame,
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a Man, I will not fay ingrate,
Because he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet so far he at least does cruel prove,
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love,
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be bless'd,
Tho' I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Car. What stupid Animal could senseless lie, Quicken'd by Beams from that illustrious Eye?

Eboli. Nay, to increase your Wonder, you shall That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too, [know,]
Till e'en I blush, as now I tell it you.

D. Car. You neither shall have Cause of Shame or Whose Secrets safe within my Bosom are. [Fear, Eboli. Then farther I the Riddle may explain, Survey that Face, and blame me if you can.

[Shews him his own Picture.

D. Car. Distraction of my Eyes! what have they seen? Tis my own Picture which I sent the Queen, When to her Fame I paid Devotion first, Expecting Bliss, but lost it: I am curs'd, Curs'd too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal The only Relick left her of my Zeal,

And with the Sacrilege attempt my Heart.

Wert thou more charming than thou think'st thou art,

Almighty Love preferves the Fort for her,

And bids Defiance to thy Entrance there.

Eboli. Neglected! Scorn'd by Father and by Son!
What a malicious Course my Stars have run?
But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate:
My own dull Husband may assist in that.
To his Revenge I'll give him fresh Alarms,
And with the gray old Wizard muster Charms,
I have't; Thanks, Thanks, Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy
Bane.

[Aside.

Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can.

To Car. mildly.

I'll try to recompense the Wrongs I've done, And better finish what is ill begun,'

D. Car. Madam, you at fo ftrange a Rate proceed,

I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Eboli. No matter; be but to my Honour true,

As you shall ever find I'll be to you.

fpeak

The Queen's my Charge, and you may on that fcore, Presume that you shall see her yet once more.

I'll lead you to those so much worshipp'd Charms.

And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.

D. Car. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound? I did not think such Virtue could be found.
Thou Mistress of all best Persections, stay:
Fain I in Gratitude would something say;
But am too far in Debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions

So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break?

D. Car. My Lord, what Fate has left me, I am here Mere Man, of all my Comfort stripp'd and bare. Once, like a Vine, I flourish'd and was young, Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong:

But

But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown, And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

D. John. Amongst those Numbers which your

Wrongs deplore,

Than me there's none that can refent 'em more. I feel a gen'rous Grudging in my Breast,
To see such Honour, and such Hopes oppress'd.
The King your Father is my Brother, true;
But I see more that's like my self in you.
Free-born I am, and not on him dep nd,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here.

[Embraces.]

D. Car. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide. [ty'd, This gen'rous Princess has her Promise giv'n I once more shall be brought in Sight of Heav'n; To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay:

And then for Flanders I intend my Way,
Where to th' insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep my self from Wrongs, and them in Awe.

D. John. Prosperity to the Design, 'tis good ;! Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. Car. My Lord, your spreading Gleries flourish high,

Above the Reach or Shock of Deftiny; Mine early nipt, like Buds untimely die.

Offi. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear,
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Prisoner.

D. Car. A Pris'ner! What new Game of Fate's be-Henceforth be ever curs'd the Name of Son, [gun! Since I must be a Slave, because I'm one. Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: No: Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go; Tell him his Fury drives too much one Way; I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John.

D. John. If ask'd by whose Commands you did decline Your Orders, tell my Brother 'twas by mine. [Ex. Off. D. Car. Now were I certain it would fink me quite, I'd see the Queen once more, tho' but in spite: Tho' he with all his Fury were in Place. I would carefs and court her to his Face. Oh that I could this Minute die; if fo. What he had loft he might too lately know, Curfing himself to think what he has done: For I was ever an obedient Son: With Pleasure all his Glories saw, when young, Look'd, and with Pride confidering whence I fprung, Joyfully under him and free I play'd, Bask'd in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade -But now -Cancelling all whate'er he then conferr'd. He thrusts me out among the common Herd: Nor quietly will there permit my Stay, But drives and haunts me like a Beast of Prey. Affliction! O Affliction! 'tis too great, Nor have I ever learnt to fuffer yet. Tho' Ruin at me from each Side takes Aim, And I stand thus encompass'd round with Flame; Tho' the devouring Fire approaches fast; Yet will I try to plunge; if Hower waste,

. ib viscoitan abol . If Exit Don Carlos.

D. John. Go on, pursue thy Fortune while 'tis hot: I long for Work where Honour's to be got. But, Madam, to this Prince you're wondrous kind.

Eboli. You are not less to Henriet, I find.

D. John. Why she's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.

You told me once my Beauty was not less.

I can at worst but fink, and burn at last.

Is this your Faith? Are these your Promises?

D. John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty grown;
Tax me of Falshood to conceal your own.

Go, y'are a Woman ----

Eboli.

Eboli. Yes, I know I am:

And by my Weakness do deserve that Name,

When Heart and Honour I to you resign'd:

Would I were not a Woman, or less kind.

D. John. Think you your Falshood was not plain-

When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?
Too well I faw it; how did you dispense
In Looks your Pity to th'afflicted Prince?
Whilst I my Duty paid the King, your Time
You watch'd, and fix'd your melting Eyes on him,
Admir'd him ----

Ebo'i. Yes, Sir, for his Constancy --But 'twas with Pain, to think you false to me,
When to another's Eye you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid,
Wrong'd too so far, as nothing can restore.

D. John. Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.

Farewel --- [D. John is going.

Eboli. Farewel, if y'are resolv'd to go:
Inhuman Austria, can you leave me so?
Enough my Soul is by your Falshood rack'd;
Add not to your Inconstancy Neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. John. If e'er you lov'd, 'tis you, not I forget; For a Remove is here too deeply fet, Firm rooted, and for ever must remain.

[Eboli turns away.

Why thus unkind?

r.

n;

oli.

Eboli. Why are you jealous then? [Turns to him. D. John. Come, let it be no more! I'm hush'd and still.

Will you forgive?

Eboli. How can you doubt my Will?

D. John. Then send me not away unblest.
Till you return I will not think of Rest:
Carlos will hither suddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewel.

[Eboli seems to weep.

D. John. O do not let me see a Tear; It quenches Joy, and stiffes Appetite.
Like War's sierce God upon my Blis I'd prey; Who, from the surious Toils of Arms all Day, Returning home to Love's sair Queen at Night, Comes riot us and hot with sull Delight.

Eboli. He'as reap'd his Joys, and now he would be free.

And to effect it puts on Jealousy:
But I'm as much a Libertine as he;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Defirese
Yet will I hold him; tho' Enjoyment tires,
'Tho' Love and Appetite be at the best,
He'll serve, as common Meats fill up a Feast,
And look like Plenty, tho we never take.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Go. Speak, there was always Musick in thy
Tongue.

Eboli. Thy Foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy

Give 'em but one Lift now, and they go down.

Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts renew;

Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew

Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,

Then bring him bither lab'ring with the Weight:

I will take care that Carlos shall be here;

So for his jealous Eyes a Sight prepare,

Shall prove more fatal than Medusa's Head.

And he more monstrous seem, than she e'er made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breaft!

When fhall I get th' Usurper disposses'd?

My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their

Reft.

Around the Place where all was hush'd before, Flutter, and hardly settle any more -- Ha, Gomez, what art thou thus musing on?

Sees Gomez.

R. Go. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son, What mighty Cares, and what tempestuous Strife Attend on an unhappy Father's Life: How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are; When young, our Fost; and when old, our Fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these odd Reflections. Thou envy'st sure the Quiet which I bear. [here?

R. Go. No, Sir, I joy in th' Ease which you posses,

And wish you never may have Cause for less.

King. Have Cause for less! come nearer; thou art And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had. [sad, Now, now, I feel it rising up again ---Speak quickly where is Carlos? Where the Queen?
What, not a Word? have my Wrongs struck thee dumb?

Or art thou fwol'n and lab'ring with my Doom, Yet dar'ft not let the fatal Secret come?

R. Go. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots: I'm old, and have a thousand doating Thoughts. Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I must.

R. Go. Nay, I would not be by Compulsion just. King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Go. Grant me then one Request, I'll tell you all. King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Go. It is that you would here forgive your Son, For all his past Offences to this Hour.

King. Th'aft almost ask'd a Thing beyond my Pow'r.

Ca

But

But so much Goodness i'th' Request 1 find, Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind: His Pardon's seal'd; the Secret now declare.

R. Go. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here. -King. Where? with the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis so,
T'm sure;

Never were Wrongs so great as I endure;
So great that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.
Oh Woman! monstrous Woman!
Did I for this into my Breast receive
The promising, repenting Fugitive?
But, Gomez, I will throw her back again;
And thou shalt see me smile and tear her then.
I ll crush her Heart where all the Poison lies,
Till when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Go. They the best Method of Revenge pursue, Who so contrive that it may Justice shew; Stay till their Wrongs appear at such a Head, That Innocence may have no Room to plead. Your Fury, Sir, at least a-while delay; I guess the Prince may come again this Way: Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

King. And when he's fix'd, be fure bring word to

Till then I'll bridle Vengeance and retire, Within my Breast suppress this angry Fire, Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themselves display; Then, like a Falcon, gently cut my Way, And with my Pounces seize th'uwary Prey.

[Exit King.

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Business with Delight, And find Revenge will have a Feast to-night. Tho' thy declining Years are in their Wane, I can perceive there's Youth still in thy Brain. Away: The Queen is coming hither. [Ex. R. Gom.

Enter Queen and Women, Henrietta.

Queen. --- Now To all Felicity a long Adieu. Where are you, Eboli?

Eboli. --- Madam, I'm here.

Queen. O how fresh Fears assault me ev'ry where! I hear that Carlos is a Pris'ner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd; And boldly owns for Flanders he intends, To head the Rebels, whom he stiles his Friends: But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue, That he may take his last Farewel of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last? Hence quickly to him, Eboli, make haste: Tell him, I beg his Purpose he'd delay, Or if that can't his Resolution stay, Say I have sworn not to survive the Hour In which I hear that he has lest this Shore. Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King. Tell him --- to stay him --- tell him any thing----

And the you promis'd ne'er to see him more, Methinks you might upon so just a score. But see he's here.

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Car. Run out of Breath by Fate, And perfecuted by a Father's Hate, Weary'd withal, I panting hither fly, To lay my felf down at your Feet, and die.

[Kneels and kiffes her Hands.

Queen. Oh too unhappy Carlos! Yet unkind? 'Gainst you what Harms have ever I design'd, That you should with such Violence decree Ungratefully at last to murder me?

D. Car. Pour all thy Curses, Heav'n, upon this Head, For I've the worst of Vengeance merited,

C ,

That

That yet I impudently live to hear

My felf upbraided of a Wrong to her.

Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?

Or have I Snares t'entrap your Virtue laid?

Tell me; if not, why do you then upbtaid

Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give;

Was't not my last Request, that you would live?
I by our Vows conjur'dit; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardless, your own Ruin you design,
Tho' you are sure to purchase it with mine.

D. Car. I, as you bad me live, obey'd with Pride, Tho' it was harder far than to have dy'd.
But Loss of Liberty my Life distains;
These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.
My Father should have singled out some Crown, And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He should have seen what Carles wou'd have done.
But to prescribe my Freedom, sink me low
To base Confinement, where no Comforts slow;
But black Despair, that soul Tormentor, lies,
With all my present Load of Miseries;
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my Heart.

Queen, Yet then be kind; your angry Father's

Rage,
I know, the least Submission will assuage;
You're hot with Youth, he's cholerick with Age.
To him, and put a true Obedience on;
Be humble, and express your felf a Son.
Carlos, I beg it of you: Will you not?

D. Car. Methinks 'tis very hard, but yet 111 do't.

I must obey whatever you prefer, Knowing y'are all divine, and cannot err. For if my Doom's unalt'rable, I shall This Way at least with less Dishonour fall:

And

And Princes less my Tameness thus condemn, When I for you shall suffer, tho' by him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy Issue wait.
Your presence there he cannot disapprove,
When it shall speak your Duty, and my Love.

[Exit Car. and Ducen.

Dui Commo

Enter Rui Gomez.

Has caught 'em, and Fate faw it with a Smile.

Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;
But I'm coment the Master-piece be thine.

Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood;

A Mystery thou well hast understood:

Whilst I go rest within a Lover's Arms, [Aside. And to my Austria lay out all my Charms. [Exit. R. Go. Fate, open now thy Book, and set 'em downs I have already mark'd 'em for thy own.

Enser King and Pola at a distance.

My Lord the King?

King, Gomez?

R. Go. The fame.

King. Haft feen

The Prince?

R. Go. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Go. With the Queen.

And keep Records of all ye mean to damn, Shew me, if 'mongst your Precedents there e'er Was seen a Son like him, or Wife like her. Hark, Gomez, didst not hear th' Infernals groan? Hush, Hell, a little, and they are thy own

Posa. Who should they be? The King and Gomez sure : Methinks I wish that Carlos were secure; [At a distance.

For Flanders his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King.

King. Who's there? 'Tis Pofa, Pander to their Luft. Drawing near to Posa.

Now, Gomez, to his Heart thy Dagger thrust; In the pursuit of Vengeance drive it far:

Strike deep, and if thou canft, wound Carlos there. R. Go. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss:

May he strike mine, if of his Heart I miss.

Thus Sir----Stabs him.

Posa. Ha, Gomez! Villain! thou hast done Thy worst: But yet I would not die alone: Istabs at him. Here Dog- --

R. Go. So brisk? Then take it once again.

As they are struggling, the Dispatches fall out of Posa's Bosom.

'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain.

Stabs him again, and Posa falls.

Pofa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone, I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son, King. The Slave iu Death repents, and warns me. Yes,

I shall be very mindful. What are these?

Takes up the Dispatches.

For Flanders! With the Prince's Signet feal'd! Here's Villany has yet been unreveald. See, Gomez' Practices against my Crown;

[Shews 'em bim.

Treason and Lust have join'd to pull me down. Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock, Whilst they but split themselves with their own Shock. But I too long delay: give Word I come.

R. Go. What, hoa! within; the King is nigh,

make room.

The SCENE draws, and discovers Don John and Eboli embracing.

King. Now let me, if I can, to Fury add, That when I thunder, I may strike 'em dead.

[Looking earnestly on 'em.

Ha --- Gomez! on this Truth depends thy Life. Why that's our Brother Austria!

R. Go. And my Wife!

Em-

Embracing close. Whilst I was busy grown. In others Ruins, here I've met my own. Oh! had I perish'd ere 'twas understood.

King, This is the Nest where Lust and Falshood! brood.

Is it not admirable? -----

[Ex. Don John and Eboli embrating.

R. Go. O Sir, yes!

Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorceress---

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter Don Carlos and Queen discoursing. Look, my incestuous Son and Wife appear. See, Gomez, how she languishes and dies. 'Sdeath! there are very Pulses in her Eyes.

[D. Carlos approaches the King.

D. Car. In Peace, Heav'n ever guard the King. from Harms;

In War, Success and Triumph crown his Arms;
Till all the Nations of the World shall be
Humble and prostrate at his Feet like me. [Kneeks.
I hear your Fury has my Death design'd;
Tho' I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind:
Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not spill that Blood which is your own.

King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne'er doubt

But for my Health 'tis good to let it out;
But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul to me,
Or else be curs'd thy Mother's Memory!
And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night,
In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.

D. Car. Thus then I lay aside all Rights of Blood.

My Mother curs'd! She was all just and good.

Tyrant! too good to stay with thee below.

And therefore's bless'd and reigns above thee now.

Submission! which way got it Entrance here?

King. Perhaps it came ere-Treason was aware.

G. 5 .

Thy traiterous Delign's now come to Light,
Too great and howid to be hid in Night.

See here my Honour and thy Duty's Stains.

[Shows the Dispatches.

I've paid your Secretary for his Pains, He waits you there, to Council with him go.

[Shews Pofa's Body,

Ask what Intelligence from Flanders now,

D. Car. My Friend here stain, my faithful Posa'tis. Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this? What Temples sack'd, what Desolations made, To pull down such a Vengeance on my Head? This, Villain, was thy Work: What Friend of thine

Did I e'er wrong, that thou shouldst murder mine?
But I'll take care it shall not want Reward-- [Draws.
King. Courage, my Gomez, since thy King's thy
Guard.

Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfil.

D. Car. No; tho' unjust you are my Father still; [Throws away bis Sword.

And from that Title must your Sasety own:
Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd:
To such a Height your Jealousy was grown.
It was the only way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease, You'd ease me of my Crown to give me Peace.

D. Car. Alas! you fetch your Misconstructions far:
The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair.
When you forgat a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
Branded my Honour, and pursu'd my Life,
My Duty long with Nature was at Strife,
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
Could suffer by the Voice of common Fame;

A thing

PRINCE of SPAIN.

A thing I ftill esteem beneath my Prides For tho' condemn'd by all the World befide, Had you but thought me just, I could have dy'd. At last this only way I found, to fly Your Anger, and divert your Jealoufy----To go for Flanders, and be fo remov'd From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd: There in your Right hoping I might complear, Spite of my Wrongs, some Action truly great. Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear Your Hate, and shun that Storm which threaten'd here;

Queen. And can this merit Hate? he would forego The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchase you-Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous Tide Of lawless Outrage, and rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his Defence! So blind is Guilt when 'twould feem Innocence. She thinks her Softness may my Rage disarm. No, Sorc'res, you're mistaken in your Charm, And whilft you footh, do but affift the Storm. Do, take full View of your tall able Slave;

Queen loking on Carlos.

Look hard; it is the last you're like to have.

D. Car. My Life or Death are in your Pow'r to give

King. Yes, and thou dy'ft.

D. Car. Not till the give me leaves She is the Star that rules my Defliny; And whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever bless'd King. Yes, I will fend him to's Eternal Reft. Oh had I took that Journey long ago,

I ne'er had known the Pains that rack me now. Queen. What Pains? what Racks?

[Approaching hims.

King. Avoid, and touch me not. I see thee foul, all one incestuous Blot; Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

Que. Have Ithen in your Pity left no Place?

A3#22-

With Promises you ne'er would see him more.

But now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown,

I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.

Queen. May you be ever free; but can your Mind Conceive that any Ill was here design'd? He hither came, only that he might show Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.

You saw his humble dutiful Address.

King. But you before had fign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli.

Oh Princess, thank you for the Care you take.

Tell me, how got this Monster Entrance? speak.

Ebo'i. Heav'n witness' twas without my Knowledge done.

R. Go. No, she had other Business of her own.

Oh Blood and Murder!

King. All are false A Guard.

Enter Guard.

Seize on that Traitor----Te Carlos. D. Car. Welcome; I'm prepar'd----Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obev. [Seemingly kind. King. No, thou shalt live. By Heav'n but not a Day. Africo. I a Revenge so exquisite have fram'd, She unrepenting dies, and fo she's damn'd. Hen. If ever Pity could your Heart engage, If e'er you hope for Bleffings on your Age, Incline your Ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r. King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair, What wouldst thou fay? Hen. Deftrey not in one Man, More Virtue than the World can boaft again,

A fide.

Your Virgin Joys; that may fome Pity move-

King. No; for the Wrongs I suffer weigh it down:
I'd now not spare his Life to save my own.

Away, by thy foft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Hen. By all that Hopes can frame I beg: If not,
May you by some base Hand unpity'd die,
And childles Mothers curse your Memory.

By Honour, Love, by Life -- Long of him and a wife

King. Fond Girl, away.

By Heav'n, I'll kill thee elfe. Still dar's thou fay?

Cannot Death terrify thee?

If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Car. Kind Fair one, do not waste your Sorrows'

On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.

There yet for you are mighty Joys in Store,

When I in Dust am laid, and seen no more.

Oh Madam!

[To the Queen.]

Queen. Oh my Carlos! must you die For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. Car. Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they

A Tenderness that misbecomes my Heart:
For fince I must, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my Aid my manly Spirits call.

Queen. You, like a Man, as roughly as you will

May die, but let me be a Woman fill.

[Weeps.

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the farst, In whom the Race of all Mankind was curs'd. Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd: But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride. He too an Angel, till he durst rebel: And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.

Weep one 2 Stock of Tears like Vows you have, And always ready when you would deceive.

I throw away a Title that's fo good,
On one a Stranger to whate'er was fo?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The just Resentment of my Wrong's fo great,
My Spirits sink beneath the heavy Weight.

Ready to fink with Paffion.

Tyrent, fland off: I have thee, and will try If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

D. Car. Bles'd Angel, stay-

Takes ber in his Arms.

Queen. Carlos, the fole Embrace You ever took, you have before his Face.

D. Car. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous East, In all the Glories of his Empire dress'd, Was ever half so rich, or half so bless'd. But from such Bliss how wretched is the Fall! They too like us must die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my Face, what Soul could bear't?

Go force her from him-

[Officer approaches.

D. Car. --- Slave, 'twill cost thy Heart.'
Th'adst better meet a Lion on his way,
And from his hungry Jaws reprize the Prey.
She's Mistress of my Soul, 'and to prepare
My self for Death, I must consult with her.

R. Go. Have pity---- [Ironically.]

King. Hence! how wretchedly he rules,

That's ferv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.

Oh Torture!----

D. Car. -- Rouze, my Scul, confider now, That to thy blifsful Manficathou must go.

But I so mighty Joys have tasted here, I hardly shall have Sense of any there: Oh soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!

[Leaning on her Bosom.

Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends, Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels Hands.

King. Still in his Arms! Cowards, go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'll sooner from its Center shake the

I'll hold her fast till my last Hour is nigh; Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his Hold! or any thing---

D. Car, Ay come;

Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb.
I'd have my Monument erected here,

With broken mangled Limbs still clasping her. Oueen, Hold, and I'll quit his Arms .-

The Guards offer their Axen.

King. No bear him hence.

[They part.

Queen. O horrid Tyrant!

[Guards are burrying Car. off

Stay, unhappy Prince--Turn, turn! O Torment! must I leave you so?
No. stay, and take me with you where you go.

D. Car. Hark, Slaves, my Goddess summons meto stay.

Bogs! have you Eyes, and can you disobey? See her? Oh let me but just touch my Bliss.

[Pressing forward:

King. By Hell he shan't : Slaves, are ye mine or

Queen My Life--

D: Car. My Soul, farewel---

Exit Carlos.

Queen. --- He's gone, he's gone : Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone;

Give:

enter ibalia in

Give me my Death, that hate both Life and thee;

King. I know thou dost yet live,

Oueen. --- O Milery!

[Throws her felf on the Floor.

Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why Should Life be fore'd, when 'tis fo fweet to die?

King. Thou, Woman, hast been false, but to renew Thy Credit in my Heart, assist me now.

To Eboli.

Prepare a Draught of Poison, such as will
Act flow, and by Degrees of Torment kill.
Give it the Queen, and to prevent all Sense
Of Dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that ere Morning he'll attend her: I
In a Disguise his Presence will supply;
So glut my Rage, and smiling see her die,
Eboli: Your Majesty shall be obey'd----

R. Go. Do, work thy Michiefs to their last Degree, And when th'are in their Height I'll murder thee.

TAGde.

O'er Love and Nature I've the Conquest got.
Still charming Beauty triumphs in her Eyes:

[Looking at the Queen.

Yet for my Honour and my Rest she dies.

[Exeunt Queen and Women.

But oh! what Ease can I expect to get, When I must purchase at so dear a Rate?

[Excunt omnes.



ACT V. SCENE. I.

but when contraid, no Lover e'er forkind;

hasist sea b'il Enter King folus, san b'que sale

IS Night: the Seafon when the Happy take Repose, and only Wretches are awake. Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds, Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholfom Grounds; Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait, To frighten them with some sad Tale of Fate. When I would reft, I can no Rest obtain: The Ills I've borne ev'n o'er my Slumbers reign, And in fad Dreams torment me o'er again. The fatal Bus'ness is ere this begun: I'm shockt, and start to think what I have done. But I forget how I that Philip am, So much for Constancy renown'd by Fame; Who thro' the Progress of my Life was ne'er By Hopes transported, or depress'd by Fear. No, it is gone too far to be recalled, And Stedfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown.

Who? Eboli?

Eboli. My Lord. What has and sold will

King. Is the Deed done ?

Ebeli. 'Tis, and the Queen to feek Repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?

No, Eboli; her Dreams must be as full

Of Horror, and as hellish as her Soul.

Does the believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O'er all her Face young wandring Blushes were,

Such as speak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear: ---Eut when confirm'd, no Lover e'er so kind;
She clasp'd me fast, cares'd and eall'd me Friend.
Which Opportunity I took to give

The Poison; and till Day she cannor live.

Ring. Quickly then to her; fay that Carlos here Waits to confirm his Happiness with her.
Go; that my Vengeance I may finish quites 'Twould be imperfect, should I lose the Sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known, And she may still mistake me for my Son, Remove all Light but that which may suffice To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in rueful Sables clad, With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light, Such as in Vaults affift the ghaftly Shade, Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night. Thus she resolves to die, or living mounn, Till Carlos shall with Liberty return.

es has don anus en it Exik

Not damn'd! it is impossible; she must. How do I long to see her in her Pains, The pois'nous Sulphur rolling thro' her Veins?

Enter Don John and Attendants.

Man Terms Deed -done

Who's there? my Brother?

D. John. Yes, Sir, and your Friend.
What can your Prefence here so late intend?

King. Oh Austria, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand Will put thy youthful Courage to a stand.

Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of Spain, and Lord of Pow'r;

Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing: You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can Be counted miserable in a Man.

But thou shalt fee how calm anon I'll grow:

I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

D. John. No, Sir, my Happiness you cannot have, Whilst to your abject Passions thus a Slave.

To know my Ease you Thoughts like mine must

bring,

Be something less a Man, and more a King.

With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast,
But now the Date of the Enchantment's past.
Before my Rage like Ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o'er 'em all.

D. John. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd

to die.

And fear by this the fatal Hour is nigh.

Why would you cut a fure Succession off,

At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh;

As if, fince Age has from you took away Increase, you'd grow malicious, and deftroy?

King. Doubt it not, Austrin: thou my Brother art, And in my Blood I'm certain hast a part, Only the Justice of my Vengeance own; Thou'rt Heir of Spain, and my adopted Son.

D. John. I must confess there in a Crown are Charms.

Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms:
But in my Nephew's Wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguished ere I shine.
To mount a Throne o'er Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death should wait on me, not I on him.
Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before; I know it is thy Kindness, but no more. Thou living free, alas! art easy grown, And think'st all Hearts as honest as thy own.

D. John. Not, Sir, so easy as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps would have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th' vilest that obey,
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow as they lead astray:
Voracious Varlets, sordid Hangers on,
Best by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet shrink at Frowns, but when you smile they
fawn.

Th'are these have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,

Fosses'd your Mind with false misgrounded Fears.

King. Misgrounded Fears! Why is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or disobedient Youth?
I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to Man was given.
But thou shalt see how my Revenge I'll treat.

The S C E N E draws, and discovers the Queen alone in Mourning on ber Couch, with a Lamp by her.

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, [Ironically.] As if she never had a Thought of Sin; In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to shew: Sh'as sworn't so oft, that she believes it true. O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow she'll in Darkness dwell; So we have heard of Witches in a Cell, Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell. [The Queen rifes, and comes towards him.

Queen. My Lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd?

Are my Eyes bles'd? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here

Embraces her.

Queen. My Lord the King! on said post id won't This is surprizing Kindness which you bring. Can you believe me innocent at last? Methinks my Griefs are half already past.

King. O Tongue, in nothing practis'd but Deceit! Too well she knew him, not to find the Cheat. Yes, vile incestuous Woman, it is I,

The King: look on me well, despair, and die. Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my Doom

before,
Since to Affliction you could add no more? Methinks Death is less welcome, when I find You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: Had I believ'd Thou couldst have been more wicked, thou hadst liv'd:

Liv'd and gone on in Lust and Riot still; But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell: And that of the Reward thou might'st not miss, This Night th'ast drank thy Bane, th'art poison'd;

Thou art -

Queen. — Then welcome everlasting Blis. But ere I die, let me here make a Vow, By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true. King. Vows you had always ready, when you

fpoke:

How many of them have you made, and broke? Yet there's a Power that does your Falshood hear, A just one too, that lets thee live to swear. How comes it that above such Mercy dwells, To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's good, My Innocence had else been understood. At first your Love was nothing but your Pride.

When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,

You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately fair,
Thought me a Rrize too rich to be posses'd
By him, and forc'd your self into my Breast:
Where you maintain'd an unresisted Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter cou'd have lov'd you more,
Till conscious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a leud Adultress was proclaim'd,
Accus'd of soulest Incest with your Son.
What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said,
That in my Vengeance any Fault I made.
Love me? Oh low Pretence! too feebly built!
But 'tis the conftant Fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry th'are innocent;
When their Despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your Malice to the

You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wise,
With speedy Fury I'd have fnatch'd her Life;
Torn a broad Passage open to her Heart,
And there have ransack'd each polluted Part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t'have seen the issuing Flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my Hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge you bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

King. I'm glad I know what Death you wish to have.

You wou'd go down in Silence to your Grave; Remove from future Fame, as present Times, And bury with you, if you could, your Crimes. No, I will have my Justice understood, Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.

Oneen. About it then, the noble Work begin; Be proud, and boaft how cruel you have been. Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance! Do, quickly let it reach the Ears of France.

l've

Iv

Bu

To

Her

Ma

I've there a Royal Brother that is young, Who'll certainly revenge his Sifter's Wrong; Into thy Spain a mighty Army bring, Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing, And make thee quite forget thou e'er wert King.

King. I ne'er had Pleasure with her till this

Night:

The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that Word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him till the Dastard Craven cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Sister's Side.

Queen. Alas ! I faint and fink; my Lord your Hand :

My Spirits fail, and I want Strength to stand.

[To D. John.

D. John. Oh Jealoufy!

A Curse which none but he that bears it knows:

So rich a Treasure who would live to lose?

King. The Poison works, Heaven grant there were enough,

She is fo foul, the may be Poison proof.

Now, my false Fair one -

Queen. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away, I would not leave the Light
With such a hated Object in my Sight.

King. No, I will flay, and even they Pray'rs

prevent;

I would not give thee Leifure to repent:
But let thy Sins all in one Throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou haft tortur'd mine.

Queen. Glut then your Eyes, your Tycant-Fury

feed,

And triumph; bus remember, when I'm dead, Hereafter on your dying Pillows you May feel those Tortures which you give me now.

Go

Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear, And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus, Austria, my lost Freedom I obtain, And once more shall appear my felf again. Love held me fast, whilst, like a foolish Boy, I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay; But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

Eboli. Help, Murder, help ____ [Eboli within-See, Austria, whence that Cry: Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh. b'yen govern brishoff oil Hir Enter Guards.

Then throw him panding by his Sifted's Side, to Enter Eboli in her Night-drefs, wounded and bleeding; Rui-Gomez pursuing her.

My Sprins fail, and I want Sucapul to figure

Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murderer: But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far. Turn, wretched King, Tre something to unfold; Nor can I die till the fad Secret's told.

King. The Woman's mad; to some Apartment by Remove her, where she may grow tame and die. Fate came abroad to Night, refolv'd to range: I love a kind Companion in Revenge.

[Hugs Rui-Gomez.

Bboli. If in your Heart Truth any Favour wins. If e'er you would repent of secret Sins, Hear me a Word and saved and lattow 1

King, - What wouldst thou fay? Be brief. Eboli. Do what you can to fave that precious Life; Try ev'ry Art that may her Death prevent: You are abus'd, and she is innocent. When I perceiv'd my Hopes of you were vain, Led by my Luft I practis'd all my Charms To gain the Prince, Don Carlos, to my Arms. But there too cross'd, I did the Purpose change, And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge: To Rui-Gomez.

Taught

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l'll

Taught him to raise your glowing Jealousy.

Then my wild Passion at this Prince did fly. [To D.J.]

And that was done for which I now must die.

King. Ha, Gomez, speak, and quickly; is it so?

R. Go. I'm forry you should doubt if t be or no.

She, by whose Lust my Honour was betray'd,

Cannot want Malice now to take my Head;

And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

He smiles, and mocks me, waiting for my Soul; See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls roll.

R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt:
But fince you'll have my Blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more _____ [To R. Gom.]
Speak on, I charge thee, by the Reft
Thou hop'ft, the Truth, and as thou shalt be bless'd.

[To Eboli.

Eboli. As what I've faid is fo,
There may I find, where I must answer all,
What most I need, Heav'n's Mercy on my Soul,
[Dies.]

King. Heav'n! She was sensible that she should-die,

And durit not in the Minute tell a Lye.

D. John. His Guilt's too plain; fee his wild flaring Eye.

By Unconcern he would shew Innocence:
But harden'd Guilt ne'er wanted the Pretence
Of great Submission, when't had no Defence.
Thus whilst of Life you shew this little Care,
You seem not guiltless, but betray Despair.

Ring. His Life! What Satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in Doubt I must for ever live.
And lose my Peace — yet I the Truth will find.

I'll rack him for't, Go, in this Minute bind

ıt

Him

Him to the Wheel ----

a ught bira etal anide angua R. Go. How have I this deferv'd.

Who only your Commands obey'd and ferv'd?

What would you have me do?

King. I'd have thee tell

The Truth: Do, Gomez, all shall then be well.

R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm loft, And can but tell you what I think at most. You fet me as a Spy upon the Prince, And fill I brought the best Intelligence I could; till finding him too much aware Of me, I nearer Measures took by her: Which if I after a falle Copy drew, 'Tis I have been unfortunate as you.

King. And is this all thou haft for Life fhow?

R. Go. Dear, Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know. King. Then Villain I am damn'd as well as thou. Heav'n! where is now thy fleeping Providence. That took so little Care of Innocence? Oh Austria, had I to thy Truth inclin'd, Had I been half so good as thou wert kind! But I'm too tame; secure the Traitor, Oh! [Quards feize R. Go.

Earth open, to thy Centre let me go, And there for ever hide my impious Head. Thou faireft, purest Creature Heav'n e'er made. Thy injur'd Truth too late I've understood: Yet live and be immortal as th'art good.

Queen. Can you to think me innocent incline On her bare Word, and would not credit mine? The Poison's very bufy at my Heart; Methinks I see Death shake his threat'ning Dart, Why are you kind, and make it hard to die? Perfist, continue on the Injury: Call me still vile, incestuous, all that's foul, King. Oh pity, pity my Despairing Soul;

Sink

B

Bu

Ra

Fr

Ti

To

Sink it not quite. Raise my Physicians straight.

Hasten them quickly ere it be too late;

Propose Rewards may set their Skill at Strife:

1'll give my Crown to him that saves her Life.

Curs'd Dog!----

D. John. Vile Prostitute!

King. --- Revengeful Fiend!

But I've forgotten half; to Carlos send;

Prevent what his Despair may make him do.

Enter Henrietta ..

solven on resolution and new bearing

Hen. Oh Horror, Horror! everlasting Woe!

King. Ha! Speak.

M.

Hen. --- He dies, he dies.

Within upon his Couch he bleeding lies,

Just taken from the Bath, his Veins all cut,

From which the springing Blood flows swiftly out.

He threatens Death on all that shall oppose

His Fate, to save that Life which he will sofe.

King. Dear Austria, hasten, all thy Int'rest use, Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence, And let him know his Father's Penitence.

Beg him to live. ----

R. Go. Since you've decreed my Death, know will be hard:

The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.

I ow'd him that for his late Pride and Scorn.

King. There never was fo curs'd a Villain born.
But by Revenge such Pains he shall go thro',
As e'en Religious Cruelty ne'er knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by Degrees,
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry Hour devise,
Till he curse Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithful Henriette, art thou come To wait th' unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?

I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now must bleave thee to Heavin knows what
Wrong.

Such Goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;

A Proof of it the World shall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

Enter Don Carlos supported between two, and bleeding.

D. John. See, Sir, your Son.

King. My Son? But oh! how dare

I use that Name, when this sad Object's near?

See, injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Bardon craves,

No more thy Father, but the worst of Slaves:

Behold the Team that from these Fountains flow.

D. Car. I come to take my Farewel ere I go in II.
To that bright Dwelling, where there is no Room
For Blood, and where the Cruel never come.

Ch Heav'n ! his Cruelty I cannot bear.

Doft thou not hear thy wretched Father fue?

Do Car. My Father h speak the Words once more;
is't you?

Let me embrace and kifs thy trembling Knees.

Why wilt thou die? no, live, my Carlos live,

And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

D. Car. Life was my Cirfe; and given me fure in

Oh! had I perish'd when I first saw Light, I never then these Miseries had brought of the On you, nor by you had been guilty thought.

Prop

B

Prop me: Apace I feel my Life decay.
The little Time on Earth I have to stay,
Grant I without Offence may here bestow;

[Pointing to the Queen.

You cannot certainly be jealous now.

King. Break, break my Heart -

[Leads Don Carlos to the Chair.

D. Car. You've thus more Kindness shown,

Than if y'ad crown'd and plac'd me on your Throne.

Methinks fo highly happy I appear,

That I could pity you, to fee you there.

Take me away again: You are too good.

Queen. Carlos, is't you? O stop that Royal Flood; Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when Is In dark and gloomy Shades sergotten lie.

D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher

Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your Side, How much a Life and Empire I disdain!

No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign.
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.

Que n. O matchles Youth! O Constancy Di-

Sure there was never Love that equall'd thine;

Nor any so unfortunate as mine

Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,

When they would ease their own, repeat thy

And in Remembrance of thee, for thy fake,

A folemn annual Procession make;

In chaste Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,

With Hyacinths and Lilies deck thy Tomb.

But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:

It is to reconcile my Lord and you.

D. Car. H'as done no Wrong to me, I am pof-

Of all, beyond my Expectation blefs'd.

But yet methinks there's fomething in my Heart Tells me, I must not too unkindly part.

Father, draw nearer, raise me with your Hand;

Before I die, what is't you will command?

And why was it no fooner understood?

But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray;

Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.

Thou mayst ask that which I'm too vile to dare;

And leave me not tormented by Despair.

D. Car. Thus then with the Remains of Life we kneel:

[Don Carlos and the Queen fink out of the Chairs and kneet.

May you be ever free from all that's ill.

Queen. And everlasting Peace upon you dwell.

King. No more: This Virtue's too divinely bright;

My darken'd Soul too conversant with Night,

Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light,

Here raise 'em up, gently: Ye Slaves, down, down!

Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,

For ever be forgotten; in your Stead,

Only Eternal Darkness wrap my Head.

Queen. Where are you? Oh! farewel, I must be

King. Bless'd happy Soul, take not thy Flight so

Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too, And guard it up, which else must fink below.

Queen. From all my Injuries and all my Fears,
From Jealoufy, Love's Bane, the worst of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that Stranger Rest.

Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breast;
Within this Minute how shall we be blest!

D. Car. Oh, far above
Whatever Wishes fram'd, or Hopes design'd;
Thus, where we go, we shall the Angels find
For ever praising, and for ever kind.

Queen.

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Queen. Make hafte, in the first Sphere I'll for you

Thence we'll rife both to everlasting Day.

D. Car. I'll follow your now close my Eyes;

[Leans on ber Basom.

Thus all o'er Bliss the happy Carlos dies. King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must ne'er King! A King! it is too little : I'll be moonigla

Run, fally out, and fet the World on Fire, Alarum Nature, let loofe all the Winds, Set free those Spirits whom frong Magick binds; Let the Earth open all her fulph'rous Veins The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their

Collect your Spines, Sir, andenish Cour Till all Things from their Harmony decline, And the Confusion be as great as mine. Here I'll lie down, and never more arise, Howl our my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

D. John Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring Heart fome Eafe.

King. Oh! name it not : there's no fuch thing as Peace.

From these warm Lips yet one fost Kiss I'll take, How my Heart beats ! why won't the Rebel break? My Love, my Carlos, I'm thy Father, speak. Oh! he regards not now my Miferies, But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his. Oh! now I think on't better, all is well; Here's one that's just descending into Hell: How comes it that he's not already gone? The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.

Hey! How he flies! He [Stabs R. Gomez. R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart; That I had Strength enough but to retort. Dull Life, fo tamely must I from thee part?

Curfes and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou Now ?

Meet, meet me at thy own dark House below.

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing Thus all o'er Bifs the happy Corles

As I.

D. John. Remember, Sir, you are a King. King. A King! it is too little: Ill be more, I tell thee. Nero was an Emperor; He kill'd his Mother, but I have that out-done. Murder'd a loyal Wife, and guiltless Son. Yet, Austria, why should I grow mad for that? Is it my Fault I was unfortunate?

D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your

Mind.

King. Look to't; ftrange things I tell thee are

design'd.

Thou, Austria, shalt grow old, and in thy Age Doat, doat, my Heroe: Oh, a long gray Beard, With Eyes distilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks Will be fuch Charms, thou canft not want Success.

But above all beware of Jealoufy; It was the dreadful Curse that ruin'd me;

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! But stay, Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the Word (Methought I saw't) the Azure Fabrick stirr'd, Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare: But I'll pursue and overtake 'ein there: Whirl, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer; I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down; Oh, how I hurl the Wild-fire as I run! Now, now I mount--- [Runs off raving]

D. John: Look to the King...

PRINCE OF SPAIN. SI

See of this fair one too strict Care be had.

[Pointing to Henrietta.

Despair, how vast a Triumph hast then made! 'No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll lie; Shaking off Sostness, to the Camp I'll fly, Where Thirst of Fame the active Heroe warms; And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

TO W. what & 90 think my Meffage histor means

Exeunt omnes.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Girl.

TOW what d'ye think my Message hither means? Yonder's the Poet fick behind the Scenes : He told me there was Pity in my Face, And therefore fent me here to make his Peace. Let me for once perfuade you to be kind; For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend. And if this Time I can your Kindness move. He'il write for me, he swears by all above, When I am big enough to be in Love. Now won't ye be good-natur'd, ye fine Men? Indeed I'll grow as fast as eer I can, And try if to his Promise be'll be true; Think on't; when that Time comes, ye do not know But I may grow in Love with some of you. Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see Amongst you those who'll swear they're so with me. But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won, You know what your Unkindness oft has done; I'll e'en for sake the Play-House, and turn Nun,



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HISTORY and FALL

OF

CAIUS MARIUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

Qui Color Albus erat, nunc'est contrarius Albo.



LONDON:

Printed for W. FEALES, at Rowe's Head, the Corner of Effex-freet in the Strand; A. BETTESWORTH, in Pater-Noster Row; F. CLAY, at the Bible, R. WELLINGTON, at the Dolphin and Crown, and C. CORBETT, at Addison's Head, all without Temple-Bar; and J. Erindley, at the King's Arms in New Bond-fireet.

M.DCC.XXXV.

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HISTORY and TALL

77 (3)

CAIUS MARIUM

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TREDUCES V



TOTHE

Lord Visct. FALKLAND.

You a Loudhip has an extraord

My Lord, College

Thoughts to make this Prefent to Your Lordship, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleasure; since,

upon due Examination of my self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the Remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your Hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the fame A 3 Discipline

The Epiftle Dedicatory.

Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great measure I owe the small Share of Letters I have, to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be ashamed of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learned to value them, by the wonderful Progress which even in Your tender Years You made in them: So that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

Your Lordship has an extraordinary Reason to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your Great Father loved it. May Your Lordship's Fame and Employment grow as great, or greater than His were! and may Your Virtues find a Poet to record them, equal (if possible) to that great * Genius which sung of Him!

My slender humble Talent must not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I must always submit to, a general Goodness, which I never (to its Worth) can value: And who can praise that well, which he knows not how to comprehend?

^{*} Mr. Waller.

The Epiftle Dedicatory.

ALREADY the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the best Judgment are fixed upon You: For wherefoever You come, You have their Attention when present, and their Praise when You are gone: And I am fure (if I obtain but Your Lordship's Pardon) I shall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this Opportunity to express my felf,

Ovide Server Strang Selection 1200.

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PROLOGUE

I first have the Congressions

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON on lie

IN Ages past (when will those Times renew?) When Empires flourish'd, so did Poets too. When great Augustus the World's Empire held, Horace and Ovid's happy Verse excell'd. Ovid's foft Genius, and his tender Arts Of moving Nature, melted hardest Hearts. It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, move, To listen to the Language of his Love. Her Father honour'd him; and on her Breaft, With ravish'd Sense in her Embraces prest, He lay transported, fanciful, and blest. Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd His manly Head, and thro' all Nature steer'd; Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd, And wrought 'em to the Relish of the Mind. He lash'd, with a true Poet's fearless Rage, The Villanies and Follies of the Age. Therefore Mecænas, that great Fav'rite, rais'd Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd. Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as bleft, The happiest Poet of his Time, and best; A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muse, A constant Favour be ne'er fear'd to lose.

There

PROLOGUE.

Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfind, And Thoughts that were immortal as his Mind. And from the Crop of his luxurious Pen E'er since succeeding Poets bumbly glean. Though much the most unworthy of the Throng, Our this Day's Poet fears he'as done him Wrong. Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away, You'll find he'as rifled him of half a Play. Amidst his baser Dross you'll see it shine Most beautiful, amazing, and divine. To such low Shifts, of late, are Poets worn, Whilft we both Wit's and Cxfar's Absence mourn. Oh! when will He and Poetry return! When shall we there again behold him sit, 'Midst shining Boxes, and a courtly Pit, The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit? When that blest Day (quick may it come!) appears, His Cares once banish'd, and his Nation's Fears, The joyful Muses on their Hills shall sing Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King. Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle, And all things like the English Beauty smile. You, Criticks, shall forget your nat'ral Spite, And Poets with unbounded Fancy write; Ev'n this Day's Poet shall be alter'd quite: His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow; And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow, As much transported as he's humble now.

A 5

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Caius Marius,
Sylla
Marius Junior,
Granius,
Metellus,
Quintus Pompeius,
Cinna,
Sulpitius,
Ancharius, a Senator.
Priest.

Apothecary.

2. Pompeius's Sor

Guards, Lictors.

Ruffians, &c.

Mr. Betterton. Mr. Williams. Mr. Smith. Mr. Percival. Mr. Gillow.

Mr. Williams. Mr. Jevon. Mr. Underbil.

WOMEN.

Lavinia, Nurse.

Mrs. Rarry. Mrs. Noakes.

THE



bookel arveille etc.

For Confiden the other wood oilled for a mode wood of the A

Such in me firte til the Scatt of Bounds I will train

That is the ray Mark, We are to Baile foldy at head

That Genefits of a Keeper Heeld be chaffe

By the lower Man Walls benefited Special

Nergi confunce with the restrict

HISTORY and FALL

OF

CAIUS MARIUS.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Within. [Liberty! Liberty! Mar. and Sulpivius! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Ge.

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, and Senators.

METELLUS.



HEN will the Tut'lar Gods of Rome awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other;
know

Th'Extent of Laws, Prerogatives, and Dues; The Bounds of Rules and Magistracy; who

A 6

Cuiht

Ought first to govern, and who must obey?
It was not thus when God-like Scipio held
The Scale of Pow'r; he, who with temp'rate Poise
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full Bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himself was one

Cin. He was indeed

A Noble born; and still in Rome there are Most worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour, Such as are sit to sill the Seat of Pow'r, And awe this riotous unruly Rabble; That bear down all Authority before 'em, Were we not sold to Ruin.

Met. Cinna, there

Thou'st hit my Mark: We are to Ruin sold;
In all things sold; Voices are sold in Rome:
And yet we boast of Liberty. Just Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen
By the lewd Noise of a licentious Rout!
The sturdy'st Drinker makes the ablest Statesman.

Ant. Would it not anger any true-born Roman, To see the giddy Multitude together, Never confulting who 'tis best deserves, But who feafts highest, to obtain their Suffrage? As'tis not many Years fince two great Men In Rome stood equal Candidates together, For high Command: In ev'ry House was Riot. To-day the drunken Rabble reel to one; To-morrow they were mad again for t'other; Changing their Voices with their Entertainment And none could guess on whom the Choice would settle; Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of: A mighty Vestel of Falernian Wine Was brought into the Forum, crown'd with Wreaths Of Ivy, facred to the jolly God? The Monster-People roar'd aloud for Toy:

When

When strait the Candidate himself appears
In Pomp, to grace the Present he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,
He at both Ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Consulship.

Cin. This Curse we owe to Marius's Pride,
That made him first most basely bribe the People
For Consul in the War against Jugurtha:
Where he went out, Metellus, your Lieutenant,
And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder such a Weed got Growth in Rome.

Met. What fays my Cinna?

Cin. That I like not Marius,

Nor love him

Met. There Rome's better Genius spoke.

Let us consult and weigh this Subject well.

O Romans, he's the Thorn that galls us all.

Our harass'd State is crippled with the Weight

Of his Ambition: We're not safe in Marius.

Do I not know his Rise, his low Beginning,

From what a wretched despicable Root

His Greatness grew? Gods! that a Peasant's Brat,

Born in the utmost Cottages of Arpos,

And softer'd in a Corner, should, by Bribes,

By Cov'tousness, and all the hateful Means

Of working Pride, advance his little Fate

So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of Rome?

Ant. Ambition, raging like a Dæmon in him,
Distorts him to all ugly Forms she'as need to use:
In his first Start of Fortune, Oh how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submissions then!
When suing to be chosen first Edilis,
He was by gen'ral Vote repuls'd, yet bore it,
And in the same Day shamefully return'd,
T'obtain the second Office of that Name.

Equal was his Success, deny'd in both:

Yet could he condescend at last to ask

The Prætorship, and but with Bribes got that.

Yet this is he that has disturb'd the World,

Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wishes.

Met. I must consess it burthens much my Age,
To see the Man I hate, thus ride my Country:
For, Romans, I have mighty Cause to hate him.
I was the first (and I am well rewarded)
That lent my Hand to raise his feeble State.
When first I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be something in his Nature
That promis'd well. His Parents were most honest,
And serv'd my Father justly in their Trust.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Consul,
And went against Jugurtha into Afric
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
Twas there his Pride first shew'd it self in Actions,
Oppress'd my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

Cin. The Story's famous. Base Ingratitude,
Dissimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill-manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one base born, in Marius are join'd.

Met. Ev'n Age can't heal the Rage of his Ambition.
Six times the Conful's Office has he borne:
How well, our present Discords best declare.
Yet now again, when Time has worn him low,
Consum'd with Age, and by Diseases press'd,
He courts the People, to be once more chosen
To lead the War against King Mithridates.

Ant. For this each Day he rifes with the Sun,
And in the Fields of Mars appears in Arms,
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise:
He rides and tilts, and when the Prize he'as won,
He brings it back with Triumph into Rome,

And

To

Un

His

All

And there presents it to the fordid Rabble; Who shout to Heav'n, and cry, Let Marius live.

Met. He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall not. There is a Roman, noble, just, and valiant, Sylla's his Name, sprung from the ancient Stock Of the Cornelii, bred from's Youth in War, Flush'd with Success, and of a Spirit bold; And, more than all, hates Marius, still has crost His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs: He's Consul now. Then let us all resolve, And six on him, to check this Havocker, That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

Cin. Agreed for Sylla.

All. All for Sylla.

Met. Nay,

This Monster Marius, who has us'd me thus, Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine, And asks my Daughter for his hated Off-spring. But, for my Wrongs, Lavinia shall be Sylla's, My eldest born; her, and the best of all My Fortune, I'll confer on him, to crush the Pride Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, plebeian Tyrant.

Ant. Now Rome's last Stake of Liberty is set,
And must be push'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

Cin. Then Caius Marius shall not have the Consulship.

Met. No, I would rather be Sulpitius' Slave, That furious headlong Libertine Sulpitius, That mad wild Bull, whom Marius lets loofe On each Occasion when he'd made Rome feel him, To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th'Air.

Ant. That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd, Unhing'd from off the Pow'r that holds him up, His Band of full six hundred Roman Knights, All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,

Which

Which he his Guard against the Senate calls; Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

Met. Fear nothing; let but Sylla once have Pow'r, And then see how like Day he'll break upon 'em, And scatter all those Goblins of the Night, Confusion's Night; where in the dark Disorders Of a divided State, Men know not where Or how to walk, for fear they lose their Way, And stumble upon Ruin. Mark the Race Of Sylla's Life; observe but what has past, How still he'as borne a Face against this Marius, And kept an equal Stretch with him for Glory.

Cin. He'as in the Capitol an Image set Of Gold, in Honour of his own Atchievement; Wherein's describ'd how the Numidian King Gave up Jugurtha Prisoner to Sylla, And all in spite of Marius. Oh now, It you are truly Roman Nobles, wake, Resume your Rights, and keep your Sylla Consul. Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour, Justice unbiass'd, the true Roman Spirit, Presence of Mind, and resolute Performance, Meet all in Sylla.

Met. Let's all agree for Sylla. All. All for Sylla. [Excunt.

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Enter Marius Senior, Marius Junior, and Granius.

Mar. Sen. There Rome's Dæmons go. Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm And Tempest of the State, they meet in Corners, And urge Destruction higher: for this End They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar, Sylla, To cross my Way, and stop my Tide of Glory. It I am Cains Marins, if I'm he That brought Jugurtha chain'd in Triumph hither;

IF

If I am he that led Rome's Armies out, Spent all my Years in Toil and cruel War; Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter Camps, Till I brought fettled Peace and Plenty home; Made her the Court and Envy of the World; Why does the use me thus thorn blo and a different month

Mar. Jun. Because the's rul'd and marity and the By lazy Drones that feed on others Labouts, And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for; Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains, That always are fermenting Mischief up And Ayle their private Malice publick Safety-

Gran. One discontented Villain leads a State State To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny And damn'd Sedition, Cinna, of a Life bee inol godiv 10 And Manners fordid; one whose Gain's his God; And to that curfed End he'd facrifice to ancid warrend at His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace: Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

Mar. Sen. He'as taken Rome even in the nicest Minute, And eafily debauch'd her to his Ends, month of When the was over-cloy'd with Happiness, Wantonly full, and longing after Change. For Sylla too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing, She has relinquish'd me, and flouts my Age. Constant ill Fortune wait upon her fort, And wreck her Fate as low as first I found it, When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey, And hungry Ruin had it in the Wind; When barb'rous Nations, of a Race unknown, From undiscover'd northern Regions came, To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth; Till I, I Marius rose, the Soul of all The Hope she'ad left, and with unweary'd Toil, Dangers each Hour, and never-fleeping Care, (A Bur-

Mar.

(A Burthen for a God) oppos'd my felf
'Twixt her and Desolation, gorg'd the Maw
Of Death with slaughter'd Numbers of her Foes,
Restor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

Mar. Jun. The Glory of that War must be remember'd, When Rome, like her old Mother Troy, shall lie In Ashes—Full three hundred thousand Men, All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields, Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation, Hung like a Swarm of Mischiess on the Hills Of Italy, and threaten'd Fate to Europe.

Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take Possession,
And seem'd a People whom the Hand of Fate
Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land;
Of Visage soul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Frosts and Winter Winds; yet sierce
As hungry Lions of the Defart.

Their Wives with Loads of Children at their Backs, Bold manly Haggs, whom Shame had long forfook, And vagrant Living had inur'd to Ill, Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

Mar. Jun. And all was done too when that Dolt Metellus Shrank like a Worm, and Sylla scarce was heard of.

Mar. Sen. That curst Metellus still has been my Plague,
And ever done me most delib'rate Wrong;
Because, like a tame Hawk, I scorn'd to sly
Just at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.
Because I grew too great for him in Wars,
And serv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd Lavinia, Marius, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when again I court him!
Why sigh'st thou, Boy? Still at th'unlucky Name
Of that Lavinia, I've observ'd thee thus
With thy Looks six'd, as if thy Fate had seiz'd thee.

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Mar. Jun. Why did you name Lavinia? would she'ad Been born, or that Metellus had not got her. (ne'er

Mar. Sen. Forget her, Marius; she's a dainty Bit,

A Delicate, for none but Sylla's Taste,

The Fav'rite Sylla, th'Idol that's set up

To blast thy Hopes, and cloud thy Father's Gleries,

Consider that, my Marius, and forget her.

Mar. Jun. Forget her! Oh! she'as Beauty might ensure!

A Conqu'ror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns

At random to be scussed for by Slaves.

Forget her! Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;

Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs

Done you by that inglorious Patrician,

Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,

And quite forget Lavinia e'er dwelt there.

Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en 'midst the Senate,

To strike this through him in his Consul's Chair,

Tumble him thence, and mount it in his stead.

Mar. Sen. Oh! name not him and Confulthip together,

Sylla and Conful! fet 'em far apart!

As East from West, for as they now are met,

It bodes Confusion, Rame, to thee and thine.

Gran. I'd rather see Rome but one Fun'ral Pile,
And all her Pcople quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather see her Senators in Chains
Dragg'd thro' the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than see that vain presumptuous Upstart's Pride
Succeed, to lead the Armies you have bred.

Mar. Sen. 'Tis fuch a Wrong as even tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
Fought all her Battles with renown'd Success,
And never lost her yet a Man in vain,
Should, now her noblest Fortune is at Stake,
And Mithridates' Sword is drawn, be thrown

Afide, like some old broken batter'd Shield;
To see my Laurels wither as I rust:
And all this manag'd by the cursed Crast,
Petulant Envy, and malignant Spite,
Of that old barking Senate's Dog Metellus.
Stake me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my grey Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather than live in Mem'ry of such Shame!

Gran. Perish Metellus first, and all his Race!

Mar. Sen. There spoke the Soul of Marius. By the Head

Of Fove.

I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases.

Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate

Commence between our Houses from this Moment;

And meeting, never let em bloodless part.

Go, Granius, bid Sulpitius straight be ready

To meet me with his Guards upon the Forum.

By all the Gods, I'll chase the Dæmon out,

That rages thus in Rome; or let her Blood

To that Degree, till she grow tame enough

To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.

Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought?

Take m'in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?

'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

Mar. Jun. As dumb as folemn Sorrow ought to be.
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no End.
Must I resolve to hate Metellus' Race,
Yet know Lavinia took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Musick in the Name,
That, softning me to infant Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life.

'Mar. Sen. Then thou'rt lost: If thou art Man or Roman, If thou hast Virtue in thee, or canst prize Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave. Hell! Love her? Damn her: There's Metellus in her.

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In ev'ry Line of her bewitching Face.
There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of.
I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,
And basely wedded to a Russian's Whore,
Than thou should'st think to taint my gen'rous Blood.
With the base Puddle of that o'er-sed Gownman.
Lavinia!

Mar. Jun. Yes, Lavinia: Is she not

As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?

Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?

As opining Flowirs untainted yet with Winds,

The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?

Why first did you bewitch me else to Weakness?

When from the Sacrifice we came together,

And as by hers our Chariot drove along,

These were your Words: That, Marius, that is she

That must give Happiness to thee and Rome,

Consirming in thy Arms my wish'd-for Peace

With old Metellus, and break Sylla's Heart.

Mar. Sen. Then the was charming. Mar. 7un. Oh! I found her fo. I look'd and gaz'd, and never mis'd my Heart. It fled fo pleafingly away. But now My Soul is all Lavinia's; now she's fix'd Firm in my Heart, by fecret Vows made there, Th'indelible Records of faithful Love, You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change? Create me o'er again and I may be That haughty Mafter of my felf you'd have me: But as I am, the Slave of ftrong Defires, That keep me struggling under; tho' I see The hopeless State of my unhappy Love; With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies Chain'd to the Floor, stretch'd helpless on his Back, look to Liberty, and break my Heart. Mar. Sen. Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

Mar. Jun. If Eyes may speak the Language of the Heart,
If tend'rest Glances, Sighs, and sudden Blushes,
May be interpreted for Love in one
So young, so fair, and innocent as she,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers—

Mar. Sen. No more; I'll have Lavinia nam'd no more. When next thou nam'ft her, let it be with Infamy. Tell me, she'as whor'd, or fled her Father's House With some coarse Slave t'a secret Cell of Lust, And then I'll bless thee.

Mar. Jun. I stall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down, And find like me one wretched, if you can.

No, Sir, I'll speak that hateful Name no more, But be as curst as you can wish your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

Mar. Sen. Oh, Sulpitius?
Thou Darling of m'Ambition, art thou come?
What News?

Sulp. I've left a Present at your House; The Head of a Metellus, a gay, tall, Young thing, that was in time t'have been a Lord; But he's but Worms-meat now.

Mar. Sen. My best Sulpitius,

Thou always comfort'st me. See here a Man,

A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune;

But merely of his Choice my Honour's Friend:

What mighty things would he not do for me?

Could'st thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?

Sulp. How! my young Son of War in Love? with whom

Mar. Jun. A Woman, Sir.—I must not speak her Name

Sulp. If it be hopeless Love, use gen'rous Means, And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound:

Take in a new Insection to the Heart,

And the rank Poison of the old will die

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Mar. Jun. Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that. sul. For what? or a liver our constitutions

Mar. Jun. For broken Shins.

Sulp. Why, art thou mad?

Mar. Fun. Not mad, but bound more than a Madman is: Confin'd to Limits, kept without my Food, Whipt and tormented .- Pr'ythee do not wake me; n. 462 co.21

Let me dream on-

Sulp. Oh! the small Queen of Fairies Is busy in his Brains; the Mab that comes Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms Over Mens Noses as they lie asleep, In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut, Made by a Joyner-Squirrel: in which State She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains: And then how wickedly they dream, all know. Sometimes the courses o'er a Courtier's Nose, And then he dreams of begging an Estate; Sometimes the hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck, And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats; Of Breaches, Ambuscadoes, temper'd Blades, Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters: Sometimes the tweaks a Poet by the Ear, And then dreams be - how has most a same the Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications, And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who; But wakes as empty as he laid him down. She'as been with Sylla too, and he dreams now Of nothing but a Confulfhip! and and a ward your said

Mar. Sen. A Rattle! in port aga capation of pool T

Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle; The puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing

A Confulhip! and so all so users as the strongers as

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> Sulp. By all the Gods, he'll shake it. ac'as drawn a Force from Capua here to Rome,

As if he meant Deffruction or Success: The Rabble too are drunk with him already Mar. Sen. Alarum all our Citizens to Arms That are my Friends: Draw you your Guards together, And take Poffession of the Forum. Thou, Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more, or bandoo Till thou'lt done femething worthy of my Name Mar. Jun. First perish Rome, and all Phold most dear, Sulp. My Troops are all together, and a word All ready on the Forum : But the Heav'ns Play Tricks with us. Our Enlighs, as they food Display'd before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd, ball She galoos Night by Night titterabilT of thrud bnA Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets, Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes; 2001 1000 Then bore the Garbage back into their Nefts. at hah. A Noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men. Mar, Sen. It was the Roman Gonius, that thus warns Me, her old Friend, not to let flip my Fate 1 boos 10 Ambition! Oh, Ambition! of I've done and committanto. For thee things great and well-fall Fortune now Of Panegyricks, flattring Phylications. Sem sfart Hark thee, Sulpitius, if it come to Blows, Let not a Hair of that Metellus 'scape thee, Who'd ftrip my Age of its most dear-bought Honours; Elfe why have I thus buffled in the World anidion 10 Through various and uncertain Fortune hurl'd, walk But to be great, sunequally Sandialone shared eds evid Which both he cam be twho this found on a sailug od As swift at last as when he first begun. 'chil Exeunt'

T'A drawn a Force from Capus here to Rome.

Sulp. By all the Gods, he'll finke it.

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SCHEDE GOLFTS

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Metellus and Nurse.

Met. I Cannot rest to-night: Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.
This seems Lavinia's Chamber, and she up.
Rest too to-night has been a Stranger here.
Lavinia! my Daughter, hoa! Where art thou?

Nurse. Now by my Maiden-head (at twelve Years old I had one)

Come; what, Lamb? what, Lady-bird, Gods forbid. Where's this Girl Lavinia?

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. How now? Who calls?

Nurse. Your Father, Child.

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urs;

Lav. I'm here. Your Lordship's Pleasure?

Met. Why up at this unlucky Time of Night,
When nought but loathsome Vermin are abroad,
Or Witches gath'ring pois'nous Herbs for Spells,
By the pale Light of the cold waning Moon?

Lav. Alas! I could not fleep: In a fad Dream Methought I faw one standing by my Bed, To warn me I should have a care of Sleep; For 'twould be baneful—

Met. Dreams give Children Fears.

Lav. At which I rose from my uneasy Pillows, And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods T'avert the unlucky Omen.

Met. 'Twas well done.

Nurse, give us Leave a while: I must impart Something to my Lavinia. Yet stay, And hear it too. Thou know'st Lavinia's Age

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Nurse. Faith I know her Age to an Hour.

Met. She's bare fixteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet, no Disparagement, I have but six; she's not sixteen. How long is't now since Marius triumph'd last?

Met. No matter, Woman; what's that to thee?

Nurse. Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, fince Marius enter'd Rome in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young Marius then too was but a Boy. My Lais and the were both of an Age. Well, Lats is in Happiness; fhe was too good for me. But, as I was faying, a Month hence she'll be fixteen. 'Tis fince Marius triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then she was wean'd. Sure I shall never forget it of all Days-Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormseed to my Breast, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I faid before, when it did tafte the Wormfeed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to fee it reachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And fince that time it is hirteen Years; and then she could stand alone; nay, she could run and waddle all about: For just the Day before the broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, hew as a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quo' he, dost thou fail upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit; wilt thou not, Vienny? And, by my Fackins, the pretty Chit left crying, and faid, Ay-I warrant an I should live a thousand Years, I never should forget it. Wilt thou not, Vienny? wo' he; and, pretty Fool, it stopt, and said; Ay.

Met. Enough of this; stop thy impertinent Chat.

Nurse. Yes, my Lord: Yet I cannot chuse but laugh, o think it should leave crying, and say, Ay—And yet in Sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockri's Stone, a parlous Knock! and it cry'd bitterly. Ay,

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quo' my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not, Vienny?

Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay.

Met. Intolerable trifling Goffip, Peace

Nurse. Well; thou wast the pretty'st Babe that e'er I nurst. Might I but live to see thee marry'd once, I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay-

Met. What think you then of Marriage, my Lavinia? It was the Subject that I came to treat of.

Lav. It is a Thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurse. Thing? the Thing of Marriage? Were I not thy Nurse, I would swear thou hadst suck'd thy Wisdom from thy Teat. The Thing?

Met. Think of it now then; for I come to make.

Proposals may be worthy of your Wishes.

They are for Sylla, the young, the gay, the handsome,

Noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant Sylla.

Nurse. A Man, young Lady, Lady, such a Man as all the World—why, he's a Man of Wax.

Met. Consider, Child, my Hopes are all in thee;
And now old Age gains ground so fast upon me,
'Mongst all its sad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the smallest.
Therefore I've made Alliance with this Sylla,
A high-born Lord, and of the noblest Hopes

That Rome can boast, to give thee to his Arms;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Rest from all worldly Cares, and kind Rejoicing
In the warm Sunshine of thy Happiness.

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Lav. If Happiness be seated in Content,
Or that my being bless'd can make you so,
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
Your only Child; and still, through all the Course
of my past Life, have been obedient too:
And as you've ever been a loving Parent,
And bred me up with watchful tender'st Care,

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Which never cost me hitherto a Tear, which will you out Name not that that Sylla any more; indeed Look you love, is thately said fall of the I cannot love him.

Met. Why?

Lav. Indeed I cannot.

Met. Oh early Disobedience! By the Gods, Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly, samin il Perverseness, and untoward head-strong Will!

Lav. Think me not fo; I gladly shall submit To any thing; nay, must submit to all: - Yet think a little, or you fell my Peace. The Rites of Marriage are of mighty Moment: And should you violate a Thing so sacred Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul With hateful Bonds, which never can grow easy, How miserable am I like to be the comment of the work

Met. Has then some other taken up your Heart, And banish'd Duty as an Exile thence? What fenfual lewd Companion of the Night Have you been holding Conversation with, From open Windows at a midnight Hour, When your loofe Wishes would not let you sleep?

Lav. If I should love, is that a Fault in one So young as I? I cannot guess the Cause, But when you first nam'd sylla for my Love, My Heart fhrunk back, as if you'd done it Wrong; If I did love, I'll tell you-if I durst. Oh Marius! Allen A wall has some about he

In he warm Succhine of the Propensis.

Met. Hah!

Lav. 'Twas Marius, Sir, I nam'd; That Enemy to you, and all your House. 'Twas an unlucky Omen that the first Demanded me in Marriage for his Son. Yet, Sir, believe me, I as foon could wed That Marius, whom I've Cause to hate, as Sylla.

all Archest juddreve di w qu'am 2 Met.

Met. No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me-mad, That daily, nightly, hourly, ev'ry way,
My Care has been to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord,
Of noblest Parentage, of fair Demess,
Early in Fame, youthful, and well ally'd,
In ev'ry thing as Thought could wish a Man,
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,
To answer, Ill not wed, I cannot love!
If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy Risk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

Lav. Will you then quite cast off your poor Lavinia, And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors, To wander up and down the Streets of Rome, And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave, Fat with his Master's Plenty, when I ask A little Pity for my pinching Wants? Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night, To feek a Shelter under dropping Eves, A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow, Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food, Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears? Must I, at the uncharitable Gates Of proud great Men, implore Relief in vain? Must I, your poor Lavinia, bear all this, Because I am not Mistress of my Heart, Or cannot love according to your Liking? Met. Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then?

Lav. No; Tis given away.

Met. To whom?

Lav. I dare not tell.

But I'll endeavour strongly to forget him,
If you'll forget but Sylla.

Met. Thou doft well. I was to a summer and on to

Conceal his Name, if thou'dst preserve his Life:
For if there be a Death in Rome that might
Be bought, it should not miss him. From this Hour
Curst be thy Purposes, most curst thy Love.
And if thou marry'st, in thy Wedding-night
May all the Curses of an injur'd Parent
Fall thick, and blast the Blessings of thy Bed.

Lav. What have you done? Alas! Sir, as you fpoke, Methought the Fury of your Words took place, And struck my Heart with Lightning, dead within me. Gone too?

[Exit Metellus.]

Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds
That sees into the Bottom of my Grief?
Alas! that ever Heav'n should practise Stratagems
Upon so soft a Subject as my self!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a Word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurse, in this Extremity.

Nurse. Marry, and there's but need on't: Ods my Life, this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this. Well, and what then? Marius is a Man, and so's Sylla. Oh! but Marius's Lip! and then Sylla's Nose and Forehead! But then Marius's Eye again, how 'twill sparkle, and twinkle, and rowl, and sleer! But to see Sylla a Horseback! But to see Marius walk or dance! such a Leg, such a Foot, such a Shape, such a Motion! Ah, a—Well, Marius is the Man, must be the Man, and shall be the Man.

Lav. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce, And knows not yet the Follies of my Love: And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

Nurse:

Nurse. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow: He's not the Flow'r of Courtesy; but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, serve God. What! a Father's an old Man; and old Men, they say, will take care. But a young Man! Girl, an! a young Man! there's a great deal in a young Man; and thou shalt have a young Man. What! I have been thy Nurse these sixteen Years, and I should know what's good for thee, surely. Oh! Ay—a young Man!

Lav. Now pr'ythee leave me to my felf a while.

[Exit Nurse.

'Tis hardly yet within two Hours of Day.
Sad Nights seem long—I'll down into the Garden.
The Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her Virgin-stars about her.
Not one amongst them all a Friend to me:
Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my Steps,
And think what Course my wretched State must take.
Oh, Marius!

[Exit Lavinia.

ERETTE REPORTED

SCENE II. A walled Garden belonging to Metellus's House.

Enter Marius Junior.

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Mar. Jun. How vainly have I spent this idle Night! Ev'n Wine can't heal the Ragings of This sure should be the Mansson of Lavinia; (my Love. For in such Groves the Deities first dwelt. Can I go forward, when my Heart is here? Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.

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Enter Granius and Sulpitius.

Gra. This way he went—Why, Marius! Brother Marius!

Sul. Perhaps he's wife, and gravely gone to Bed. There's not so weak a Drunkard as a Lover; One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

Gra. He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard-Wall.

Call, good Sulpitius.

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Sulp. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Marius! Humours! Passion! Madman! Lover! Appear thou in the Likeness of a Sigh; Speak but one Word, and I am satisfy'd. He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then I conjure thee by bright Lavinia's Eyes, By her high Forehead, and her scarlet Lip, By her fine Foot, straight Leg, and quiv'ring Thigh, And the Demess that there adjacent lie, That in thy Likeness thou appear to us.

Gra. Hold, good Sulpitius, this will anger himsulp. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him

To raise a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,

Till she had laid and charm'd it down again.

Gra. Let's go; he'as hid himself among these Trees, To die his melancholick Mind in Night: Blind in his Love, and best besits the Dark.

Sulp. Pox o'this Love, this little Scarecrow Love, That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath Out of their feeble Sense.

Gra. Stop there—let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn Metellus' House about his Ears.

Sulp. This Morning Sylla means to enter Rome:
Your Father too demands the Consulship.
Yet now, when he should think of cutting Throats,
Your Brother's lost; lost in a Maze of Love,
The idle Truantry of callow Boys.

I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw, That hops at ev'ry Butterfly he fees, Than have to do in Honour with a Mari, That fells his Virtue for a Woman's Smiles. [Exeunt;

Enter Marius Junior in the Garden:

Mar. 7un. He laughs at Wounds, that never felt their Smart, Less flud early darks as the

What Light is that which breaks thro' yonder Shade? [Lavinia in the Balcony,

Oh! 'tis my Love. & I will the

She feems to hang upon the Cheek of Night, Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back, Or a rich Jewel in an Æthiop's Ear.

Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright, That Birds would fing, and think the Day were breaking.

Sample Land or of words I had to you the

Lav. Ah me!

Mar. Fun. She speaks.

Oh! fpeak again, bright Angel; for thou art As glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon To th'admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals, When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds, And fails upon the Bosom of the Air.

Lav. O Marius, Marius! wherefore art thou Marius? Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name: Or, if thou wilt not, be but fworn my Love,

And I'll no longer call Metellus Parent. Mar. Fun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep Silence? Lav. No.

Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy. Thou would'ft be still thy felf, tho' not a Marius; Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art. What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose, By any other Name would finell as fweet: So Marius, were he not Marius call'd,

B T

Be still as dear to my desiring Eyes,
Without that Title. Marius, lose thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no Part of thee,
Take all Lavinia.

Mar. Jun. At thy Word I take thee; Call me but thine, and Joys will so transport me, I shall forget my felf, and quite be chang'd.

Lav. Who art thou, that, thus hid and veil'd in Night,

Haft overheard my Follies?

Mar. Jun. By a Name

I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My Name, dear Creature, 's hateful to my felf,

Because it is an Enemy to thee.

Lav. Marius? how cam'ft thou hither? tell, and why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the Place Death, confid'ring who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee.
By whose Directions didst thou find this Place?

Mar. Jun. By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire, He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes.

I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vast Shore wash'd by the farthest Sea,
I'd hazard Ruin for a Prize so dear

The Hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us;
Our Houses Hatred, and the Fate of Rome,
Where none but Sylla must be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of some fort,
And I must be a Victim to his Bed.
To-night my Father broke the dreadful News;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threaten'd me to banish me his House,
Naked and shiftless to the World, Would'st thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Bosom?

Mar. Jun. Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that Points I'd then shake Hands with Fortune, and be Friends; Thus grafp my Happiness, embrace it thus, And bless th'ill Turn that gave thee to my Arms.

Lav. Thou know'st the Mask of Night is on my Face. Else should I blush for what thou'st heard me speak.

Fain would I dwell on Form; and fain deny

The Things I've faid: but farewel all fuch Follies.

Doft thou then love? I know thou'lt fay thou doft;

And I must take thy Word, tho' thou prove false. (above) Mar. Jun. By you bright Cynthia's Beams that shines

Lav. Oh! fwear not by the Moon, th'inconstant Moon, That changes monthly, and thines but by Seafons,

Lest that thy Love prove variable too.

Mar. Jun. What shall I swear by?

Lav. Do not swear at all. .

Or, if thou wilt, fwear by thy gracious felf, Who art the God of my Idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

Mar. Jun. Witness all ye Powers.

Law. Nay, do not swear: altho' my Joy be great, I'm hardly fatisfy'd with this Night's Contract: It feems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden, Too like the Lightning, which does cease to be Ere one can fay it is. Therefore this time Good-night, my Marius. May a happier Hour Bring us to crown our Wishes.

Mar. Jun. Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Lav. What would'st thou have?

Mar. 7un. Th'Exchange of Love for mine.

Lav. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I wish I could retrieve it back. Mar. Fun. Why?

Lav. But to be frank, and give it thee again;

My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,

My Love as deep: the more I give to thee, The more I have; for both are infinite. I hear a Noise within. Farewel, my Marius;

Or stay a little, and I'll come again.

Mar. Jun. Stay! fure for ever. (indeed.

Lav. Three Words, and, Marius, then Good-night-If that thy Love be honourably meant,

Thy Purpose Marriage, send me Word to-morrow,

And all my Fortunes at thy Feet I'll lay.

Nurse within.] Madam!

Lav. I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,

I do befeech thee-

Nurse within.] Madam! Madam!

Lav. By and by, I come.

To cease thy Suit, and leave me to my Griefs.

To-morrow I will fend-Exit. Mar. Jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream, Too levely, fweet, and flatt'ring to be true?

Re-enter-Lavinia.

Ear. Hift, Marius, hift. Oh for a Falkner's Voice, To lure this Taffel-gentle back again, Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud: Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lies, With Repetition of my Marius-

Mar. Jun. It is my Love that calls me back again. How sweetly Lovers Voices found by Night!

Like fostest Musick to attending Ears.

Lav. Marius!

Mar. My Dear!

Lav. What a Clock to-morrow?

Mar. Jun. At the Hour of Nine.

Lav. I will not fail: "Tis twenty Years till then-Why did I call thee back?

Mar. Jun. Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

Law.

Lav. The Morning's breaking; I would have thee gone's And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,
To pull it by its Fetters back again.

Mar. Jun. Would I were thine.

Lav. Indeed and so would I:

Yet I should kill thee fure with too much cherishing.

No more - Good-night.

Mar. Jun. There's fuch sweet Pain in parting, That I could hang for ever on thy Arms, And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

Lav. To-morrow will come.

Mar. Jun. So it will. Good-night.

Heav'n be thy Guard, and all its Bleffings wait thee-

[Exit Lavinia.

Are fwift, and longing Love wou'd lavish Time.

To-morrow! Oh to morrow! till that come,
The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking itself thro' ev'ry Element:
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of Marius and Rome.

Love and Renown sure court me thus together,
Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [Exit.]



SCENE IIL The Forum.

Enter four Citizens.

3 Cit. WEll, Neighbours, now we are here, what must we'do?

3 Cit

i dir. Why, you must give your Vote for Cains Marins to be Conful: And if any body speaks against you, knock 'em down.

2 Cit. The Truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil Government, where good Subjects may have Leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

2 Cit. Look you-but what's this Sylla? this Sylla? I've heard great Talk of him-He's a damnable fighting Fellow, they fay; but hang him-he's a Lord.

1 Cit. Ay, fo he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one should be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: what Good do they do? nothing but run in our Debts, and lie with our Wives-

4 Cir. Why, there's a Grievance now. Boys at home, no more mine than Rome's mine: They are all fair curl'd-hair Cupids; and I'm an honest, black, tawny, Kettle-fac'd Fellow. ___ I'll ha' no Lords. _____

Drums and Trumpets.

r Cit. Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! they are coming. Be you fure you roar out for a Marius; and do as much Mischief as you can-

Enter Marius Senior and his Sons; Marius borne upon the Shoulders of two Roman Slaves; Sulpitrus at the Head of the Guards! an Treas and Carolis Trumpets.

Sulp. Hearken, ye Men of Rome; I, I Sulpitius, Your Tribune, and Protector of your Freedom.

By Virtue of that Office, here have called you

To chuse a Contait Mishridates King of Ponens has be-

gun a War upon us, Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated, 3 And threatens Rame it felf. Whom will you chuse To lead you forth in this most glorious War?

All Cit. A Marius! a Marius! a Marius!

Mar. Sen. Countrymen, - 19 26101 nachend ell And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all, of white had be A Or, if it may be thought a dearer Name, one great near My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age; I come not hither arm'd, to force your Suffrage, As Sylla does to enter Rome with Pow'r, As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country; I have not made a Party in the Senate, To bring you into Slavery, or load Your Necks with the hard Yoke of lordly Pow'r. I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man, A Citizen of Rome, as all you are, A Lover of your Liberties, and Laws, Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here These Wounds, which in your Service I have got, And best plead for me

All Cit. Marius! Marius! Marius! No Sylla! no Sylla! no Sylla!

Sulp. No more remains

Most honourable Consul, but that straight you mount
The Seat 'Tribunal—Lictors, bring your Rods,
Axes, and Fasces, and present 'm here.
Hail, Cains Marins, Consul of the War.

Trumpet. Enter Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius, his Son, &c. Guards.

Met. See, Romans, there the Ruin of your Freedom,
The blazing Meteor that bodes Ill to Rome;
Oppression, Tyranny, Avarice, and Pride,
All centre in that melancholick Brow.
It you are mad for Slav'ry, long to try
The Weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him;
And shout so loud till Mithridates hear,
And laugh to think your Throats sit for his Sword.
Take me, take all your Senators, and drag

Us

Us headlong to the Tyber—plunge us in, And bid adieu to Liberty for ever-Then turn, and fall before your new-made God; Bring your Estates, your Children, and your Wives, And lay em at the Feet of his Ambition. This you must do; and well it will become Such Slaves, who fell their Charters for a Holy-day.

Cit. No Marius! no Marius!

Met. Quintus Pompeius, in the Senate's Name, As Conful, we command thee to demand Justice of Marius, and proclaim him Traitor.

D. Pomp. Descend then, Marins, Traiter to the State

And Liberty of Rome, and hear thy Sentence.

Mar. Sen. Now, by the Gods, this Cause is worthy of me, Worthy my Fate. was not many as abunder abund when I'

Is this the Right and Liberty of Rome, To pull its lawful Conful from his Seat, Unjudg'd, and brand him with the Mark of Traitor? Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends; Sulpirius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall Like common Drofs, with that well-spoken Fool, That popular Clack; or let us fell our Fates So dear, that Rome may ficken with our Fall.

All Cit. No Marius! no Marius! Down with him, down with him

Sulp. Ha! what art thou? T. Pomp. The Conful's Son

Sulp. A Worm;

A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee Into thy Mother Earth Kills him.

Mar. Sen. Drag hence that Traitor, tol the on the way if And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart; The Fate of Rome's begun. The Lord of the Street Tree . Anish os right line

Q. Pomp. Our Children murder'd, Thus massacred before our Eyes! Come all That love Pompeius, and revenge his Loss. Sulp. Fall on.

All Cit. No Marius! no Marius! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

Mar. Sen. Thanks for this good Beginning, Gods!
These Slaves,

These wide-mouth'd Brutes, that halloo thus for Freedom, Oh! how they ran before the Hand of Pow'r, Flying for Shelter into ev'ry Brake!

Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep, they break their Herd, When the Wolf's out, and ranging for his Prey.

Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

Sulp. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the Work of Power: fay the Word,
Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,
Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,
And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

Mar. Sen. Sylla, I hear, is at the Gates of Rome,
Proclaim straight Liberty to ev'ry Slave
That will but own the Cause of Caius Marius.
Horror, Confusion, and inverted Order,
Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruin,
Must have their Courses, ere this Ferment settle.

- Thus the great four above, who rules alone,
 - When Men forget his God-like Pow'r to own, T
 - · Uses no common Means, no common Ways,
 - But fends forth Thunder, and the World obeys.

Auls With with a Pen made of a Could's Outh

Gran. Why while & giller

one of a wind animal to little an [Exeunt.

Cir. No Mariant no Mariant Liberty! Liberty! Sec A CATAIII S C E N E

Mer. Sen. Thunks for this good Region ne. Co. Enter Sulpitius, Granius, and all the Guards.

Sulp. Dome never law a Morning fure like this?

Now the begins to know the Rod of Pow'r:

Her wanton Blood can finart, vo own thouse of suit

Were I the Conful, not a Head in Rome, vibr woo said

That had but Thoughts of Sitta, thould fland fafe.

Gran. Slaughter mould have continued with the Day.

Mercy but gives Sedition Time to rally di 1 10 and

Ev'ry foft, pliant, talking, bufy Rogue, ow and tall

Gath'ring a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,

Can preach up new Rebellion. Till the Heads of sale ?

Of all those heavioly-inspired Knaves be crushed, and bank No Rower can be lafe that and I will my my

Sulp Much willsthis Days viredid ingisth misleon ?

Determine Sylla's now before the Walls, and liw and I

And all his Forces ready for Command.

Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,

And come on Proclamation to our fide.

Gran. Where should my Brother be? He came not home When Men forget his Sucher Rear's to addin-or

Sulp. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,

Stabb'd with an Eve, run thro' the Brains with Love.

Gran! He talk'd of fending Sylla a Defiance.

Sulp. Writ with a Pen made of a Cupid's Quill.

Gran. Why, what is Sylla?

Sulp. A most courageous Captain at a Congée;

He fights by Measure, as your Artists sing;

Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion; rests his Rests,

One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button-

Gran. Would I cou'd fee my Brother. That damn'd Bove

Of Women ruins noblest Purposes.

Sulp. See your General.

Salute him all my Fellow-Soldiers.

SHE

Sulp. That Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made. They are the false deceitful Glasses, where We gaze, and dress our felves to all the Shapes Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do? She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning, And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast, Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Prieft, Forgetting the Hypocrify of's Office, Dance and thew Tricks, to prove his Scrength and Brawn: Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge 1 03 animal Put on falle Hair, and paint: And after all, brow base Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex, She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest. Your Father promis'd me to meet me here. I wonder he delays fo long. Gran. He comes; And with him too my Brother.

Enter Marius Senior, and Marius Junior.

Mar. Sen. This,

Sulpitius, looks like Power, Granius, here of the Warms, and blefs him:

He'as done a thing most worthy of our Name,

Sent a Desiance into Sylla's Camp,

Challenging forth the stoutest Champion there,

In Vindication of his Father's Cause;

And not an Outlaw there dare send his Answer.

Once more, Sulpitius, are the People ours,

Enrag'd with Sylla's coming armid, to force

The City: At the Celimentane Gate

2011

He's posted now; let's send him strait Commands, I'th' Name o'th' Senate and the Roman People, T'advance no farther, till the State of Rome

Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,

Or he continu'd Consul

Sulp. That would be
But to prolong Necessity; for Rome
Must bleed: And since the Rabble now is ours,
Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,
Spread false Reports o'th' Senate, working up
Their Madness to a Fury quick and desp'rate,
Till they run headlong into civil Discords,
And do our Business with their own Destruction.
Granius, go thou,
Send Word to Sylla, that he lay down Arms,
And render up himself to Rome.

Mar. 7um. There's still

A dang'rous Wheel at Work, a thoughtful Villain,

Cinna, who'as rais'd his Fortune by the Jars

And Discords of his Country: like a Fly

O'er Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears,

Till he has vented his Infection there,

To fester into Rancour and Sedition.

Would he were safe!

Mar. Sen. And safe he shall be: let him be proscrib'd;
The Fine upon his Head, its Weight in Gold.
Wou'd I could buy Merellus's as cheap.
I have a tender Foolishness within me,
May sometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm, still ply
My ebbing Fury with the Thought of Sylla;
Th'ungrateful Senate, and Merellus' Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's hasten;
And wait for Sylla's Answer at our Arms.

[Ex. Mar. Sen. and Granius. Sulp.

Sulp. Is not this better now than whining Love? Now thou again art Marins, Son of Arms, Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

Enter Nurse and Clodius.

Mar. Jun. Sulpitius, what comes here? a Sail, Sulpitius, Sulp. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much. Many a boist'rous Storm has the been toss'd in, And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind. Nierfe. Clodius.

Clod. Madam: 13 2001 atm absorbed vegation set body

Sulp. Madam ! " of the state of the teller you talvered

Nurse. My Fan, Clodius.

Sulp. Ay, good Clodius, to hide her Face.

Nurse: Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Sulp. Good-even, fair Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

Sulp. It should be so by your Ladyship's parch'd Face.

Nurse. Marry come up, my Goffip: Whose Man are you? Sulp. A Woman's Man, my Sybil: would'ft thou try

My Strength in Feats of am'rous Engagement, Lead me among the Beauteous, where they run Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness, Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd, And bear her trembling to some Bank, bedeck'd With fweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse To dwell in; throw m'inspir'd Arms about her, And press her, till she thought her self more bless'd Than Io panting with the Joys of Fove.

Nurse. Panting! Joys! and Fove! Now by my Troth 'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell where I may find young Marius?

Mar. Jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam; I am he. Sulp. Hah! by this Light, a Bawd. So ho! Come, let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd, That stinks of last Night's Office [Exit. Sulp.

Nurle.

Nurse. Pray, Sir, what saucy Fellow's he that's gone?

Mar. Jun. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear
himself talk; and will speak more in a Minute than he'll
stand to in a Month.

Nurse. An he speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such facks, or I'll find those that shall. But now, Sir, I wish

you much Joy __ I hear you are-

Mar. Jun. Marry'd; this Day the bleffed Deed was done, When the unhappy Discords first took Flame Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then A holy Priest of Hymen, whom with Gold I brib'd to yield us privately his Office, Ioin'd our kind Hands, and now she's ever mine.

Nurse. Well; 'fore God, I am so vex'd, that ev'ry Part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a Word: and, as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What she bade me say, I'll keep to my self. But first let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradise, as they say; for the Gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal doubly with her, tho' you don't look like a Gentleman that would use double-dealing with a Lady—

Mar. Jun. Commend me to thy Lady. I protest— Nurse. Good Heart, and i' faith, I will tell as much.

Lord! Lord! she will be a joyful Woman.

SMAN

Mar. Jun. Bid her devise this Evening to receive Me at her Windows: Here is for thy Pains

[Gives Money.

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That

Tho'

Nurse. No truly, Sir; not a Drachma.

Mar. Jun. Away; I say you shall.

Nurse. This Evening, say you? well, she shall be there.

Mar. Jun. And stay, kind Nurse, behind the Garden-wall.

Within this Hour my Man shall meet thee there;

And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder,

Which to the bitsled Mansion of my loy

Must

Must be my Conduct in the secret Night. Farewel—be true, and I'll reward thy Pains.

Nurfe. Now Heav'ns blefs thee - Hark you, Sir.

Mar. Jun. What fay'st thou, Nurse?

Nurse. Nothing, but that my Mistress is the sweetest Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—Oh!—there's a Spark, one Sylla, that would fain have a Finger in the Pye—but she, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her Sylla is the proper Man—But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any Clout in the versal World. Well, you'll be sure to come.—

Mar. Jun. As fure as Truth.

Nurse. Well; when it was a little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it would so kick, so sprawl, and so playand then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would playagain. When it had Tickling and Playing enough, it would go to sleep as gentle as a Lamb. I shall never forget it.—Then you'll be sure to come.

Mar. Jun. Can I forget to live? Nurse. Nay, but swear though.

Mar. Jun. By this Kifs, which thou shalt carry to Lavinia. Nurse. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not,

I have been drinking Aqua Vita. Oh! thole Eyes of yours?

Mar. Jun. Till Night farewel.

Nurse. Till Night; I'll say no more, but da, da. Come,
Clodius. Ah! those Eyes.

[Ex. Nurse and Clodius.

Mar. Jun. What Pains the takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Ev'ning-Tide of Life,
When Phiegm has quench'd our Pattions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our filly Days

In Follies, fuch as Dotage best is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toss the active, thoughtful, busy Mind!
Tho' this Day be the dearest of my Life,

There's

There's fomething hangs most heavy on my Heart, And my Brain's fick with Dulness.

Enter Marius Senior.

Mar. Sen. Where's this Loit'rer, This most inglorious Son of Caius Marius? With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes he stands, The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

Mar. 7un. My Father!

Mar. Jun. My Father!
Mar. Sen. Call me by some other Name; Disgrace me not: I'm Marius; And furely Marius has small Right in thee. Would Sylla's Soul were thine, and thine were his; That he, as thou hast done, now Glory calls, Might run for Shelter to a Woman's Arms, And hide him in her Bosom, like a Babe.

Mar. Jun. Then I'm a Coward? Mar. Sen. Art thou not? Mar. Fun. I am,

That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live. Durst any Man but you have call'd me so? Oh let me fall, embrace and kiss your Feet. You've rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart To fuch a Work as Fame ne'er talk'd of yet. How'll you dispose Lavinia?

Mar. Sen. Let her fall,

As I would all her Family and Name, Forgotten that they either ever gave Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.

Mar. Jun.' Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce more Metellus' Daughter now than yours; our Hands Were by a Priest this Morning join'd. May Heav'n Avert th'ill Omen, and preserve my Father! Mar. Sen. Marry'd! fay ruin'd, loft, and curst.

Mar.

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Mar. Jun. You've torn

The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.

Mar. Sen. Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd, Go farthest from me, get thee to Metellus, Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent. I've yet one Son, that surely won't forsake me: Else in this Breast I shall have glorious Thoughts, That will at least give Lustre to my Ruin.

Farewel, my once best Hopes, now greatest Shame.

Mar. Jun. Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths.

Or fend me chain'd to Sylla like a Slave,
Than banish me the Blessing of your Presence;
I've thought, and bounded all my Wishes so,
To die for you is Happiness enough;
"Twould be too much t'enjoy Lavinia too.

Mar. Sen. Again Lavinia?

Mar. Jun. Yes; this Coward Slave,
This most inglorious Son of Caius Marius,
Tho' wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd
To th'highest Expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this Minute, when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,
Is Master of a Mind unsetter'd yet.

Mar. Sen. What canst thou do?

Mar. Jun. This Night I should have gone,

And ta'en Possession of Lavinia's Bed;

But, by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,

Till I've done something that's above Reward,

And you your felt present her to my Arms.

Mar. Sen. Why dost thou talk thus to me?

Mar. Jun. Hark!

[Trumpets.

The Trumpets found, and Business is at hand. It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls Were just engag'd, and Sylla come upon 'em. The Gods have done me justice.

Bene Two Y You ve com Mar. Sen. Get thee gone, The Server from mo, we And leave me to my Fate, Tho' maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War,

Mar. Jun. I'll follow you -File on the Austra, after the

Mar. Sen. Thou shalt not.

Mar. Jun. By the Gods I will. Mar. Sen. How! disobey'd then?

Mar. Jun. Bid a Courler spurr'd

Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back, Or failing Ships stand still before the Wind,

Or Winds themselves not blow when fove provokes 'em.

Mar. Sen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

Mar. Jun. Why, would you kill me?

Mar. Sen. No, no: I hope thou art referv'd yet for A better Fate.

Mar. Jun. Thanks, Heav'n!

These few kind Words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

Mar. Sen. Then do not contradict my Will in this; But part, and when our Hands next meet again, Be't in the Heart of Sylla or Metellus-Exit.

Trumpets again.

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fined sids of South

Mar. Jun. Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War, And urge its Horrors up, till they become, If possible, as terrible as mine. Oh my Lavinia! tho' this Night I fall, At my Return I shall be doubly happy. Such Trials the great ancient Heroes past, Who little present Happiness could taste,

Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last.

SCENE

CHESHER BRESKE

Law Do not converted that but quickly tell ma-

S C E N E II. Metellus's House.

veloci handas sinis not il kum sectionis il sali

Allop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds, Tow'rds Pheebus' Lodging. Such a Charioteer As Phaeton would lash you to the West, And bring in cloudy Night immediately. Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night, Thou fober-fuited Matron all in Black; That jealous Eyes may wink, and Marius Leap to these Arms untalk'd of and unseen. Oh! give me Marius; and when he shall die, Take him and cut him out in little Stars; And he will make the Face of Heav'n fo fine, That all the World shall grow in love with Night, And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun. Oh! I have bought the Mansion of a Love, But not possest it-Tedious is this Day, As is the Night before fome Festival To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter Nurse and Clodius,

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurse: what News? How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my Marius?

Nurse. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! No Questions, but a

Lav. Nay, pr'ythee, Nurse, why dost thou look so sad? Oh! do not spoil the Musick of good Tidings With such a melancholick wretched Face.

Nurse. Oh! I am weary, very weary. Cledius, my Cordial-Bottle. Fie! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

E

Lavo

Lav. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me, Will Marius come to-night? Speak, will he come?

Nurse. Alas! alas! what Haste? Oh! cannot you stay a little? Oh! do not you see that I'm out of Breath! Oh this Phthysick! Clodius, the Cordial.

Lav. Th'Excuse thou mak'st for this unkind Delay, Is longer than the Tale thou hast to tell. Is thy News good or bad? answer to that,

Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance.

Nurse. Well; you have made a simple Choice: you know not how to chuse a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Mens. And for a Hand, and a Foot, and a Shape, tho' they are not to be talk'd of—yet they are past Compare. What, have you din'd within?

Lav. No, no: what foolish Questions dost thou ask?

What fays he of his coming? what of that?

Nurse. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty Pieces.

My Back, o't'other fide! ah! my Back! my Back!

Beshrew your Heart, for sending me about

To catch my Death. This Back of mine will break.

[Drinks.

Lav. Indeed I'm forry if thou art not well;
But pr'ythee tell me, Nurfe, what fays my Love?

Nurse. Why, your Love says like an honest Gentleman and a kind Gentleman, and a handsome—and I'll warrant a virtuous Gentleman. [Drinks.] Well;—what? Where's your Father?

Lav. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.

How oddly thou reply'ft!

Your Love fays like an honest Gentleman;

Where's your Father?

Nurse. Oh good Lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow.

De

Pre

Th

Is this a Poultice for my aking Bones?

Henceforward do your Messages your felf.

Lav. Nay, pr'ythee be not angry. Nurse, I meant

No ill. Speak kindly, will my Marius come?

Nurse. Will he! will a Duck swim?

Lav. Then he will come.

Nurse. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come. Go get you in, and say your Prayers: Go.

Lav. For Bleffings on my Marius and thee.

Nurse. Well, it would be a fad thing, tho'-

Lav. What?

1F

Nurse. If Marius should not come now—for there's old Doings at the Gates; they are at it ding dong. Tantarara go the Trumpets; Shout cry the Soldiers; Clatter go the Swords. I'll warrant — I made no small Haste———. Lav. And is my Marius there? Alas, my Fears!

[Trumpets.

The Noise comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods, Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls. [Exeunt.



SCENE III. The Forum.

Enter Marius Senior, Marius Junior, Granius, Sulpitius, Catulus, &c. Guards, Lictors, on one side: Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, Guards, on the other.

[Trumpets found a March.

Met. Oh thou God,
Deliverer of Rome, most blest of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Prostrate for Resuge at thy Feet: See there
The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,

C 3

The

The Persecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge 1007 a side

Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of Rome.

Mar. Sen. What art thou, that canst lend thy slavish Ears
To flatt'ring Hypocrist?

Sylla. My Name thou'st heard, if we tad five and

And fled from. I am the Friend of Rome,

The Ferror and the Bane of thee her Foe. (thus arm'd, Mar. Sen. If thou'rt her Friend, why com'ft thou here!

Slaught'ring her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?

Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Pow'r.

Mar. Sen. Who is that Tyrant?

Sylla. Thou, who hast opprest of the state it is the

Her Senate, made thy felf by Force a Conful to and of

Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainst her Laws.

Mar. Sen. Hear this, ye Romans, and then judge my. Have I opprest you? have I forc'd your Laws? (Wrongs, Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd,

For my true Services, to what I am?

Remember th' Ambrons, Cimbri, and the Tentons

Remember the confed'rate War.

Sylla. Where thou,

SIT

Cold and delaying, wert by Silo brav'd, Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at last compell'd

Ingloriously to quit th'unwieldy Charge.

Remember too who banish'd good Metellus,

The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family,

That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord,

Mar. Sen. Basely thou wrong'st the Truth. My Actions rais'd me.

Hadft thou been born a Peasant, still thou'dst been so:
But I, by Service to my Country, 've made:

My Name, fenown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

Sylla. In the Jugarthine War, whose King was ta'en.
Pris'ner by me, and Marius triumph'd for'te

The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,

Mar. Sen. Thou stol'st him basely; stol'st him at the Price Of his Wife's Lust: Thou barter'dst his Betraying. And in the Capitol hast Pageants set In Mem'ry of thy Vanity and Shame.

Sylla. Thy Shame.

Mar. Sen. My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy. Who would'st be gaudy in an unsit Dress, And wear my cast-off Glories after me.

Sylla. I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags, By him left dangling on a Highway-hedge, Than soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine, Thou scorn'd Plebeian.

Mar. Sen. Worst Perdition catch thee.

Sylla. Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy Heels,
And yield thy self to Justice and the Senate.

Mar. Sen. Justice from thee demanded on my Head? First clear thy self, quit thy usurp'd Command:

Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd-Sylla. Upon thy Neck I would. Mar. Sen. As soon thou'dst take

A Lion by the Beard: Thou dar'st not think on't. Sylla. I dare, and more.

Mar. Sen. Then, Gods, I take your Word;
If there be Truth in you, I shall not fall
This Day. My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers, now
Fight as I've seen you: For the Life of Sylla,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge must go
Along with Death, when such a Victim bleeds,
Sylla. My Lords, withdraw.

Met. No; trust the Gods, I'll see
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.
Mar. Sen. Now, Sylla,
Sylla, Now, my Veterans, consider.

Sylla. Now, my Veterans, confider, You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life. Mar. Sen. Rebellion never wanted that Pretence.
Thou Shadow of what I'ave been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have borne;
If thou'lt do something worthy of thy Place,
Let's join our Battle with a Force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himself;
As siercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
Or as Clouds dash when Thunder shakes the Skies.

[Trumpets found a Charge; they fight.

Re-enter Marius Senior, taken by Sylla's Party.

Mar. Sen. Forsaken, and a Prisoner! Is this all That's left of Marius? The old naked Trunk Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs, Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus, But let me run into the Jaws of Death, And finish my ill Fate. Or must I be Preserv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd To Scorn, and made a Holiday for Slaves? Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I should know thy Face: Thou hast borne Office under me. If e'er In my best Fortune I deserv'd thy Friendship, Give me a Roman's Death, and set me free, That no Dishonour in my Age o'ertake me.

Off. I've serv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I see

Off. I've ferv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I fee Your Fall—My Orders were, to fave your Life. Mar. Sen. Thou'rt a Time-server, that canst flatter Misery.

Enter Marius Junior, Granius, and Sulpitius, Prisoners.

My Sons in Bonds too, and Sulpitius?

Sulp. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now must I
Be Food for Crows, and stink upon a Tree,
Whilst Coxcombs stroul abroad on Holidays

To

Le

To take the Air, and see me rot. A Pox On Fortune, and a Pox on that first Fool That taught the World Ambition.

Enter Quintus Pompeius, four Lictors before him.

Q. Pomp. Draw near,
Ye Men of Rome, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou, Marius, whose Ambition and whose Pride
Have cost so many Lives, the first that e'er
Wag'd Civil Wars in Rome, thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave,
And Minister of all thy Outrages,
The curs'd Sulpitius, Banishment's your Lot;
After to morrow's Dawn, if sound i'th' City,
Death be your Doom: So hath the Senate said.
So flourish Peace and Liberty in Rome.

[Ex. Q. Pompeius, Lictors crying Liberty.

Mar. Sen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye, For plaguing me above all other Men.

Come, ye young Heroes, kneel, and praise the Heav'ns, For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha! What pleasant Game has Fortune play'd to-day?

Oh! I could barft with Laughter. Why, now Rome's At Peace. But may it be as short and vain As Joys but dreamt of, or as sick Mens Slumbers. Now let's take Hands, and, bending to the Earth, To all th'infernal Powers let us swear.

All. We fwear.

Mar. Sen. That's well: By all the Destinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Tow'rs stand safe:
Mar. Jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape.

CS

Gra. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces periffico Mar. Sen. Her young Men maffacted. Ins , and to I no

Sulp. Her Virgins rayish'delah the Wood theuse ten T

Mar. Fun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel; Doating like me, and like me banified and O and Thus let em curse, thus raving tear their Hair, And fall upon the Ground, as I do nove.

Mar. Sen. Rife then, and to Lavinin go. This Night's Thy owners whate Ambition and which Printer yell

AND

Mar. Jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow! 100 94 H But go thou, find Lavinia's Woman out _ To his Servant. Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love; and yal For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy? Think ha A Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

Mar. Sen. Thus then let's part; each take his fev'ral way, As to a Task of Darkness: When we meet on addited In hated Exile we'll compute Accompts, and disuon of And fee what Mischief each has gather'd then. For, Rome, I shall be yet once more thy Lord, and walk If Oracles have Truth, and Augus lye not many 107 For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields Playing, I fev'n young Eagles chanc'd to find; Which gath'ring up, I to my Parents bore. The Gods were fought, who promis'd me from thence As many times the Confulate in Rome. m and worshin Six times already I've that Office bore; And fo far has the Prophefy prov'd true But if I've manag'd ill the Time that's past, and as the o'll And too remis fix elder Fortunes lost, The youngest Darling-Fate is yet to come, And thou shalt feel me then, ungrateful Rome. [Exeunt:

> A cour the Throne of Hell, and by Hells Kins Well bring Defraction to this curse Office Lot not our Stone of all her Towers Rand 18 of

T'SA". Let wot her Temples not one Golf elected

AUSCHART BERNESTE

ACT IV. SCENEL

S C E N E, The Garden.

Enter Lavinia and Marius Junior.

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful Hollow of thy Ear.
Nightly on you Pomegranate-tree the fings.
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

Mar. Jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,'
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drest,
Whilst all the Birds bring Musick to his Levée.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die—

Law. Oh! Oh! what wretched Fortune is my Lot!

Sure, giving thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
To pay, till, Bankrupt-like, it broke; whilft I,

A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
To take a Mite for endless Sums of Joy.

Mar. Jun. Let me be taken, let me suffer Death,

I am content, so thou wilt have it so

By Heav'n, you Grey is not the Morning's Eye,
But the Reslexion of pale Cynthia's Brightness;
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat

So high, and echo in the Vault of Heav'n.

I'm all Desire to stay, no Will to go,
How is't, my Soul? let's talk: It is not Day.

Lav. Oh! it is, it is—Fly hence away, my Marius, It is the Lark, and out of Tune the fings,

C 6

With grating Discords, and unpleasing Strainings.
Some say the Lark and loathsome Toad change Eyes:
Now I could wish they had chang'd Voices too;
Or that a Lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,
And she had slept, and never wak'd again,
To part me from th'Embraces of my Love.
What shall become of me when thou art gone?

Mar. Jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Seeing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth, (Loves, Will sure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee. Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em ev'ry Day, How my Lavinia does: And ev'ry Night, In the severe Distresses of my Fate, As I perhaps shall wander thro' the Desart, And want a Place to rest my weary Head on, I'll count the Stars, and bless'em as they shine, And court them all for my Lavinia's Safety.

Lav. Oh Banishment, eternal Banishment!
Ne'er to return! must we ne'er meet again?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought,
And live. Could I but see to th'End of Woe,
There were some Comfort—but eternal Torment
Is ever insupportable to Thought.
It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

Mar. Jun. No, for my Banishment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in Rome:
Then small I boldly claim Lavinia mine,
Whilst happiest Men shall envy at the Blessings,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

Lav. If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone, to yield to Sylla's Glaim,
Defenceless as I am, and thou far from me;
If, as I must, I rather die than suffer't,
What a sad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

Mar.

Mar. Jun. A thousand things would, to this Purpose said, But sharpen and add Weight to Sorrow.

Oh, my Lavinia! if my Heart e'er stray, [Kneels. Or any other Beauty ever charm me, If I live not entirely, only thine, In that curst Moment when my Soul forsakes thee, May I be hither brought a Captive bound, T'adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

Lav. And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my first Vows, my dearest only Marius,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O Rome,
Till slying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate, destroy me,
And not one Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me.

Mar. Jun. What needs all this?

Lav. Oh! I could find out things

To talk to thee for ever.

Mar. Jun. Weep not; the Time
We had to stay together has been employ'd
In richest Love——

Lav. We ought to summon all

The Spirit of soft Passion up, to chear

Our Hearts, thus lab'ring with the Pangs of parting.

Oh, my poor Marius!

Mar. Fun. Ah, my kind Lavinia!

Lav. But dost thou think we e'er shall meet again?

Mar. Jun. I doubt it not; and all these Woes shall serve

For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.

Lav. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I fee thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a stark Ghost, with Horror in thy Visage.
Either my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Mar. Jun. And, trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost thou.

Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood Farewel.

Lav. Farewel then. [Exit Mar. Jun.

Nurse within.] Madam.

Lav. My Nurse. wood was the the the mount in !

Nurse within.] Your Father's up, and Day-light broke
Be wary, look about you—— (abroad.

Lav. Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend, I must hear from thee ev'ry Hour i'th' Day;
For absent Minutes seem as many Days.
Oh! by this Reck'ning I shall be most old,
Ere I again behold my Marius. Nay,
Gone too already: 'Twas unkindly done.
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third Part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his Life were stung:
Nay too—I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man. [Exit Lavinia.]

Enter Metellus musing.

Met. Sylla this Morning parts from hence to Capua,
To head that Army. Cinna must be Conful—
Ay, Cinna must be. He's a busy Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble;
Hates Marius too: that, that's the dearest Point.
I hope the Snares for Marius laid may take him.
A hundred Horse are in Pursuit to find him:
And if they catch him, his Head's safe, that's certain.
Ottavius will be th'other—Be it so.
An honest, simple, downright-dealing Lord:
A little too religious; that's his Fault.

Enter a Servant

What now? by the more Love in the Bye fwon tahw

Serv. A Letter left you by a Lictor, Who told us that it came from the Lord Sylla.

Metellus

Metellus reads the Letter: har say Sono sand

diw Diamernot, Sir, my/parting od the we'W So suddenly: Just now I've had Advice of now. Of some Disturbance in the Camp of Capua, and Commend my tenderft Faith to fair Lavinia You're Sylla's Advocate with her and Rome. Yes, the a main'd birds florier on.

in beel you a Enter Nurfe . s ban bloom not bak.

Newle. 'O des my Boddikinst but why thurd StruVaille

Nurse. My Lord. swon nov vil a doil aid ni vil

Met. How does my Daughter?

Nurse. Truly very ill; by long bea sast quo can bed

She has not flept a Wink:

Nothing but toss'd and tumbled all this Night;

Heft her just now flumb'ring.

This Lord Sylla does fo run in her Head. I but a soul

Met. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurse!

Nurse. Were he ? se blood on with some Il. il sed? Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else, dreams of nothing else. She would needs have me liewith her t'other Night. But about Midnight (I'll fwear it wak'd me out of a fweet Nap) she takes me fast in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord Sylla! But are you, will you be true? Then figh'd, and ftretch'd ____ I fwear I was half afraid. And Short of the Nay Til rail ford

Met. She's strangely alter'd then. This Morning two new Confuls must be chosen. If they are true, those Tidings thou hast brought me, Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleasure,

At my Return from th'Forum that I fee her-

Salatin Metellus.

Nurfen So, fo! -- here will be sweet Doings in time. How many hundred Lyes a Day must I tell, to keep this Family at Peace? In a visition I aid as it not a visition of march

slive har oug Enter Lavinia. Luch rond You'll

Lav. Oh Nurse! where art thou? Is my Father gone? Nurse.

Nurse. Gone? yes; and I would I were gone too.

Lav. Why dost thou figh? What Cause hast thou to wish

Wert thou distrest, unfortunate as I am, (so?)

Thou hadft then Caufe. at the sandautica and to

What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I I walk methinks as half of me were lost: Yet, like a maim'd Bird, slutter, slutter on, And fain would find a Hole to hide my Head in.

Nurse.'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus dreft, Madam?

Why in this Pickle, fay you now?

Lav. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me;
For I am desp'rate, and resolv'd to Death.
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dress,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forsake deserted Rome, and find my Marius.

Nurse. And I must stay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Polecat in a Warren, for a Warning to all Vermin that shall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, till this were over.

Law. This Morning's Opportunity is fair,
When all are bufy in electing Confuls;
I shall escape unseen without the Gates,
And this Night in a Litter reach Salonium.

Nurse. I dare not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You shan't stir. Nay, I'll raise the House sirst. Why Clodius! Catulus! Sempronia! Thesbia! Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! Oh!

[Lav. gets from her. Nurse falls down. Exit Lav.

Enter Clodius, molt and old ver the

Clod. What's the Matter, Miftres?

Nurse. Oh, Glody, Clody, dear Clody t is't thee, my dear Clody? Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the Forum presently; tell him his Treasury is robb'd, his House afire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! Oh!

SCENE

E

Alverta.

SCENE changes to the Country.

Enter several Herdsmen belonging to Marius.

1 Herds. Good-morrow, Brother; you have heard the News.

2 Herds. News, quoth-a? Trim News, truly.

1 Herds. Why, they say our Lord and Master's stept a one side. Is there any thing in't, I trow?

2 Herds. Any thing in't? alas-a-day! fad Times! fad Times, Brother! not a Penny of Money stirring.

I Herds. Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heiser stuck up her Tail Eastward, and ran back into a new Quickset, which I had just made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 Herds. And the other Night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd a Tenement these seven Years, sell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and spoil'd the Broth. Sad Times! sad Times, Brother!

3 Herds. Did you meet no Troopers this way?

2 Herds. Troopers? I saw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call em, trotting along you Wood-side upon ragged hidebound Jades. I warrant they came for no Goodness.

I Herds. 'Twas to seek for Lord Marius, as sure as Eggs be Eggs. These 'bitious Folk make more Stir in the World than a thousand Men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter several Soldiers in quest of Marius.

branetail von 10

1 Sold. This is the Way. How now, you Pack of Boobies? whose Fools are you?

2 Herds. Why, we are such Fools as you are; any body's Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2 Sold. Do you belong to the Traitor Marius?

I Herdf.

Worship. We belong to Caius Marius, an't like your

1 Sold. Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue,

You are witty, and be hang'd, are you?

2 Herds. I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be a Soldier.

2 Sold. Let the hungry Churl alone.

I Sold. Hark you, you Dog, where's your Lord the Traitor Marius?

2 Herds. In a whole Skin, if he be wife.

2 Sold. Where is he, you Pultroon?

- 2 Herdf. Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at Salonium, but I keep none of him. If you must needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.
- 1 Sold. Let's to his House hard by, and ransack that. Sirrah, if we miss of him, you may repent this.

Exeunt Soldiers.

r Herds. 'Tis all one to me, I must pay my Rent to

2 Herds. Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper still—I say—

Enter Marius Senior and Granius.

Mar. Sen. Where are we? are we yet not near Salonium?
Lead me to yonder shady Poplar, where
The poor old Marius a while may sit,
And joy in Rest. Oh my distemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams so hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh Rome! Rome!
Ha! what are those?

Gran. They feem, Sir, rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath these Woods.

Mari

Mar. Sen. Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2 Herds. We did belong to Cains Marins once: but they say he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. Sep. Have ye forgot me then, ungrateful Slaves!
Are you so willing to disown your Master?
Who would have thought t'have found such Baseness here,
Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin Nakedness untainted?
Consusson ye, ye fordid Earthlings. [Ex. all but one.

2 Herdf. Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.

Just now a Troop of Murth'rers past this way,

And ask'd with Horror for the Traitor Marius.

By this time at Salonium, at your House,

They are in Search of you, Fly, fly, my Lord— [Exit.

Mar. Sen. I shall be hounded up and down the World,
Now ev'ry Villain, that is Wretch enough
To take the Price of Blood, dreams of my Throat.
Help and support me till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
Assunder we may dodge our Fate, and lose her.
In some old hollow Tree, or o'ergrown Brake,
Vd rest my weary Limbs till Danger pass me.

: mold to male and to [Goes into the Woods

Enter Soldiers again.

As many Lives, for they are cheap in Rome.

And 'tis too much for one.

2 Sold. Let's fetathis Wood' on joven ion I'l wall

.book"i

A flaming, if you think he's here; and then
Quickly you'll fee th'old Drone crawl humming out

I Sold. Thou always lov'st to ride full Speed to Mischies.
There's no Consideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a Throat, I love to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency.

Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a flovenly Murther done hand over head; a Man gets no Credit by it.

Mar. Sen. Oh Villains! not a Slave of those
But has serv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty—Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboss'd?
Oh! I could swallow Rivers. Earth, yield me Water!
Or swallow Marius down where Springs first flow.

Enter Marius Junior and Granius.

Mar. Jun. My Father! Mar. Sen. Oh my Sons!

Tesconcy

With Line 1848

Mar. Jun. Why thus forlorn! stretch'd on the Earth?

Mar. Sen. Oh! get me some Refreshment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my rav'nous Thirst.

I would not trouble you, if I had Strength:
But I'm so faint, that all my Limbs are useless.

Now have I not one Drachma to buy Food.

Must we then starve? No sure, the Birds will feed us.

Mar. Jun. There stands a House on yonder Side o'th' It seems the Mansion of some Man of Note: (Wood,

I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

Mar. Sen. O my Soul's Comfort! do. Indeed I want it.

I, who had once the Plenty of the Earth,

Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,

And see who'll give a Morsel to poor Marins.

Nay, I'll not starve; no, I'll plunge in Riot,

Wallow in Plenty. Drink! I'll drink, I'll drink.

Give me that Goblet hither—Here's a Health

To all the Knaves and Senators in Rome.

Mar. Jun. Repose your self a while, till we return.

Mar. Sen. I will; but pr'ythee let me rave a little.

Go, pr'ythee go, and don't delay. I'll rest,

As thou shalt, Rome, it e'er my Fortune raise me.——

[Ex. Mar. Jun-

soft gent ster Enter Lavinia. Il ishi tan ta had

Another Murth'rer? this brings finiling Fate:

A deadly Snake cloth'd in a dainty Skin.

Lav. I've wander'd up and down these Woods and Meadows,

Till I have loft my Way-

Against a tall, young, slender, well-grown Oak

Leaning, I found Lavinia in the Bark;
My Marius should not be far hence.

Mar. Sen. What art thou,

That dar'ft to name that wretched Creature Marius?

Lav. Do not be angry, Sir; whate'er thou art,
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driv'n

By Fortune to pursue my banish'd Lord.

Mar. Sen. By thy diffembling Tone thou should'st be Woman,

And Roman too.

Lav. Indeed I am.

Mar. Sen. A Roman ? 1 200 fis tol birq-to's damp mil

If thou art so, be gone, lest Rage with Strength

Affift my Vengeance, and I rife and kill thee.

Lav. My Father! is it you?

Mar. Sen. Now thou art Woman;

For Lyes are in thee. 1? am I thy Father?

I ne'er was yet so curst . None of thy Sex

E'er sprung from me. My Off-spring all are Males, The nobler sort of Beasts, entitled Men.

Lav. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord. Have you ne'er heard Lavinia's Name in Rome, That wedded with the Son of Marius?

Mar.

Mar. Sen. Hah! to sorty in tod thiw I . a.2 wall

Art thou that fond, that kind and doating thing,
That left her Father for a banish'd Husband?
Come near

And let me bless thee, tho' thy Name's my Foe.

Lav. Alas! my Father, you feem much opprest:
Your Lips are parch'd, blood-shot your Eyes and sunk,
Will you partake such Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taste, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are
Ripe and refreshing.

Mar. Sen. What! all this from thee, The even I hat

Thou Angel, whom the Gods have fent to aid me? A I don't deserve thy Bounty.

Lav. Here, Sir, 'somore. and non bluedle minals vil

I found a Crystal Spring too in the Wood,

And took some Water : this most loft and cool.

Mar. Sen. An Emperor's Feaft! but I shall rob thee.

Lav. No; I've eat, and flak'd my Thirst. But where's My Lord,

My dearest Marius ? To suid and yell yell . See . walk

Mar. Sen. To the neighb'ring Village

He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.

Lav. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it? I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune. But furely Marius can't be brought to Want:

I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'll buy Food.

Enter Marius Junior. Wolf and All

See thy Lavinia. math habitan a first to moralden a "T

Mar. Jun. Hah! [They run and embrace.

Mar. Sen. What? dumb at Meeting?

Mar. Jun. Why weeps my Love?

Lav.

T

M

R

A

Lav. I cannot speak, Tears so obstruct my Words, And choak me with unutterable Joy.

Mar. Jun. Oh my Heart's Joy!

Lav. My Soul!

Mar. Jun. But hast thou left

Thy Father's House, the Pomp and State of Rome, To follow Defart-Mifery! Lett hat no worned at pained o second signs or file A

Lav. I come

To bear a Part in ev'ry thing that's thine, Be't Happiness or Sorrow. In these Woods, Whilst from pursuing Enemies you're fafe, I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs, Gather cool Sedges, Daffodils, and Lilies, And foftest Camomile to make us Beds, 118 August 1884 Whereon my Love and I at Night will fleep, And dream of better Fortune. deny new or han

Enter Granius and Servant, with Wine and Meat.

Mar. Sen. Yet more Plenty? Sure Comus, the God of Featling, haunts these Woods, And means to entertain us as his Guests.

Serv. Tam fent hither, Marius, from my Lord, Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee, And warn thee that thou straight depart this Place; Else he the Senate's Edict must obey, And treat thee as the Foe of Rome.

Mar, Sen. But did he, Did he, Sextilius, bid thee fay all this? Was he too proud to come and fee his Mafter, That rais'd him out of Nothing? Was he not My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shoes? Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleasures watch'd, And fed upon the Voidings of my Table? Durst he affront me with a fordid Alms, And fend a faucy Message by a Slave? Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I dash 'em. Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

Serv. What Answer would you have me carry back? Mar. Sen. Go to Sextilius, tell him thou haft feen Poor Cains Marins banish'd from his Country, Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth, Amidst an ample Fortune once his own. Where now he cannot claim a Turf to fleep on. [Ex. Ser. How am I fallen! Musick? - Sure the Gods [Soft Musick. Are mad, or have defign'd to make me fo.

Enter Martha.

Well, what art thou?

u salter constante Marth. Am I a Stranger to thee? Martha's my Name, the Syrian Prophetels, That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune; Till banish'd out of Rome for serving thee, I've eyer fince inhabited these Woods, And fearch'd the deepest Arts of wife Foreknowledge.

Mar. Sen. I know thee now most well. When thou wert gone,

All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures, That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head, And promise Honour in the Day of Battle, Have fince been feen no more. Ev'n Birds of Prey Forfake unhappy Marius: Men of Prey Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in store?

Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my Will, To bring me Tidings from th'Earth's farthest Corners, Of all that happens out in States and Councils: I tell thee therefore, Rome is once more thine. The Consuls have had Blows, and Cinna's beaten; Who with his Army comes to find thee out. To lead him back with Terror to that City. Att A

Mar.

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Mar. Sen. Speak on.

Marth. Nay, ere thou think'st it, he will be with thee. But let, thy Sons and these fair Nymphs retire, Whilst I relieve thy weary'd Eyes with Sleep,

And cheer thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

Mar. Jun. Come, my Lavinia, Granius, we'll withdraw

To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [Ex.

[Martha waves her Wand—A Dance.

Mar. Sen. O Reft, thou Stranger to my Senies, welcome.

Enter Servant and a Ruffian.

Serv. Ten Attick Talents shall be thy Reward,
Sextilins gives 'em thee. Dispatch him safely.
Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes again.
Mar. Stn. No more.

He hear no more. Merellas live? No, no:
He dies, he dies. So, bear him to the Tyber,
And plunge him to the Bottom. Hah, Antonius!
Where are my Guards? Dispatch that talking Knave,
That, when he should be doing publick Service,
Consumes his Time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And sows Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with Pomprius too, that call'd me Traitor.
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old Marius,
To Rome's Tribunal.

Ruff. Now's the Time.

Mar. Sen. Stand off,
Secure that Gaul—Dar'st thou kill Caius Marius? [Wakes, Hah! speak; what art thou?

Ruff. By Sextilius hird, noder among the state of

I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine, And I'll for ever ferve you at your Feet.

Mar. Sen. What barb'rous Slaves are these, that envy me The open Air; set Prices on my Head, As they would do on Wolves that slay their Flock! Enter Sulpitius. [Trumpets.

Mer. Sen. Speak on

Trumpets! Sulpitius, where half thou been wand'ring Since the late Storm that drove us from each other? Sulp. Why, doing Mischief up and down the City, Picking up discontented Fools, belying The Senators and Government, destroying Faith amongst honest Men, and praising Knaves. Mar. Sen. Oh, but where's Cinna? Sulp. Ready to falute you.

Enter Cinna attended with Lietors and Guards.

Cin. Remans, once more behold your Conful; fee, As that a Fortune fit for Cains Marins? Advance yout Axes and your Rods before him, And give him all the Customs of his Honour. (Marius,

Mar. Sen. Away: fuch Pomps become not wretched Here let me pay Obedience to my Conful a stante bus Lead me, great Cinna, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee, And fee how thy old Soldier will obey. of an reday and

Cin. O Marius, be our Hearts united eyer, To carry Defolation into Rome, On almount & working

And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.

Mar. Sen. Shall we?no batto by V basta godi ato let le

Cin. We'll do't. That godly foothfaying Fool, That facrificing Dolt, that Sot, Octavius, wolf That When we were chosen Confuls in the Forum, Difowned me for his Collegue; faid, the God Had told him I defign'd tyrannick Pow'r ; Wie de land Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms, And drove me forth the Gates. How said of small medical

Mar. Sen. Excellent Mischiefly available to What's to be done? In some a more and to I'W me had

Cin. No fooner was I gone, was Took and mago ed But a large Part of that great City follow'd me.

Theres

Till

There's not an honest Spirit left in Rome,

That does not own my Caule, and wish for Marius.

Mar. Sen. Bring me my Horfe, my Armour, and the Laurel With which, when I'ad o'ercome three barb'rous Nations. I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into Rome. I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

Enter Marius Funior and Granius.

O my young Warrior!

Mar. Fun. Curst be the Light

And ever curst be all these Regions round us.

Lavinia's loft, borne back with Force to Rome,

By Ruffians, headed by her Father's Kinsmen;

And like a Coward too, I live, yet faw it. Exit.

Mar. Sen Oh Marius! Marius! let not Plaints come from Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.

If the be back in Rome, Lavinia's thine,

To-morrow's Dawn restores her to thy Arms.

For that fair Mistress, Fortune, which has cost

So dear, for which fuch Hardships I have past,

Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at last.

I long t'embrace her; nay, 'tis Death to stay. I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away

With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. [Exe.]



SCENE III. Metellus's House.

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, and Priest of Hymen.

Lav. TAy, you have catch'd me; you may kill me evel: be sell and project

But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns, Till all the Gods are Witness how you use me.

D 2

Met. What! like a Vagrant fly thy Father's House?

And follow fulsomely an exil'd Slave,
Disdain'd by all the World, but abject thou?

Resolve to go, or bound be sent to sylla,
With as much Scorn as thou hast done me Shame.

Lav. Do bind me, kill me, rack these Limbs: I'll bear't. But, Sir, consider, still I am your Daughter; And one Hour's Converse with this holy Man May teach me to repent, and shew Obedience.

Mer. Think not t'evade me by protracting Time:

For if thou dost not, may the Gods forsake me,

As I will thee, if thou escape my Fury _____ [Exit.

Lav. Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to Sylla)
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
Or walk in thievish Ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Bears,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-house
'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud;
Things that to hear but told, have make me tremble;
And I'll go thro' it without Fear or Doubting,
To keep my Vows unspotted to my Love—

Priest. Farewel: Be bold and prosp'rous. [Exit.

H av'n knows if ever we shall meet again.

I have

I have a faint cold Fear thrills thro' my Veins, That almost freezes up the Heat of Life. I'll call him back again to comfort me. Stay, hely Man. But what should he do here? My difmal Scene 'tis fit I act alone. What if this Mixture do not work at all? Shall I to-morrow then be fent to Sylla? No, no -this shall forbid it; lie thou there-[Lays down the Dagger.

Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb, I wake before the Time that Marius come To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point. Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault, Where for these many hundred Years the Bones Of all my bury'd Ancestors are pack'd? Where, as they fay, Ghosts at some Hours resort, With Mandrakes Shrieks torn from the Earth's dark That living Mortals hearing them, run mad? (Womb, Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted, Inviron'd round with all these hideous Fears, And madly play with my Forefathers Joints? Then in this Rage, with some great Kinsman's Bones, As with a Club, dash out my desp'rate Brains! What? Sylla? Get thee gone, thou meagre Lover; My Sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught; "Tis to my Lord. [Drinks.] Oh, Marius! Marius! Marius! Exit.

And Pagesony the Sald Lamp move out 1884 behinns of the upod o rames vast feet And.

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SESSECTION OF THE SECRET

ACTV. SCENEI.

SCENE, Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.

Trumpets found a General.

Enter Cinna, Marius Senior, and Sulpitius, Granius, two

Cin. A Mbassadors from Rome? How many Slaves,

Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd

But yesterday? yet now their Conful Cinna?

Oh! what an excellent Master is an Anmy,

To teach rebellious Cities Manners! Say,

My Friend and Collegue Marins, shall we hear 'em?

Mar. Sen. Whom? and the state of the state of the

Cin. The Ambaffadors.

Mar. Sen. From whence?

Cin. From Rome.

Mar. Sen. My loving Countrymen? they must be heard.

Or Sylla will be angry ——

Cin. In what State

And Pageantry the folid Lumps move on?

And, tho' they come to beg, will be attended

With their ill-order'd Pomp, and aukward Pride.

Who are ye? and from whence?

To thee, most mighty Cinna, and to thee, Most dread Lord Marius, in her Name, we bow. Cin. What's your Demand?

Amb. Hear but our humble Pray'rs;
And ail Demands be made by Godlike Ciuna.

Whither, Ohl whither will your Rage pursue us?
Must all the Fortunes and the Lives of Rome
Suffer for one Miscarriage of her Masters?
Your forrowful afflicted Mother Rome;
In whose kind Bosom you were nurs'd and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Ensigns, and lay by
Your warlike Terrors, that affright her Matrons;
And come to her, ere Sorrows quite o'erwhelm her;
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,
And let no bloody Slaughter stain her Streets.

Cin. This his you think to heal up smarting Honour, By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound.

Which for a time may make it whole and fair;

Till the falls Medicine be at last discover'd,

And then it rankles to a Sore again.

Take this my Answer: I will enter Rome;

But for my Force, I'll keep it still my own,

Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. Sen. Sulpitius, fee what abject Slaves are these?
Such base Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulp. I can't but laugh to think on't work you'r

Man Sem Bale Natures ever gruderef sah WinnesonaMin

COR.

Sulp. How these politick Noddles, that look so grave upon the Matter in the Senate house, will laugh and grinat one another, when they are set a sunning upon the Capitol.

2 Amb. May we return with Joy into our City, Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

Roob'd of that little Hire he toll'd and bled for,

Cin. Go tell'em, we expect due Homage paid,
Of ev'ry Senator expect Acknowledgment,
Mighty Rewards and Offices of Honour.

That never rose without a fell wing Storm, and the Mul. Mar. Sen. Alas! for me, a limple banish & Margi testing

Driv'n from my Country by the Right of Law, or of ruo?

And juftly punished, as my Ills deferved, a bail abody at Think not of me: Whate'er are his Resolves, sendators?

I shall obey.

Both Amb. May all the Gods reward you! - www mo's

Cin. Now, Martie Paint paint that Some Paul Paul But Come like Some Mar. Sen. Now, my Clark Swed drive Set of the Cin. Are not we'd his first let no bloody Slaughter fain and let no bloody Slaughter fain.

True born of Rome, true Sons of fuch a Mother?

How I adore thy Temper Ini made and that gained ver Mar. Sen. Those two Kanes, and year a min a rol doid! Those whining, fawning, humble, plant Villaine, and list Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a Drackman back.

Cin. Let's not delay a Moment; town A win a wint of the Mar. Sen. Oh! let's Hy, it leep it for my Force, I'll keep it fly; hay; and Smiles too, part, oother this curfed City; hay; with Smiles too, part, oother this curfed City; hay; with Smiles too.

But false as the adult rate Promises and and and of Favourites in Pow'r, when poor Men court em and

Cin. They always hated me, because a Soldier.

Mar. Sen. Base Natures ever grudge at things above em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig drow oH. Alway

When Fears are on them, then their kindes Wishes drow of the standard of the gallant Warrior (1990).

And best Rewards attend the gallant Warrior 1 1011 200 18
But Dangers vanish'd, infamous Neglect, losige 11
Ill Usage, and Reproach, are all his Portion; 14

Or at the best, he's wedded to hard Wants, and gaining and Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

DA

Sulp. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue; Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows, Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cause Call me to Dangers, be so basely branded.

Mar, Sen. Ere we this City enter then, let's fwear. Not to destroy one honest Roman living.

Sulp. Nor one chaste Matron.

Cin. Nor a faithful Friend,

Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wife. (Brats, Mar. Sen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and bafe-born. And th'endless Swarms of Fools grown up in Years, Be Slaughter's Game, till we dispeople Rome.

Cin. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets found.
Mar. Sen. Till all things tell em Marins is at hand.

O'Sylla, if at Capua thou shalt hear How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees, And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me. Sulpitius, as 'long the Streets we move, With folemn Pace, and meditating Mischiefs, Whome'er I smile on, let thy Sword go through. Oh! can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries, The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans Of murther'd Men, be Musick to appeafe me? Sure Death's not far from fuch a desp'rate Cure. Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let loofe, That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down. And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine, And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half-blown. For having no more Fury left in Store, Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,

with all our this rayou to

And Nature smiles as gaily as before-

TOK TO BE SHOWN

SCENE II. Metellus's House.

Enter Metellus.

Mer. A Peace with Marius! O most base Submission!

That over-ruling Fears should weigh up ReaWas not the City ours, and Sylla too?

At Capua, almost in a Trumpet's Call?

And to submit! Could I but once have sought for't,

I might have met this Marius in Arms,

And been reveng'd for all the Mischies done me.

Nurse.

Enter Nurfe.

Nurse. Here, an't shall please you.

Met. Go wake Lavinia. Tell her, she must hence
For Capua this Morning; for the Truce
Favours her Journey, and secures her Passage. [Exis.

[Scene draws, and discovers Lavinia on a Couch.

Nurse. Wake her? poor Titmoute! it will be as peevish, I'll warrant you, and rub it's Nyes, and so frown now. Well; Mistress! why Lavinia! Fast I warrant her. Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slug-a-bed. What, not a Word? You take your Penny-worth now, Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't) sylla takes care that you shall rest but little. Gods forgive me Marry and Amen. How sound is she asseep?

Marry and Amen. How found is the affeep?

I must needs waken her. Madam! Madam! Madam! Mow should your Lover find you in this Posture,
He'd fright you up i'faith. What! won't it do?
Drest too? and in your Cloaths? and down again?
Nay, I must wake you. Lady, Lady,
Ales!

Alas! alas! Help, my Lady's dead
Ah! well-a-day that ever I was born!
Some Aqua Vita. Hoa! my Lord—my Lady—

Association of Metellus

Mer. Livinia dead? 10 de reen awarenie S. 110.1

Nurse. Your only Daughter's dead!

As dead as a Herring, Stock-fifth, or Door-nail.

Met. Stiff, cold, and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Bluffes, that have warm'd fo many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languish'd
In my Lavinia's Brightness, weep with me,
Till Grief grow gen'ral, and the World's in Tears.

Nurse. Oh Day! Oh Day! Oh Day! Oh hateful Day!

Never was seen so black a Day as this.

Oh Day! Oh woful Day! Oh Day like Night! I amo I

Met. No more! Thus in her Bridal Ornaments,

Dreft as she is, she shall be borne to Burial,

I'th' Sepulchre where our Fortsathers rest.

Be't done, whilst all things we ordain'd for Joy

Turn from their Office, and assist in Sadness.

Ferit.

Nurse. I shall be done and done; and overdone, as we are undone. And I will sigh and cry, till I am swell'd as big as a Pumpkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a Flower in ev'ry Part about thee.

SCENE changes to the Forum, where is placed the:

Cansul's Tribunal.

James I se state Enter two Citizens.

1 Cit. Whither, Oh whither shall we fly for Safety?"
Already recking Murther's in our Streets,

D 6

Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd. IsalA And Rome appears one notion House of Slaughter, de A

2 Cit. Hear us, ye Gods, and picy our Calamities. Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant; Or fend your Thunder forth to frike us dead, Ere our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1 Cit. Ruin draws near us. Oh my Fejendli let's fly To the Altars of our Gods, and by the Handy shark Of one another die as Romans ought will a as LExeupt.

Enter Ancharius the Senator, and his Grandson

Child. Hide me, my Grandfires the ugly Men are coming, That kill'd my Mother and my Sifter Thesbid. or In do? Will they kill you and me too? and good samional you no

Till Grief grow gen rat, and the Iblida em 'Monda. I cannot hide thee, not know I what to dos O . And Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs wil saw revel L' can't refift; nor Ay world O lyse lolow do lyse de

Child Then here we'll fir in and T forom old Ask Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do, off as along I'll fall upon my Knees, and beg your Life. doug & all I am a very little harmlefs Boysids die filidw senob dell

And when I cry, and talk, and hang about emon and They'll pity fure my Tears, and grant me all. are undones. And I will figh and cry, till I am fwell'd

Enter Several old Men in Black with Cypress Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal old vin chart and marined lens T val

Then enters Marius Senior as Conful, Lictors, Sulpitius. CENE changes to than mhere is classed the

Mar. Sen. I thank ye Gods, ye have restor'd me now. Mounts the Tribunal

What Pageantry is this, Sulpitius, here? Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

1 Old Man. We come not for our felves, but in the Name Of Rome, to offer up our Lives for all. 30 flum boy 104) Pity a wretched State, thou raging God, of sale vin 10%

And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

Mar. Sen. I know ye all, great Senators, ye are The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious Rome. Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye: And with that Cheat at any time ye think To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong dit. False are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r: For foon ye fatten and grow able Traitors. False are your Fears, and your Afflictions falser: White For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy, Which you shall never gain at Marius' Hands. Who truffs your Penitence is more than Fool, Rebellion will renew: ye can't be honeft. You're never pleas d but with the Knaves that cheat you, And work your Follies to their private Ends." For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it, To change and turn just as the Fashion alters. And think you by this folemn piece of Fooling To hush my Rage, and melt me into Pity? Advance, Sulpirius; old Ancharius there, 100 and beat Who was fo violent for my Destruction, That his Beard briftled, and his Face distorted; Away with him. Dispatch these Trislers too. Work by But spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em:

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague of Rome,

What wouldst thou do with me to shand and with

Mar. Sen. Difpose there hence to be ho me of held Amongst the other Offal, for the Jaws very guilland, U Of hungry Death, 'rill Rome be purg'd of Villains. Thou dy'ft for wronging Marini, shall stoy gel , gal Miles outand Talents for the News II

Or keep 'em for my Warriors to rejoice in.

The Core and Bostom of my Tonicere'

child Oh my Lord to to the smood W mallilo t (For you must be a Lord, you are so angry) The Hold To For my sake spare his Life. I have no Friend But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs. When he is dead, what will become of me, A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left To all the Ills of the wide faithless World? Mar. Sen. Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear, And make it sprawl to make the Grandfire Sport. Child. O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees And with my little dying Hands implore you I may be fit to do you some small Pleasures. I'll find a thousand tender ways to please you: Smile when you rage, and stroke you into Mildness; Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father: For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me. [Breafts Mar. Sen. Young Grocodile! Thus from their Mothers Are they instructed, bred, and taught in Rome. gov 10 1 For that old Paralytick Slave, dispatch him: Let me not know he breathes another Moment. But spare this, cause't has learn'd its Lesson well, And I've a Softness in my Heart pleads for him. Who was to violent for an Deferdition.

Away with him. Digotch these Triders too, won lisw

but fpre the Virgins, 'aufe mine Kre : tullstam . JeM

Mar. Sen. Hah! Metellus, What. - at 101 and qual 10

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the brush al (. 19M.

Mar. Sen. Speak, where? have ob pods fibinow sadW

Mef. In an old Suburb-Cottage! shoolid Sen. Mef.

Upbraiding Heav'n, and curfing at your Fortune 2004. A Mar. Sen. Hafte, let him be preferv'd for my own Fury? Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of Marius; Ten thousand Talents for the News I'll give thee. The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found;

And

And in a Moment I shall be at ease.

Rome's Walls no more shall be besimear'd with Bloods.

But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.

Let's go. Metellus! we have found Metellus;

Let every Tongue proclaim aloud Metellus;

'Till I have dash'd him on the Rock of Fate,

Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more.

[Ex.



SCENE IV. A Church-yard

but for the means, XSA McLiniell their artificity

Enter Marius Junior.

Mar. Jun. As I have wander'd muting to and fro;
Still am I brought to this unlucky Place;
As I had Business with the horrid Dead:
Though could I trust to Plattery of Sleep;
My Dreams presage some joyful News at hand.
My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And all this Day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lists me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts.
I dreamt Lavinia came and sound me dead,
And breath'd such Life with Kisses on my Lips,
That I revived, and was an Emperor.

Enter Catulus. and reference I AA

Cat. My Lord already here!

Mar. Jun. My trusty Catulus,

What News from my Lavinia? speak and bless me.

Cat: She's very well.

Mar. Jun. Then nothing can be ill.

Something thou feem's to know that's terrible.

Out with it boldly, Man; what can's thou say

Of my Lavinia?

Cat. But one sad word, She's dead,
Here in her Kindred's Vault I've seen her laid,
And have been searching you to tell the News, and next

Mar. Jun. Dead! is it so? then I deny you, Stars.

Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.

Tis dang: I'll hence to-night.

Half thou no Letters to me from the Prich?

Cat. No, my good Lord.

Mar. Jun. No matter, get thee gone—[Exit Catulus. Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee to Night;
But for the means. Oh Mischief! thou art swift
To catch the straggling. Thoughts of desp'rate Men.

I do remember an Apothecary, That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death: Meagre and very rueful were his Looks; Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones; And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung, An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins Of ill-fhap'd Fishes ; and about his Shelves 1 2 1000 115 A beggarly Account of empty Boxes, wall air the bank Green Earthen-pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds, men Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roses, Were thinly featter'd to make up a Show. Oh for a Poison now! his Need will sell it, Though it be present Death by Roman Laws As I remember, this should be the House. His Shop is thut: with Beggars all are Holidays. Holla? Apothecary; hoa!

What Island from my Lawlain's foods and blols me.

Enter/Apothecary, him from I and Priof. Give methe Matrock and the wrenching Iron. Mow take this Letter, with what spats sind was woll Mari Jun. Come hither, Manual gardy too h ? I fee thou art very poor; meaning adver I fluor well Thou may'ft do any thing : here's fifty Drachma's Get me a Drought of that will somest free A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me. Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have, but Roman Law Speaks Death to any he that atters them in son ob but Mar. Jun Art thou so base, and full of Wretchedness. Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks, was to A Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes, by Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back; The World is not thy Friend, por the World's Law; The World affords no Law to make thee rich Then be not poor, but break it, and take this bar wedo Aposh, My Poverty, but not my Will confents-[Goes in, and fetches a Phial of Poison, Take this and drink it off, the Work is done. West ve Mar. Jun. There is thy Gold, worse Poison to Mens Souls Doing more Murthers in this losthfome World Than these poor Compounds thou'rt forbid to fell. I fell thee Poison, thou hast fold me none, of I have Farewel buy Food and get thy felf in Floth and bak Now for the Monument of the Metelli-Scene draws, and theres the Temple and Monument. Thou'ft flain the only Man could do thee good. Mar. Jun. Let me perue this Pace in The Door is opt need bluod it is the Honed Prieff that Jone and right that Jone and the Hone of the that Jone and the Hone of the that Jone and the Hone of the that Jone of the Hone of t

In a Difference concealed sage for more of the Miles in ill Fate's black Roll with me thou'st write

T

Enter Priest and Boy, with a Mattock and Iron Crow. Prieft. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron! Now take this Letter, with what halle thou canft, Find out young Marius, and deliver it. Dair Boy. Now must I to the Monument alone. (200 178 Don't 502 1 What Wretch is he that's entring into the Tomb? Some Villain come to rob and spoil the Dead. Whoe'er thou art, stop thy unhallow'd Purpose. Mar. Jun. Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone, And do not interrupt my horrid Purpole. For elfe, by Heav'n, I'll tear thee Joint by Joint, And ftrew this hungry Church yard with thy Limbs. My Mind, and its intents are favage, wild, 70 bas book More fierce and more inexorable far ages bas tometon Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea. 21 119W 3111 Priest. Then as a facrillegious Slave, I charge thee, Obey, and go with me, or thou man die of ton so and T Mar. 7un. I know I must, and therefore I came hither, Good Reverence, do not tempt a desp'rate Man. By Heav'n, I love thee better than my felf; me sidt shall For I against my self come hither arm'd. T. ant. Stay not, be gone Live, and hereafter fay, or anoll A Madman's Mercy gave thee honest Counsel. Priest. I do defie thy Mercy and thy Counsel, And here will feize thee as a Thief and Robber. Mar. Jun. Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take [Kills him. thy Wages,... Prieft. I'm kill'd. Oh Marins! now too late I know thee-Thou'st slain the only Man could do thee good. Lavinia-Oh!-Mar. 7un. Let me peruse this Face. It is the Honest Priest that join'd our Hands, of bluoch In a Disguise conceased. Give me thy Hand; Januari al Since in ill Fate's black Roll with me thou'rt writ, PI

I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave. Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death, Gorg'd with the dearest Morfel of the Earth, Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open, And spite of thee, yet cram thee with more Food.

Falls down the Side of the Tomb,

Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife! Death has had yet no Pow'r upon thy Beauty; That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Enfign yet Is Crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks; And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. Why art thou fill fo fair? Shall I believe That the lean Monster Death is amorous, And keeps thee here in Darkness for his Paramour For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever. Come, bitter Conduct, thou unfavoury Guide: Here's to my Love-[Drinks the Poison. And now, Eyes, look your laft, Arms, take your last Embrace, whilst on these Lips I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract She breathes and stirs! [Lavinia wakes.

Lav. in the Tomb. Where am I? Bless me, Heav'n! Tis very cold: and yet here's something warm-Mar. Jun. She lives, and we shall both be made Immortal. Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly News, And tell me how the Gods defign to treat us.

Lav. O! I have flept a long ten thousand Years. What have they done with me! I'll not be us'd thus: I'll not wed Sylla. Marius is my Husband; Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him. Be good as he is, and protect me.

Mar. 7un. Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him? Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was; And ne'er shall be my felf, if thou art lost.

Low I

Lav. The Gods have heard my Vows; it is my Marius. Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes. Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever. But there's a Sovereign Charm in thy Embraces, That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.

Mar. Jun. Ill Fate no more, Lavinia, now shall part us, Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.

Did not Heav'n's Pow'rs all wonder at our Loves?

And when thou told'st the Tale of thy Disasters,
Was there not Sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?

I know there was; and they in pity sent thee.

Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.

This World's gross Air grows burthensome already.
I'm all a God; such heav'nly Joys transport me,
That mortal Sense grows sick, and faints with tasting. [Dies.

Lav. Oh! to recount my Happinels to thee, To open all the Treasure of my Soul, of sort won bat And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time Than to impatient Love as mine can spare 32 od xil I He's gone! he's dead! breathless: alas! my Marins de al A Phial too; here, here has been his Bane. O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop For poor Lavinta? Yet I'll drain thy Lips, Perhaps some welcome Poison may hang there, To help me to o'ertake thee on thy Journey. Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! Stains of Blood? And a Man murther'd? "Tis th' unhappy Flamen. Who fix their loys on any thing that's Mortal, w Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair. What shall I do? how will the Gods dispose me? Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation

And daws the Face of Earth with her own Bowels.

Enter Marius Senior, and Guards, driving in Metellus. Embeddine, blotime, use me like a father.

Mar. Sen. Pursue the Slave: let not his Gods protect him.

Lav. More Mischiefs? hah! My Father.

Met. Oh! I am flain. Falls down and dies.

Lav. And murther'd too! When will my Woes have end? Come, cruel Tyrant. The Look on with Las vigant

Mar. Sen. Sure I have known that Face. world world

Lav. And canst thou think of any one good Turn

That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

Mar. Sen. Art thou not call'd Lavinia?

Lav. Once I was. But by my Woes may now be better known.

Mar. Sen. I cannot fee thy Face-

Lav. You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast.

mirra I no its had I . Seizes his Sword. Mar. Sen. What wouldst thou fay? where's all my Rage gone now?

Lav. I am Lavinia, born of noble Race, My Blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts, But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own:

Tho' my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd By Marius, the nobleft, goodliest Youth

That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin figh'd for:

He was the Son of an unhappy Parent, And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;

Scarce a Night old-ni and you vayed word I and will W

Mar. Sen. I do remember't well, and and in 10 And thou art She, that Wonder of thy Kind,

That could'ft be true to exil'd Mifery, And to and fro through barren Defarts range,

To find th'unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

Lav. Do you remember't well?

Mar. Sen. In every Point.

Lav. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms, Embrac'd me, bleft me, us'd me like a Father, And fure I was not thanklefs for the Bounty.

Mar. Sen. No, thou wert, next the Gods, my only Comfort. When I lay fainting on the dry parch'd Earth, Beneath the foorching Heat of burning Noon, Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me: Then Thou, as by the Gods fome Angel fent, Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me.

Lav. Did I all this?

Mar. Sen. Thou didst; thou fav'dst my Life, Else I had sunk beneath the Weight of Want, And been a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

Lav. And fee how well I am at last rewarded.

All could not balance for the short-term'd Life
Of one old Man: You have my Father butcher'd,
The only Comfort I had lest on Earth.
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me;
See where he lies, your and my only Joy.
This Sword, yet reeking with my Father's Gore,
Plunge it into my Breast: plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair
Seize all Mankind, 'till they grow mad as I am.

[Stabs her felf with his Sword.

Mar. Sen. Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in Be Nature's Light extinguish'd; let the Sun (Cruelty. Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness, Whilst here I how away my Life in Sorrows. Oh let me bury Me and all my Sins Here with this good old Man. Thus let me kiss Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears. My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End? We might have all been Friends, and in one House

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd the Bleffings of eternal Peace.

But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, I bring you most disastrous News.

Sylla's return'd; his Army's on their March

From Capua, and to-morrow will reach Rome,

At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,

And your Sulpirius mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius (led by two of the Guards) and Granius.

Ma. Sen. O! then I'm ruin'd! From this very Moment Has my good Genius left me; Hopes for sakes me. The Name of Sylla's baneful to my Fortune. Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter-Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd, Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment. Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed, A hopeless Vessel bound for the dark Land Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows.

[He is led off.

Sulp. A Curse on all Repentance! how I hate it!
I'd rather hear a Dog how!! than a Man whine.

Gran. You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much, Sulp. No; "tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-door; but 'tis deep enough; 'twill serve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Madmen hereaster. If I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph:

Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,
That sent many honester Men to the Grave;
And dy'd like a Fool, when hihad liv'd like a Knave.

[Exeunt Omnes.

E PI-



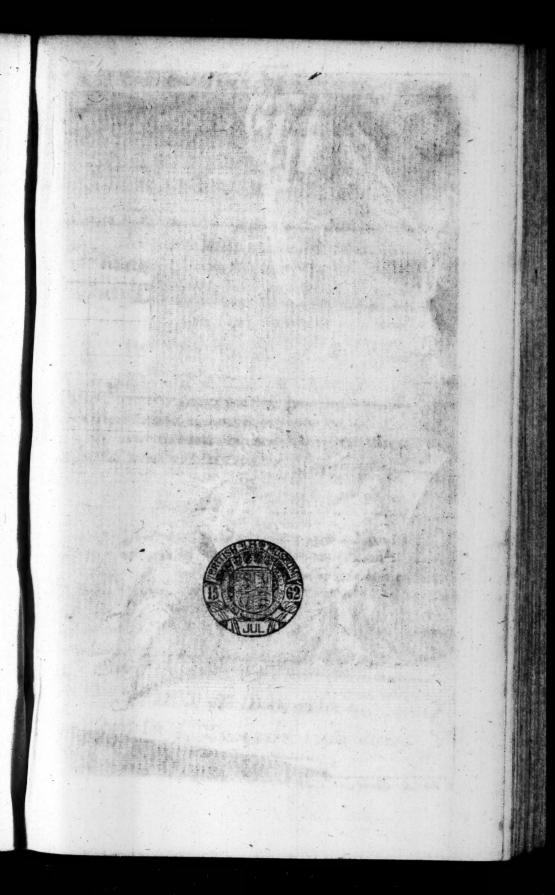
EPILOGUE.

Sylla's retained a his Army's on their Murch Spoken by Mrs. BARRY, who afted Lavinia.

At which the Rabble are in new Roballoni

4 Mischief on't! the I'm again alive; will no mor ba May I believe this Play of ours shall thrive? This Drumming, Trumpeting, and Fighting Play: Why, what a Devil will the People fay? The Nation that's without and hears the Din, Will swear we're raising Volunteers again. For know, our Poet, when this Play was made, Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head Had banife'd Poetry and all her Charms, Jones 1 And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms at Builder A No 'Prentice e'er, grown weary of Indentunes, orome award Had such a longing Mind to feek Adventures, Nay, sure at last th' infection gen'ral grew; For t'other Day I was a Captain too: Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam, But, just as you were all, to stay at home. And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks, Only for Love of Underhill and Nurse Noakes, warden Our Poet fays, One Day t'a Play ye come, 10 Y Which serves ye half a Year for Wit at home. But which amongst you is there to be found, Will take his third Day's Pawn for fifty Pound? Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture To give him ready Money for's Debenture? Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal Doom, and of This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come To help a poor disbanded Soldier home. That less many bonester Men to







TITUS and BERENICE,

A

TRAGEDY.

With a FARCE call'd

The CHEATS of SCAPIN,

By Mr. O T WAT.

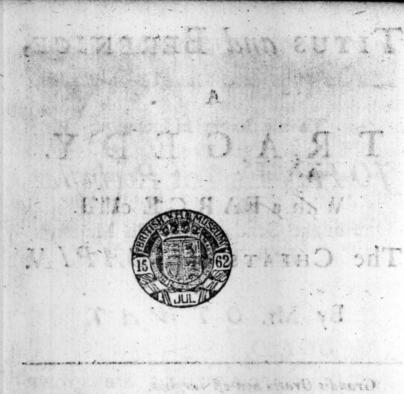
Grandis Oratio non est turgida, Sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.



LONDON

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCCXXXVL



Grand's Ovaria memority and his.



Flated for L. Tourson St. in Street.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of Rochester,

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber, &c.

examine how much goes to the

eine un one of those dreadful Thing

My LORD,

Things of so nice a Nature, that it is almost impossible for me to pay your Lordship those Acknowledgments I owe

you, and not (from those who cannot judge of the Sentiments I have of your Lordship's Favours) incur the Censure either of a Fawner or a Flatterer. Both which ought to be as hateful to an ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None of these would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the World know how good and generous a Patron I have, (in spite of Malice) I am sure I am honest.

A 3

My

The Epiftle Dedicatory.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under to great an Oppression as now, as full of Phanaticisms as Religion; where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, sets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worse than a Quaker does a Priest.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of those dreadful Things that resolve on our Dissolution. It is, for the most part, a very little French Breeding, much Assurance, with a great deal of Talk, and no Sense.

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Thus he comes to a new Play, enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his personal Misfortunes the Subject of his Malice to some of his Companions, who have as little Wit, and as much Ill-Nature as himself; and so to be sure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At Night he never fails to appear in the Withdrawing-Room, where he picks out some that have as little to do there as himself; who mustering up all their puny Forces, damp as positively

The Epiftle Dedicatory.

strively as if, like Muggleton, it were their Gift; when indeed they have as little Right to Wit, as a Journey-man

Taylor can have to Prophecy.

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Wit, which was the Mistress of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours: Either the old Satire, to let us understand what he has known, damns and decries all Poetry but the Old; or else the young affected Fool, that is beyond Correction, and ignorant above Instruction, will be censuring the present, tho' he misplace his Wit, as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong Occasion.

How great a Hazard then does your Lordship run, in so stedsaftly protecting a poor exil'd thing that has so many Enemies! but that your Wit is more eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodness greater than any Malice or Ill-nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with Gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect: Tho' in doing this, I shall at best but appear an A 4

The Episte Dedicatory.

humble Debtor, who acknowledges honeftly what he owes, tho' to keep up his Credit he must be forc'd to borrow more: For my Genius always led me to seek an Interest in your Lordship; and I never see you, but I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour. For all I have receiv'd, the highest Return I am able to make, is my Acknowledgment; in which I can hardly distinguish whether my Thankfulness or my Pride be the greater, when I subscribe my self

Your Lordship's most Obliged,

lly does his Courego, and evenue of the of it on the wrong Oc

and most Devoted Servant,

Magniest bill thet vour Wi



THO. OT WAY,



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d Sayings of great Communicity a

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OFTHE third to no branchist but our side against the

LIFE and WRITINGS us becames or was results allow

o Knowledge as

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.



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Y.

R. Sprat, now Lord Bishop of Rochester, observes with great Truth and Judgment, that 'it is the Custom of the World to prefer the pompous Histo-

' ries of great Men, before the greatest Virtues of others whose Lives have been ' led in a Course less Illustrious. This ' indeed

x. Some Account of the Life, &c.

indeed, says he, is the general Humour. But I believe it to be an Error in Mens Judgments: For certainly that is a more profitable Instruction which may be taken from the eminent Goodness of Men of lower Rank, than that which we learn from the splendid Representations of the Battles and Victories, Buildings and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such specious Matters, as they are seldom deliver'd with Pidelity, so they serve but for the Imitation of a very few, and rather make for the Oftentation than the true Information of human Life. Whereas it is from the Practice of Men equal to our felves, that we are more

to govern our Actions.'

This Remark finishes an Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Cowley: The Work must convince all who read it, how unjust that common way of Judging, is from the many excellent Rules of Life which are laid down by that good-natur'd and elegant Writer, upon the occasion of representing to the World in how amiable a manner his deceased Friend possessed and applied his great Talents.

naturally taught how to command our Passions, to direct our Knowledge, and

The Gentleman whose Works I now publish has no such kind Hand to close his

Eyes,

Eyes, and we are very much at a loss to know any thing of the Man or his Manpers, but to far as we may draw from his Representation of laudable Characters in others, his Sense of those Virtues in himself. There shines thro' all his Writings a very lively Spirit, accompany'd with much Gaiety, but indeed fuch a Gaiety as would be contemned by those of Mr. Cowley's Copversation. You may see he affociated himfelf with Men of Wit, but not fuch as liv'd under the Direction of the severest Rules, or understood the highest Taste of good Writing. By this means the Praise of Mr. Otway's Writings is, that they are the Effect of Nature in a very good Genius. But before we enter into any Discourse of his Works, we must not omit what little we do know of himself, and his Fortunes.

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is es, Thomas Otway was the Son of a worthy Clergyman, Mr. Humphry Otway, Rector of Wolbeding in Suffex. He was born at Trottin in that County on the third of March 1651, and educated at Winchester. In the eighteenth Year of his Age he was enter'd Commoner of Christ-Church in Oxford, but left the University before he was of standing to take any Degree. His first Appearance in the World was upon the Stage; His Parts and Qualifications set in so publick however disadvantageous a View, could

xii Some Account of the Life, &c.

not escape the Notice of People of Quality about the Court and Town. The greatest Friendship he met with was from one of the King's Sons, the Earl of Plimouth; but that Favour went no higher than to recommend him in the twenty fixth Year of his Age to the Commission of a Cornet of Horse, in the new Levies design'd for Flanders. But he did not, it seems, find Encouragement, or was not himself turn'd for the Profession of Arms; for the ensuing Winter he came back to London in a very indigent Condition. His Poverty, and the Relief from it, which he purchas'd by the Success of his Play of Don Carlos, is represented in a Session of the Poets, written about that time with great Insolence and Bitterness, without the least Wit, in the following Lines:

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears for Heroicks he writes best of any:
Don Carlos his Fockets so amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd and his Lice were all kill'd.
But Apollo had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudertly did not think sit to engage
The Scum of a Play-house, for the Prop of an Age.

Tho' he fares thus ill in the Account given of him, by those who might possibly envy his Parts, Gentlemen who have convers'd

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vers'd with him, fay, he was a Man of much good Humour, easy Manners, and winning Conversation. He was, it seems, very much addicted to Pleasure, and his jovial Temper led him into great Wants and Necessities: Men of Wit, at that time, not having the least Encouragement any further than to partake in Riots and Debauches, from whence they were to return to their own narrow Circumstances with the loss of their Modesty and Virtue: Thus they languished in Poverty, without the support of Innocence. We know indeed no guilty. Part in Mr. Otway's Life, any other than those fashionable Faults which usually recommend to the Conversation of Men in Courts; but which serve for Excuses for their Patrons, when they have not a mind to do for them. However Mr. Otway was treated by those who had the Pleafure of his Company, when they condescended to have more Wit at their Tables than they could bring thither from their own Stock, we find that he liv'd the most uncomfortable of all Lives, sometimes in Excess, and sometimes in Want, to the thirty third Year of his Age. On the fourteenth of April 1685, hedy'd at a Publick-house on Tower-bill. This short melancholy Account of our Author may be of use to such ingenious Men, who may expect

xiv Some Account of the Life, &c.

great Men, without applying themselves to such Arts as may render them useful in Society in general, besides the Recommendation of Wit and sine Pants. Since therefore we have but little light into what regarded this Gentleman himself, and his Circumstances, let us consider him in his

Waitings.

He was Master of the most affecting Manner in expressing the Passions, and touched them with great Skill and Delicacy. I don't know of such another Instance of this Force as in the Play of the Orphan. This Tragedy is composed of Perfons, whose Fortunes do not exceed the Quality of fuch as we ordinarily call People of Condition: and without the Advantage of having the Scene heightened by the Importance of the Characters, his inimitable Skill in representing the Motions of the Heart, and its Affections, is such, that the Gircumstances are great from the Art of the Poet, rather than from the Fortunes of the Persons represented. The whole Drama is admirably wrought, and the Mixture of the Passions, traised from Affinity, Gratitude, Love, and Milanderstanding between Brethren, ill Usage from Persons oblig'd, slowly return'd by the Benefactors, the whole grounded upon very probable Mistakes) keeps

keeps the Mind in a continual Anxiety and Contrition. The Sentiments of the unhappy innocent Monimia are delicate and natural; the is miserable without Guilt, but incapable of living with a Consciousness of having committed an ill Act, tho' her Inclination had no Part in it. It was only, as I just before remarked, in Otway's Power, to give these Distresses in Domestick Life, Weight enough to move the general Sense of an Audience. But he needed not, that an injur'd or mistaken Lover should be able to threaten the Ruin of Nations, and wage War, because his Mistress was out of humour.

The Faculty of mingling good and bad Characters, and involving their Fortunes, feems to be the distinguishing Excellence of this Writer. He very well knew, that nothing but distressed Virtue can strongly touch us with Pity. Therefore in Venice Preserv'd, to make us have any manner of regard to the Conspirators, he makes Pierra talk of redressing Wrongs, and mention all the Common-place of Malecontents.

To see the Sufferings of my Pellow-Creatures,
And own my self a Man: To see our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a Shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne er must taste of:
They say by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest Bonds;

Bring

xvi Some Account of the Life, &c.

Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow; Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Powers Whilf no Hold's left to fave us from Destruction. All that bear this are Villains, and I one, Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature, And check the Growth of these Domestick Spoilers, That make us Slaves, and tell us it's our Charter. marked, in Organ's Power, to oil

Pag. 276.

Faffeir's Wants and Distresses make him prone enough to any desperate Resolution, yet fays he, d or miffelen Love

But when I think what Belvidera feels, The Bitterness her tender Spirit tastes of, I own my self a Coward: Bear my Weakness, If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck, I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom. Pag. 279.

Jaffeir's Expostulation afterwards is the Picture of all who are partial to their own Merit, and generally think a Relish of the Advantages of Life is Pretence enough to enjoy them.

Tell me why, good Heav'n, Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit, Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires That fil the happiest Man? Ah! rather why Didst thou not form me Sordid as my Fate, Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?

Er g

na chon pleasin chen lon in

of Mr. THOMAS OTWAY. XVII

How dreadful is Jaffeir's Soliloquy, after he is engag'd in the Conspiracy.

I'm here; and thus the Shades of Night around me, I look as if all Hell were in my Heart, And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me; ---For every Step I tread, methinks some Fiend Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet. I've heard how desp'rate Wretches, like my self, Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk:

Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken, No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me.

Hell! Hell! why seepest thou?

Pag. 248.

In this Play, he catches our Hearts, by introducing, if I may so call it, the Episode of Belvidera. Private and publick Calamities alternately claim our Concern; and sometimes we are against the whole State for the fake of one distressed Woman; again we come to our felves, and recover our Senses in behalf of a whole People in dan-There is not a Virtuous Character in the Play but that of Belvidera; and yet so wonderful is the Force of the Author's Eloquence and Skill in mingling Vices and Virtues, and private with publick Concerns, that the Ruffian on the Wheel is as much the Object of Pity, as if he had been brought to that unhappy Fate for fome

xviii Some Account of the Life, &c.

fome brave Action. I know not but these loose Hints may improve the Taste of the ordinary Readers of this Author, which is the sincere Wish of the Publisher; for he is sensible nothing can prevent the Sale of Mr. Otway's Works, but Ignorance of his Excellencies.



esoch the Object of Pity, as if he had been been been bronch to the manappy Pare for

the foundation of the principal court of the water

Misself Wales will be a like



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. UNDERHILL.

G Allants, our Author met me here to Day, And begg'd that I'd say something for his Play. You Wags, that judge by Rote, and damn by Rule, Taking your Measures from some Neighbour Fool, Who 'as Impudence, a Concomb's ufeful Tool; That always are severe, you know not why, And would be thought great Criticks by the By; With very much Il'-nature, and no Wit, Just as you are, we humbly bez you'd sit, And with your filly selves divert the Pit. You Men of Sense, who heretofore allow'd Our Author's Follies, make him once more proud. But for the Youth's that nearly 'recome from France, Whose Heads want Sense, tho' Heels abound with Dance, Our Author to their Judgment won't Submit. But swears, that they, who so infest the Pit With their own Follies, ne'er can judge of Wit. 'Iis thence he chiefly Favour would im; lore; To the Boxes.

And, Fair Ones, pray oblige him on my Score: Confine his Foes, the Fops, within their Rules; For, Ladies, you know how to manage Fools.



PROLOGUE

Persons represented in the TRAGEDY.

Alians, our Auch 73 More to Day,

. Land beig'd that I'd fay formerling for his Play.

Titus Vefpasian, Emperor of Rome, Mr. Betterton. व्यापार राजा Antiochus, King of Comagene, Mr. Smith. Paulinus, the Emperor's Confident, Mr. Medbourn. Arsaces, Antiochnis's Confident, Mr. Crosby. Rutilius a Tribune, de trade de Mr. Gillow.

Ent for the South N. B. M. O. W. on France.

son in each Sealor solo in early or allowed

Our Aurhor's Mile, made him was more frond.

Berenice, Queen of Palestine, Mrs. Lee. Phoenice, her Confident, Mrs. Barry.

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Carfine by Euge, the E

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The SCENE, ROME.



TITUS and BERENICE.

But Friendlaip wrong'd, fhould into Hatreff tinen.

ACTI. SCENE I

S C E N E, a Palace.

Enter Antiochus and Arfaces.

A'N T Ino C H. U.St. and records



HOU, my Arfaces, art a Stranger here:
This is th' Apartment of the charming
Fair,

That Berenice, whom Titus so adores:
The Universe is his, and he is hers:
Here from the Court himself he oft
conceals;

And in her Ears his charming Story tells; Whilst I a Vassal for admittance wait, And am at best but thought importunate.

Arf. You want admittance! who with gen'rous Care Have follow'd all her Fortunes ev'ry where, Whose Fame thro' out the World so loudly rings: One of the greatest of our Eastern Kings. As once you seem'd the Monarch of her Breast, Too sirmly seated to be disposses;

Nor

22 TITUS and BERENICE.

Nor can the Pride the doth in Tinn take, Already to levere a Distance make,

Ant. Yes! still that Wretch Antischus I am,
But Love! Oh how I tremble at the Name;
And my diffracted Soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the Pleasure of my Heart;
Since Berenice has all my Hopes destroy'd,
And an eternal Silence on me laid.

Arf. That you resent her Pride, I see with Joy; 'Tis that which does her Gratitude destroy:
But Friendship wrong'd should into Hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to scorn.

Ant, Arfaces, how falle Measures dost thou take!
Remove the Poles, and bid the Sun go back;
Invert all Nature's Orders, Fate's Decrees;
Then bid me hate the charming Berenice.

Arf. Well, love her fifl; but let her know your

Resolve, it you shall see, and speak again; Urge to her Face your rightful Claim aloud, And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Ant. Arfaces, no; she's gentle as a Dove, Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's ell Love, And owes so little for the Vows I've made, That if she pity me, I'm more than paid.

Enter Rutilius.

But see, the Man I sent at last returns; Oh how my Heart with Expectation burns! Rutilius, have you Berenice seen?

Rut. I have.

Ant. O speak! what says the charming Queen?

Rut. I press'd with difficulty thro' the Croud;

A Throng of court-Attendants round her stood.

The Time now pass'd of his severe Retreat,

Titus laments no more his Father's Fate.

Love

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Love takes up all his Thoughts, and all his Cares, Whilst he to meet those mighty Joys prepares, Which may in Bereniee's Arms be found; For she this Day will be Reme's Empress crown'd,

Ant. What do I hear? Confusion on thy Tongue? To tell me this, why was thy Speech so long? Why didst not Ruin with more Speed afford? Thou' might st have spoke, and kill'd me in a Word. But may I not one Moment with her speak, And my poor Heart disclose before it break?

Rus. You shall; For when I told what you de-

She sweetly simil'd, and her fair Head inclin'd: Titus ne'er from her had a Look more kind.

Enter Berenice and Phoenice,

She's here.

OVE

Ber. At last from the rude Joy I'm freed Of those new Friends, whom my new Fortunes breed.

The tedious Form of their Respect I shun,
To find out him whose Words and Heart are one.

Antiochus, for I'll no Platt'ry use,
Since you neglect, I justly may accuse.
How great your Cares for Berenice have been,
Ev'n all the East, and Rome it self has seen.
In my worst Fate I did your Friendship find,
But now I grow more great, you grow less kind.

Ant. Now durst I hope, I would forget my Smart; so well she understands to sooth my Heart.
But Madam, it's a Truth by Rumour spread,
That Titus shall this night possess your Bed.

Ber. Sir, all my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Tho' half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did Titus for his Father mourn,
I almost doubted Love would ne'er return:

He

He had not from me that affiduous Heat, As when whole Days fix'd on my Eyes he fat: Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell; Oft came, and look'd; faid nothing, but Farewel.

ant. But now his Kindness he renews again.

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompense my Pain For that: if any Faith may be allow'd Two thousand Oaths, two thousand times renew'd; Or any Justice in the Pow'rs divine. Antiochus, he'll be for ever mine,

Ant. How the infults and triumphs in my Ill! Sh'as with long Practice learnt to fmile and kill.

Oh, Berenice, eternally Farewel.

Ber. Farewel! good Heav'n! What Language do I

Stay! I conjure you, Sir .-- by all that's dear. Antiochus, what is it I have done? Why don't you speak? To I also selected that at the

Ant. Madam, I must be gone.

Ber. How cruelly you use me! I implore The Reason ---be salinus Form of their Be

Ant. I must never see you more.

Ber. For Heav'n's fake tell, you wound me with delay.

Ant. At least remember, I your Laws obey, Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay? If the Remembrance ben't exitnguish d quite Of that bleft Place, where first you saw the Light; 'Twas there, oh there began my endless Smart, When those dear Eyes prevail'd upon my Heart: Then Berenice too my. Vows approv'd, Till happy Titus came and was belov'd. He did with Triumph and with Terror come. And in his Hands bore the Revenge of Rome. Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
First felt his Weight, and found my self undone

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Ant. You too, then t'increase the Pains I bore, Commanded me to speak of Love no more. So on your Hands I swore at last t'obey; And for that Taste of Bliss gave all away.

You may believe, Sir, I am not unkind.

Alas, I'm fensible how well y'ave ferv'd,

And have been kind r much than I deserv'd.

Ant. Why in this Empire should I longer stay, My Passion and its Weakness to betray? Others, tho' I retire, will bring their Joys To crown that Happiness, which mine destroys.

Ber. You triumph thus because your Pow'r you know;

Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
Tho' crown'd Rome's Empress, I the Throneascend;
What Pleasure in my Greatness can I find,
When I shall want my best and truest Friend?

Ant. I reach your Purpose, you would have me

That you might fee the worst of my Despair; I know it the Ambition of your Soul.
'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool:
Yet came this time but to new-freight my Heart, And with more Love posses, than ever, part.

Ber. Tho' it could never enter in my Mind,
Since Casar's Fortunes must with mine be join'd,
That any Mortal durst so hardy prove
T'invade his Right, and talk to me of Love;
I bear th' unpleasing Narrative of yours,
And Friendship, what my Honour shuns, endures.
Nay more; your Parting I with trouble hear,
For you, next him, are to my Soul most dear.

Ant. In Justice to my Memory and Fame, I sly from Titus, that unlucky Name:

A Name, which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilst my poor Heart lies bleeding at your Feet.
Farewel. Oh be not at my Ravings griev'd:
When of my Death the News shall be receiv'd,
Remember why I dy'd, and what I liv'd. ---

[Exit Ant.

Phan. I grieve for him; a Love so true as this, Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate Success.

Are you not troubled, Madam?

Ber. Yes, I feel

Something within me difficult to quell.

Ber. Who, I stay him? no.

From my Remembrance rather let him go. His Fancy does with wild Distraction rove, Which thy raw Ignorance interprets Love.

Phoen. Titus his Thought, yet to unfold, denies; And Rome beholds you but with jealous Eyes. Its rig'rous Laws create my Fears for you; Romans no foreign Marriages allow; To Kingly Power still Enemies th'ave been, Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.

Ber. Phænice, no; my Time of Fear is past;
Me Titus loves, and that includes the rest.
The Splendor of this Night thou hast beheld;
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?
These Eagles, Fasces, marching all in State,
And Crouds of Kings that with their Tributes wait;
Triumphs below, and Blessings from above,
Seem all at Strife to grace this Man of Love.
Away, Phænice, let's go meet him straight,
I can no longer for his coming wait.

My eager Wisses drive me wildly and

My eager Wishes drive me wildly on; Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun.

[Exennt.

S C E N E IL

Enter Tims, Paulinus, and Attendants.

Tit. To th' Syrian King did you the Message bear? And does he know that I expect him here?

Paul. Sir, in the Queen's Apartment, he alone Was feen, but ere I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit 'Tis well, Paulinus: for these ten Days past

I have to Berenice a Stranger been;

But you can tell me all -- how does the Queen?

Paul. She does, what speaks how much she values you;

When you mourn'd for your Father, the mourn'd too. So just a Sorrow in her Face was shown,

It feem'd as if the Lofs had been her own.

Fit. O levely fair One, little dost thou know

How hard a Trial thou must undergo.

[Aside.

Heav'n! O my Heart!

NE

Paul. What is't your Grief should raife For her, whom almost all the East obeys?

Tit. Command, Paulmus, that all these retreat;

[Pattl. moves his Hand, and the rest go out.

Rome of my Purpole is uncertain yet, Expects to know the Fortune of the Queen:

Their Murm'rings I have heard, and Troubles feen.

The Business of our Love is the Discourse

And Expectation of the Universe.

And by the Face of my Affairs, I find, 'Tis time that I refolve and fix my Mind.

Tell me, Paulinus, juffly, and be free,

What says the World of Berenice and me?
Paul. In ev'ry Heart you Admiration raise:

All your high Virtues, and her Beauty praise.

Tit. Alas! thou answer'st wide of my Desire:

Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher.

How do they of my Sighs and Vows approve? Or what expect they from fo true a Love?

Paul. Love, or not love, Sir, all is in your Pow'r;

The Court will fecond still the Emperor.

Tit. Courtiers, Paulinus, seldom are sincere;
To please their Master they have too much Care.
The Court did Nero's horrid Acts applaud,
To all his Lusts subscrib'd, and cail'd him God.
Th' idolatrous Court shall never judge for me:
No, my Paulinus, I rely on thee.
What then must Berenice expect, declare;
Will Rome be gentle to her, or severe?
My Happiness is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to th' Imperial Throne,
Where on my Head continual Cares must fall,
Will they deny me what may sweeten all?

Paul. Her Virtues they acknowledge, and Defert, Proclaim indeed she has a Roman Heart:
But she's a Queen, and that alone withstands
All which her Beauty and her Worth demands.
In Rome the Law has long unalter'd stood,
Never to mix its Race with Strangers Blood.

Tit. It is a Sign they are capricious grown, When they despise all Virtues but their own.

Paul. Julius, who first subdu'd her to his Arms, And quite had silenc'd Laws with War's Alarms, Burning for Cleopatra's Love; to Fame More just, sled from her Eyes, and hid his Flame.

Tit. But which way from my Heart shall I remove

So long establish'd and deep-rooted Love ?

Paul. The Conflict will be difficult, I guess, But you your rising Sorrows will suppress.

Tit. Who can a Heart that's not his own con-

Her Presence was the Comfort of my Soul: After a thousand Oaths confirm'd in Tears, By which I vow'd my self for ever hers,

Sh

I hop'd with all my Love, and all her Charms, At last to have her in my longing Arms. But now I can such rare Persections crown; And that my Love's more great than ever grown, When in one Hour a happy Marriage may Of all my sive Years Vows the Tribute pay; I go, Paulinus--- how my Heart does rise! Paul. Whither?

Tit. To part for ever from her Eyes.
Tho' I requir'd th' Affiftance of thy Zeal,
To crush a Passion that's so hard to quell;
My Heart had of its Doom resolv'd before:
Yet Berenice does still dispute the War:
The Conquest of so great a Flame must cost Conslicts, in which my Soul will oft be tost.

Paul. You in your Birth for Empire were de-

And to that Purpose Heav'n did frame your Mind; Fate in that Day wise Providence did shew, Fixing the Destiny of Rome in you.

Tit. My Youth rejoic'd in Love and glorious Wars, But my Remains of Life must wait in Cares. Rome my new Conduct now observes, 'twould be Both ominous to her, and mean in me, If in my Dawn of Pow'r, to clear the Way To Happiness, I should her Laws destroy: No, I've resolv'd on't, Love and all shall go; Alas! it must, since Rome will have it so. But how shall I poor Berenice prepare?

Paul. You must resolve to go and visit her; Sooth her sad Heart, and on her Patience win s Then by Degrees ----

Tit. --- But how shall I begin?
Oh, my Paulinus, I have oft design'd
To speak my Thoughts, but still they staid behind,
I hop'd, as she discern'd my troubled Breast,
She might a little at the Cause have gues'd:

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But nought inspecting as I weeping lay, With her fair Hand she'd wipe the Tears away; And in the Mist never the Loss perceiv'd Of the fad Heart, she had too much believ'd. But now a firmer Constancy I take, Either my Heart shall vent its Grief, or break? I thought t' have met Antiochus, and here All I e'er lov'd, furrender'd to his Care. To-morrow he conducts her to the East, And now I go to figh, and look my last.

Paul. I ne'er expected less from that Renown, Which all your Actions must with Glory crows.

Tit. How lovely's Glory, yet bow cruel too! How much more fair and charming were the now, If thro' eternal Dangers to be won! So I might still call Berenice my own. In Nero's Court, where I was bred, my Mind By that Example to all Ills inclin'd; The loofe wild Paths of Pleasures I pursu'd, Till Berenice first taught me to be good. She taught me Virtue; but, oh cursed Rome! The Good I owe her, must her Wrong become. For so much Virtue, and Renown so great; For all the Honour I did ever get. Her, for whose Sake alone I Fame pursu'd, I must forego, to please the Multitude!

Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd. You have the Bounds of Palestine enlarg'd. E'en to Euthrates her wide Pow'r extends; So many Kingdoms Berenice commands.

Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Griefs must on her dwell.

I know fair Berenice, and know too well To Greatness she so little did incline, Her Heart ask'd never any thing but mine. Let's talk no more of her, Paulinus.

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No My Paul. Why?

Tit. The Thought of her but shakes my Constancy?

Vet in my Heart if Doubts already rife,

What will it do when I behold her Eyes?

Enter Rutilius.

Rut. Sir, Berenice defires Admittance here—
Tit. Paulinus — Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?

So foon are all your Refolutions shook?

Now, Sir's the Time — [Ex. Rut.]

Enter Berenice, Phoenice, and Attendants.

Tit. I have no Power to look.

Ber. Sir, ben't displeas'd, that I thus far presumes
It is to pay my Gratitude I come.

Whilst all the Court assembled in my Views
Admire the Favour you on me bestows
It were unjust should I remain alone
Silent as tho' I had a Sense of none.

Your Mourning's done, and you from Griess are free;

Are now your own, and yet not visit me? Your Present of new Diadems I wait, Oh! give me more Content and less of States: Give me a Word, a Sigh, a Look at least, In those th' Ambition of my Soul is plac'd. Was your Discourse of me when I arriv'd? Was I so happy, may it be believ'd? Speak, tell me quick, is Berenice so blest? Or was I present to your Thoughts at least?

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam: By the Gods I swear't, That Berenice is always in my Heart:
Nor Time nor Absence can you thence remove:
My Heart's all yours, and you alone I-love.

B. 4

Ber

her

Paul.

32 TITUS and BERENICE.

Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and sincere,
But 'tis with a strange Coldness that you swear.
Why the just Gods to witness did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your Faith at all,
In you I trust, would only from you live,
And what you say, I ever must believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed. Alas, whence this Surprize!
You feem'd confus'd, to turn away your Eyes,
Nothing but Trouble in your Face I find:
Does still a Father's Death afflict your Mind?

Tit. Oh! did my Father; good Vespasian, live,

How happy should I be !

Ber. Ah, cease to grieve!

Your Tears have reverenc'd his Mem'ry now.
Cares are to Rome and your own Glory due.
A Father you lament, a feeble Grief,
Whilst for your Absence I find no Relief.
But in your Presence only take Delight,
I, who shall die, if but debarr'd your Sight.

Tit. Madam, what is it that your Griefs declare? What Time d'you chuse? for Pity's Sake forbear,

Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim,

Ber. You can do nothing that deserves that Name; No, Sir, you never can ungrateful prove. May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.

Tit. No, Madam, no; my Heart (fince I must

Was ne'er more full of Love, nor half so like to break!

But ____

Ber. What?

Tit. Alas!
Ber. Proceed.

Tit. The Empire Rome.

Ber. Well.

Tit. Oh, the dismal Secret will not come ---

Aways

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I

Away, Paulinus, ere I'm quite undone,
My Speech forfakes me, and my Heart's all Stone.

[Ex. Tit. and Paul.

Ber. So foon to leave me, and in Trouble too?
Titus, how have I this deferv'd from you?
What have I done, Phanice, tell me, speak.

Phon. Does nothing to your Memory appear

That might provoke him?---

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to

Ber. By all that's to me dear, Since the first Hour I saw his Face, till now, Too much of Love is all the Guilt I know. This Silence is too rude, and racks my Breaft, In the Uncertainty I cannot reft; He knows. Phanice, all my Moments past. Perhaps he's jealous of the Syrian King; 'Tis that's the Root whence all this Change must spring. Titus, this Victory I shall not boast. I wish the Gods would try me to the most, With a more potent Rival tempt my Heart, One that would make me greater than thou art: Then, my dear Titus, should'st thou soon discern, How much for thee I all Mankind would fcorn, Let's go, Phænice, with one gentle word; He will be fatisfy'd, and I restor'd.

" My injur'd Truth by my Compliance find,

" And if he has a Heart he must be kind. [Exeunt.





ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus, and Arfaces.

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TITUS.

A Ntiochus! you've done your Friendship wrong; In that you've kept this Secret hid so long. What is't that your Departure does incite, Which, not unjustly, I may call a Flight? For tho' on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd, So highly seem with Fortune's Favour grac'd; As if she nothing surther had to grant; I more than ever do your Friendship want.

Ant. Sir, your great Kindness I so well did know, I durst not stay, where I so much did owe. When first Judea heard your loud Alarms, You made me your Companion in your Arms. Nay, nearer to you did with Friendship join, And lodg'd the Secrets of your Breast in mine. Yet all this Goodness but augments my Sin, For I have false and most ungrateful been.

Tit. I can't forget, that to your Arms alone
I owe the half of all I ever won:
Witness those precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the Jews, when on my side you fought.
To all those Purchases I lay no claim;
Your Heart and Friendship are my only Aim.

Ant. My Heart! my Friendship! Heav'n, how you mistake!

On my Deceit how weak a Gloss you make!

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When first you thought your self of me possest, You took a very Serpent to your Breast.

Tit. Antiochus, I find where thou art stung:
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some base Detractor has my Honour stain'd,
And in your easy Heart a Credit gain'd,
Abus'd, and told you Titus was unjust:
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I must,
Tho' you unkindly from your Friend would run,
And own th' Injustice which you think I've done.

Ant. Oh Titus, if I durst but speak my Heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part:
'Tis not from you, it is from Rome I fly,
There's a Disease in't I must shun or die.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When most your Friend, I shall appear your Foe.

Tit. I either to your Heart a Stranger am, Or fure Antiochus is not the same: What else should make you not your Mind declare? What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?

A.t. If then, whate'er I utter, you dare hear, Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear. But arm your Heart with Temper: Well, 'tis this.

Tit. Go on.

en

Ant. I love the charming Berenice.

Am. Yes nor was I hateful to her Eyes, Till you came on, and robb'd me of the Prize. When at your Army's Head you did appear, You lack'd Jerusalem and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just, and tell his Mind.
So far's Resentment from my Heart remov'd,
That Berenice is by my Friend belov'd,
That I, Antiochus, the thing extol,
For she was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that shall possess her.

Ant

Ant. True; and to hell mor remore mor flat its But 'tis fit none should be so blest save your And Ferenice for none could be design'd, But him that's the Delight of all Mankind. 'Tis for this cause to Syria I repair: For when you're bleft, no Envy should be near.

Tit. O my Antiochus, when thou shalt see How small's the Happiness in store for me, Thou need'st not fear thy Envy; let me have Thy Pity and thy Aid, 'tis that I crave. My best and truest Friend, you must be so, For there's none fit for't in the World but you a None but a King, my Rival, and my Friend, Is fit to speak the Torments of my Mind.

Ant. Is that an Office, Titus, fit for me? Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear, But you must too sollicit my Despair? I swore for ever from her to depart, Alas! and dare not trust again my Heart. Your Passion by another may be shown, I have enough to do to rule my own.

In my Behalf you Berenice must see.

Tit. He that so well his own Missortunes bears, Can best instruct her how to temper hers. Nay, my Antiochus, you must not start; I know by mine your News will shake her Heart, For I must too for ever from her part.

Ant. You part?

Tit. Yes! curst Necessity! 'tis true. She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you, In whom alone I summ'd up all Delight, Must be for ever banish'd from my Sight.

Ant. It cannot be: No Slave that wears her Chains, Upon so casy Terms his Freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the World, my Empire wide does flow, I can make Kings, and can depose them too:

The

The stubborn's Hearts must to my Power bow

And yet I am not Master of my own.

Rome, that to Kings so long a Foe has been,
Will not admit my Marriage with the Queen.

If Berenice to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outrageous Tongues she'll hear.

The News I dread to tell, and you to bear.

Ant. Now if my Heart was to Revenge ally'd, How might I triumph in her falling Pride!

To fee her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with them all her tortur'd Soul upbraid:
But, Titus, I'm more juste; and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I th' Imperial Power did first assume, I firmly swore t'uphold the Rights of Rome. Should I to follow Love from Glory fly, Forsake my Throne, in every Vassal's Eye,. How mean and despicable must I prove; An Emp'ror led about the World with Love! No, Prince, the fatal Story you must tell, And bid from me poor Berenice farewel. But if the Hopes of reigning in my Heart May any ease to her fad Mind impart, Swear, Friend, by all that to my Soul is dear, Entire I will preserve her ever there. Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than she, My Reign but a long Banishment shall be From all those Joys that wait on Pomp and Power. To morrow she her Journey hence must take, And fo I all, that e'er I lov'd, forfake. Her to your Care and Conduct I commend; For the my Rival, as a King and Friend, The dearest Treasure I dare with you trust. ...

Ant. Sir do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust:

ns,

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Hes

Mer Charms that made me my own Fame forego, Will be too apt to make me false to you.

Tit. No more, I know thee, have thy Honour try'd.

Firm still in Danger found thee by my side.
Thou knew'st my Love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd, When all thy Hopes by my Success were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didst no Falshood show,
And wilt not wrong me on Advantage now.

Ant. No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go:
Too soon from others her hard Lot she'll know.
Dost thou not think her Fate's enough severe,
Unless that I th' unwelcome Message bear?
I, who her Hate enough have selt before,
And need not seek new Ways to purchase more.

Ars. See, she approaches; now the Coward play, And, when you might have conquer'd, run away.

Enter Berenice, and Phoenice.

Ant. Oh Heaven!

Ber. My Lord, I see you are not gone;
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.

Ant. You come not here Antiochus to find,
The Visit to another was design'd.

Casar: And 'tis on him the Blame must light,
If now my Presence here offend your Sight.

They're his Commands, are guilty of the Sin;
It may be else I had at Ofia been.

Ber. His Friends are always with his Presence grac'd,

"Tis I alone that cannot be fo bleft.

Ant. Too much has Prejudice upon you gain'd:
"Twas for your fake alone I was detain'd.

Ber. For mine? away.

Me kept me here only to talk of you.

Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly Art, You're brave, and should not mock an easy Heart. In my Distress what Pleasure could you see? Alas! or what could Times say of me?

Ant. Better a thousand times than I can tell. So firm a Passion in his Heart does dwell, When you are nam'd he's from himself transform'd, And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd. Love in his Eace does like a Tyrant rise, And Majesty's no longer in his Eyes. But there are things behind, I dare not speak: For at the News your tender Heart would break.

Ber. How, Sir?

Ant. Ere Night the Truth of what I've faid you'll know,

And then, I doubt not, justify me too.

Ber. Oh Heav'n! what can this Language mean? You see before your Eyes a wretched Queen. Sir, of my Quiet if you have such Care, Or if my self your Eyes held ever dear, Dispel this Mist of Trouble from my Soul.

Ant. Madam, your felf excute,
For your own take it is that I refuse.
'Twill not be long before the Doubt's remov'd.

Ber. You told me once, Antiochus, you lov'd;
But sure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or else you more would fear to disobey.

Ant. I disobey you! ask my Life and try How gloriously I for your sake can die. It would by far be the more welcome Fate, Than now to speak, and ever gain your Hate.

Ber. No, Sir, you never shall my Hatred find; 'Tis my Desire, and you must be so kind. Will you?

Am. Heav'n! this Constraint is worse than Death, You drive, and will not give me time to breathe.

Oh,

Oh, Madam! put me to no further Pain.

Ber. Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain? Hence, froward Prince, either the Truth relate, Forbear, or be assur'd for ever of my Hate.

Ant. My Heart was always yours, and is so still, For ever must depend upon your Will. I wish another way your Power you'd try'd; But you're resolv'd, and must be satisfy'd; Yet slatter not your self, I shall declare Those Horrors which perhaps you dare not hear, You cannot but believe; I know your Heart; Look then to see me strike its tender'st Part. Titus has told me-----

Ber. What? fear no Surprize.

Ant. That he must part for ever from your Eyes.

Ber. We part! Can things another Nature take?

Or Titus ever Berenice forsake?

Ant. Perhaps 'tis strange that I should tell you so:

But you shall find I'll do him Justice too.
Whatever in a Heart, both kind and great,
Love with Despair most dreadful could create,
I saw in his: He weeps, laments, and more
Than ever does fair Berenice adore.
But what avails it, that such Love he shows?
A Queen suspected to Rome's Empire grows,
And Titus cannot with her Laws dispense,
For therefore 'tis you must be banish'd hence.

Fer. What do I hear, alas, Phanice!

Ant. Nay, to morrow is your last and utmost

In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove Of that great haughty Soul, which scorn'd my Love.

Ber. Will Titus leave his Berenice forlorn!

He who so many Oaths so oft hath sworn!

I'll not believe't; his Love and Faith's more strong,

I'm sure he's guiltless and you do him Wrong:

This

This is a Snare to disunite us laid: Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead. No, straight I'll see him, and secure all Fear. Let's go.

Ant. Too well you may behold him here.

Ber. Too well you wish it, to persuade it. No.
In this your base degenerate Soul you show;
When you no other Stratagem could find
T'abuse my Heart, you would betray your Friend.
Howe'er he prove, know I your Sight abhor,
And from this Minute never see me more.

Ant. Oh Berenice! remorfeles cruel Fair!
Born only for my Torment and Despair,
Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?
Is this the Recompence I have deserv'd?
I, who for you did all Ambition wave,
And lest a Kingdom to become your Slave!
Curse on my Fate!

Ber. If e'er my Heart you priz'd, You never had this Cruelty devis'd; Never to work my Torment been thus bold, And so triumphantly the Story told. Away, Phanice; no more I'll hear him speak.

break:

Ant. Now, my Arfaces, would my Heart but

But yet I hope in part I've Freedom won,
And what Love would not, by her Hate sh'as done.
The Pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld;
I lest her all enamour'd, jealous, wild:
But now performing this ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my Heart.
She lest me cruelly, and let her go;
My Honour and Repose command it too:
For ever to my Eyes a Stranger be,
Till I have learnt to scorn as well as she.

[Exempt.





ACT III. SCENE

Enter Berenice in Diforder.

Ber. Of my Wrong too well am fatisfy'd : To see the perjur'd Titus twice I try'd; Twice for Admittance to him begg'd in vain, Nor is Phanice yet return'd again. Phoenice has no Answer to bring back, Ingrateful Titus will not hear her fpeak : But hides himfelf, and from my Fury flies, Nor will have Sense tho' Berenice dies.

Enter Phoenice.

Phanice, well, my Titus haft thou feen ? What ? will he come and make me live again? Phoen. Madam, the Emp'ror I alone did find; And faw in his the Trouble of your Mind; I faw the Tears he would have hid, run down, Ber. But was he not asham'd they shou'd be shown? Lookt he not as he thought his Love Difgrace? And was not all the Emperor in his Face ?

Phan. Doubt it not, Madam, he will soon be here: But wherefore will you this Disorder wear? Your ruffled Dress let me in Order place, And these dishevell'd Locks that hide your Face. Ber. Forbear Phænice, let it all alone:

No, he shall see the Triumph he has won; How vain those foolish Ornaments must prove, If neither Faith, nor Tears, nor Means can move?

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Enter Antiochus and Arfaces.

Oh, my unruly Sorrows! Oh, my Fears! Who's here?

Ant. Arfaces, Berenice in Tears?

Ber. Antiochus! Phænice, let's away;

To let him fee my Torments I'll not stay. [Exeunt, Apt. Now whither's all my Resolution gone?

Arsaces, who could see't and be his own!

I said I'd never see her Face again:
But come and find my Boassings all were vain;
Seeing her Sufferings, all her Scorn forget,
And lose at once my Vengeance and my Hate.

Wretched Antiochus! with how much Care
And Labours my own Mischiefs I prepare!

How poorly all my Injuries have borne!

Hopeless, undone, and to my self a Scorn.

Leave me alone unhappy as I am;

Enter Titus attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her: O my Heart!
And now I go to see her, but to part.
Rutilius sly, and sooth the Queen's Despair,
And for our meeting Berenice prepare.

I would not have a Witness of my Shame

Ant. What have you done, Sir, Berenice will die; I saw her hence with Hair dishevell'd fly. 'Tis only you her Fury can surcease; Whene'er you're nam'd, she's instantly at Peace. Her Eyes still bent to your Apartment were, And ev'ry Moment seem'd to wish you near.

Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do; Em not prepar'd for the sad Interview: I have not yet consulted well my Heart, And doubt it is not strong enough to part.

Since

Since first I took Possession of the Throne, What is it for my Honour I have done? My Love and Folly only I've disclos'd, And nothing but my Weaknesses expos'd. The golden Days where are they to be found, So much expected when this Head Was crown'd? Whose Tears have I dry'd up? or in what Face Can I the Fruits of my good Actions trace? Know I what Years Heav'n has for me decreed? And of these few how few are to succeed? And yet how many have I spent in waste! But now to Honour I'll make greater haste: Alas! 'tis but one Blow, and all is past.

Enter Berenice pressing from Rut. and Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your Counfels all are weak; See him I mult, he's here, and I will speak. Has Titus then for sook me? is it true? Must we two part? does he command it too?

Tit. O! stop the Deluge, which so fiercely flows:
This is no Time t'allay each other's Woes:
Enough I seel my own Afflictions smart,
And need not those dear Tears to damp my Heart.
But if we neither can our Griess command,
Yet with such Honour let 'em be sustain'd,
As the whole World to hear it told shall smart;
For, dearest Berenice, we must part.
And now I would not a Dispute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I must reign.

Ber. Reign (Cruel) then, and fatisfy your Pride, And for your Cruelties be deify'd. I'll ne'er dispute it farther. I but stay'd Till Titus, who so many Vows had made Of such a Love as nothing could impair, Should come himself, and tell how false they were.

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Now I believe't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone----eternally farewel,
Eternally--Ah, Sir, confider now
How harsh that Word is, and how dreadful too.
Consider oh! the Miseries they bear,
That are for ever robb'd of all that's dear;
From this sad Moment never more to meet:
Is it for Day to dawn, and Day to set,
In which I must not find my Hopes still young,
Nor yet once see my Titus all Day long?
Heav'ns! how I wildly rave- to lose my Pains
On him ungrateful that my Tears disdains!
Of all those Days of Absence I shall count
With him, the Number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need To count the Days that shall your Loss succeed: I hope ere long that you will hear from Fame, How very wretched and how just I am.

My Heart bleeds now, I feel the Drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, must we part, if this be true?

My Claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.

Will Rome accept of nothing but my Death?

Or why d'ye envy me the Air I breathe?

.

Tit. Madam, you are too pow'rful ey'ry way:
shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay.
Then I from Bliss must always be debarr'd,
And on my Heart for ever keep a Guard:
With Fears thro' all my Course of Glory move,
Lest ere aware I lose my self, and love,
Ev'n now my Heart is from my Bosom stray'd,
And all its Swellings on a sudden laid,
Bent thus to you by all Love's softest Pow'rs,
And only this remembers, that 'tis yours.

Ber. O Titus, whilst this charming Tale you tell, D'ye see the Romans ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the Affront, who knows, If once they murmur and then fall to Blows? Must I in Battle justify my Cause? Or if they should submit and set their Laws, How must I be exposed another Day! And for their Patience too how largely pay! With Grievances and wild Demands still curst, Shall I dare plead the Laws that break them first?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unfteddy anxious Mind.
You weigh your People's Rights to your own Fears,

But never value Berenice's Tears.

Tit. Not value them! why are you so unjust?

Now, by the Honour of my Father's Dust,

By Heav'n and all the Gods that govern there,

If any thing to me be half so dear;

May I be as a Slave, depos'd and serve,

Or else forlorn in some wild Desart starve,

Till I'm as wretched as my Ills deserve.

Ber. Laws you may change; why will you for their fake

Into your Breast eternal Sorrows take?

Rome has her Privileges; have not you

Your Interests, your Rights as sacred too?

Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my Breaft!

I know indeed I never can have Rest;

And yet the Laws of Rome I cannot change.

Do, break my Heart, and take your full Revenge.

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honous

You are an Emperor, and yet you weep?

Tit. I grant it. I am fensible I do,
I weep, alas! I figh and tremble too.

For when to Empire first I did attain,

Rome made me swear I would her Rights maintain.

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I did, and must perform what I then vow'd; Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd: And 'tis their Honour: yet in leaving you, All their austerest Laws I shall out do: And an Example leave fo brave and great, As none shall ever after imitate.

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I did

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard: Go on, and Infamy be your Reward. Long fince my Fears your Fallhood had display'd; Nor would I at your Suit have longer stay'd. Would I the base Indignities have borne Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn? No. to this Breach I would have fourr'd you on, And I am pleas'd it is already done. No longer shall the Fear of me prevail; Alas! you must not think to hear me rail, Or Heav'n invoke its Vengeance to prepare; No, for if Heaven vouchfafe to hear my Pray'r, I beg no Memory may there remain, Of either your Injustice, or my Pain. But the fad Berenice, before the dies, Is fure to have Revenge, if you have Eyes. Nor, Titus, need I go to find it far, No further than that Heart, I have it there.

Points to his Breaft. Within your felf hall rife your dreadfull'st Foe; My past Integrities, my Forments now, Which you, ungrateful, perjurd Man, have bred, My Blood, which in your Palace I shall shed, Sufficient Terrors to your Soul shall give, And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave.

[Ex. furioufly. Paul. Thus, Sh, at least the Conquest you have won,

The Queen you fee's contented to be gone.

Tit. Curfe on thy Roman Rudeness that canst see Such Tears unmov'd, and mock fuch Mifery!

Oh

Oh! I am loft, and 'tis in vain to firive;
If Eerenice dies, I cannot live.
Fly and prevent that Fate to which she's gone;
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own.

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send, Rather command her Women to attend; They better can her Melancholy cheer; The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to sear. I saw your melting Pity when she wept, And my rough Heart but very hardly 'scap'd. Yet look a little farther, and you'll find That spite of all, your Fortune yet is kind. What Triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll see,

And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. Who for Barbarity would be ador'd?

I hate my felf. Nero so much abhor'd,

That bloody Tyrant, whom I blush to name,

Was never half so cruel as I am.

No, I'll pursue the Queen, she loves me still,

Will pardon me when at her Feet I kneel:

Let's go, and let proud Rome say what it will.

Paul. How, Sir!

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I fay: Excess of Sorrow drives my Mind aftray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead, Your last Adieus Report abroad has spread.

Rome that did mourn, does now new Triumphs frame, The Temples sume with Offerings to your Name, The People wild in the Applause you've won, With Laurel Wreathes to crown your Statues run.

Tit. By that their salvage Natures they betray:
For so wild Beasts roar o'er their murder'd Prey.
Who would have Sense the Sweets of Pow'r to prize:
Since most in danger when we highest rise:

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None but the heavy Slave is truly so,
Who travels all his Life in one dull Road,
And, drudging on, in quiet loves his Load;
Seeking no farther than the Needs of Life,
Knows what's his own, and so exempt from Strife,
And cherishes his homely cruel Wife,
Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, because he cannot much desire.
Had I been born so low, I had been blest,
Of what I love, without Controul, possest;
Never had Honour or Ambition known,
Nor ever to be great had been undone. [Shouts within.
Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their State.

I' th' Name of all the Empire for you wait; They're follow'd too by an impatient Throng, Who feem to murmur you delay so long.

Tit. Toil me no more, disperse that clamorous Rout; Tell 'em they shall no more have Cause to doubt: The Queen's Departure they'll to morrow see, And me as wretched as they'd have me be. Take this, Paulinus, bear it to the Queen;

For should we meet, I must relapse again;
I've bid her here eternally adieu:
Stay while she reads it, and her Troubles view,
And bring me faithful Word, as thou art true.
Hold! Oh my Heart! yet go, it must be done,
For what's Necessity we cannot shun.
Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new Being to my self could give;
Some monstrous and unheard of Shape now find,
As salvage and as barbarous as my Mind.

I dan no Katran, not was e'er your low.

No. rather I ere continue and be great;

Antiochus!

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For

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Enter Antiochus, Astendants, and Arfaces.

Ant. My last Adieu to pay
I come, and dare in Rome no longer stay.
My Griefs and my Afflictions grow so high,
If not by Absence slacken'd I must die.

Now Berezice for ever will be thine.

With all her Charms receive her to thy Breaft,

And be of all I ever lov'd possest.

Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my Pain:
I ever kneel to Berenice again!
No, should I stay to see you when you part,
Tho' I am sure the Sight would break my Heart,
Yet she, as still my Pray'rs have been deny'd,
Tho' I but begg'd one Blessing ere I dy'd,
Even then with Scorn would throw me from her Side.

Tin. O Heav'n! The's entring, from her Charms let's

Meer, and prevent her----

[Ex. Titus.

Enter Berenice, &c.

Ber. How he haftes away! Ingrateful! Dearest perjur'd Titus, stay. Kneels, Afflictions eatch thin, great as those I bear! My Lord, at last I have received my Doom: "Tis feal'd: But ere I part from you and Rome, I ask, and I your Pardon would receive. Can you the Wrongs which I have done forgive? Ant, I never any Injuries did find: No, Berenite has always been too kind. With one fost Word, how suddenly I'm lost, And have no Senfe of my Differaces past! But must I then for ever lofe you To? I am no Roman, nor was e'er your Foe. No, rather here continue and be great, Whilst I lie ever hopeless at your Feet.

Ber, Should I stay here, and my Wrongs tamely bear For him that shuns, and slies me ev'ry where? I have a nobler Mind, and you shall see I can distain and scorn as much as he: For tho' 'tis true, I never can be yours; Both Rome and him my Heart this Hour abjures.

Ant. To banish him your Heart whilst you prepare, What will you do with all the Love that's there? There's no one Mortal can deferve it all, And sure a little to my share might fall:

I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.

Love for another struck me with his Darr,
And 'tis not in my Power to force my Heart.

Ant. When first my Passion was discained for him, You kept me yet alive with your Esteem.
But now at last his Breach of Faith you see, And bear it nobly too: How can you be
T' your foll so just, and yet so hard to me?

Ber. What cruel Storms and fierce Affaults you make. To batter down a Heart you cannot take, Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'er? No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

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eels.

Ber:

Am. O flay, fince of the Vict'ry you're feeure;
Pity the Pains and Anguish I endure,
In Wounds, which you and none but you can cure.

[Kneels.

Look back, whilst at your Feet my felf I cast, And think the Sigh that's coming is my last. My Heart its fad eternal Farewel takes; Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

Ber. Rife, rife, my Lord. The Emperor's return'd, Conduct me hence, let me no more be fcorn'd.

Enter Titus,

Tit. Now am I loft! refolve on what I will, Spite of my felf I wander this way fill.

2

Why

Why would you, Berenice; my Presence shun

Ber. No la I'll hear nothing, I've refolv'd on flight, And will be gone, Why come you in my Sight? Why come you thus t'exasp'rate my Despair? Are you not yet content? I know you are,

Tu. If ever yet my Heart was dear to yours, By all our plighted Vows, those softest Hours, In which for ever to be true I fwore, por they

I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

Ber. I till to morrow had your Leave to stay a But my Resolves are to be gone to day; to do

And I depart and bluow it is now b'rol avad bluow I Would you poor Titus in his Griefs forfake?

No! Stay-frate like east applied you don't need W. A.A. Ber. I stay! Ungrateful as you are, For what! a People's rude Affronts to bear; That which the Sound of my Misfortunes, rend The Clouds, and Shouts to Heav'n in Volleys fend? Does not their cruel Joy yet reach your Ears, Whilft I alone torment my felf in Tears? By what Offence or Crime are they thus mov'd! Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?

Tit. D'you mind the Voice of an outrageous Throng? I ever thought your Constancy more strong: Never believ'd your Heart fo weak could be, Whose powerful Charms had captivated me.

Ber. All that I fee Distraction does create: These rich Apartments, and this pompous State, These Places where I spent my happiest Hours, And plighted all my Vows, false Man, to yours; All, as most vile Impostors, I detest. How strangely, Titus, might we have been blest!

Tit. This Art to torture Souls where did you learn? Or was it in your Nature with you born? Oh Berenice! thow you destroy me!

[Attendants bring a Chair, Eer,

Ber. No. 10 1 1 271 10 1 notwood land 140 2 Return, and to your famous Senate go, That for your Gruelties appland you fold the Have you not Honour to your full Delight? Have you not promis'd to forget me quite? What more in Explation can you do ? Have you not ever fworn to hate me too?

Tir. Can you do any thing to make me hate? Or can'I even Berenice forget? way the world This hard Suspicion was unjustly urg'd 'Gainst a poor Heart, too much before surcharg'd. Oh, Madam! know me better, and recall The Wrong, fince first I at your Feet did fall: Count all the fingle Days and Minutes past, Wherein my Vows and my Defires I prest, And at this time your greatest Conquest know: For you were never fo belov'd as now; Nor ever- wat sound from boy that hoyet it houst I

Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own, Yet you your felf command me to be gone. Is my Despair so charming to your View? D'you think the Tears I shed are all too few? Of fuch a Heart a vain Return you make; No, never call those dear Ideas back; But suffer me in this Belief to rest, That ficretly, long fince exil'd your Breaft : I only from a faithless Wretch depart, and a top he A And one that never lays the Loss to Heart. If you had lov'd me, this had ne'er been fent: Here you've commanded me to Banishment.

Opens the Tablets. What wond'rous Love you bear me this doth show : Read, read, Ungrateful, read, and let me go.

id ad land of the violer note Gives him the Tablets. Tit. You shall not go, I have not given Consent, Nor will I ever to your Banishment:

ir,

municipal Beauty

Your cruel Resolution I descry,
To be reveng don me you seek to die.

And then of all I love, except the Pain,
Nought but the sad Remembrance will remain.

Antiochus! be thou a Witness here

Bor. finks down in a Chair.

Of all my Mifery and my Despair.

You, if you will, your Wifnes may command.
Such Beauty wady for Possession fee,
And leave that uply Hag, Despair to me.

Tit. Behold those Eyes, how dull and dark they grow! Madam, when at your Fees I fall thus low. [Kneek. Vouchfafe my fad Afflictions to believe. Alas! 'tis all the Bafe I'm like to have When first the dreadful Minute I behold. That by my Duty and the Laws compel'd, I found it forc'd that you must hence depart, Tho' nothing e'er can banish you my Heart's 'Twas then my Soul had first a Sense of Fears, Forefeeing your Reproaches and your Tears. I then expected, Madamy all the Weight Of Woes that can on worse Mistorenes light, But whatfoever Fears opprefs'd my Heart, I find I but forefam the leffer Part. I thought me Virme not for apr to bow; And am ashamid his thus entangled now.

You of your Virmeralks enough before:

Urge it not fill to aggravate my Shame.

When crown'd with Conquest from the Wars you came,
I know you brought me but to fill your State;

For elfe the Triumph had not been complete.

And judge by this if you're beloved on no.

No longer Torments on my Soul first prey,

Since you to Freedom fee fo brave a Way:

A Way by more than one great Roman flown, Who when their Miseries had prest 'em down, Propt from within, shook off with Life the Weight: od Tod ally to to ffers to ftab himfelf.

And thus fell nobly grappling with their Fate.

Ber. O flay! to wrong me more what Way d'ye take? Would Titus die for Berenice's fake ! I fee the Blow you cruelly prepare To wound that Breaft, where I, you fay, have hare. To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done; No, rather strike this Heart that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy Sex! and dearest! now I fee How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee. Hence, ye p rolexing Cares that clog a Brain, While fluck with Ecftafy, I here fall down. Thus at your Feet a happy Prostrate laid, I'm much more bleft than if the World I fway'd.

Ber. Now the bleft Berenice enough has feen: I thought your Love had quite extinguish'd been : But 'twas my Error; for you fill are true, Your Heart is troubled, and your Tears I view. Ev'n my worst Sufferings much o'er-paid I fee, Nor shall th' unhappy World be curft for me. Nothing, fince first rwas yours, my Love would shake, so absolute a Conquest did you make : But now I'll bring it to the utmost Test, And with one Funeral Act crown all the rest.

Tit. Hah! tell me, Berenice, what will you do? Ber. Far from your Sight and Rome for ever go:

I have refolv'd on't, and it shall be fo. Tit. Antiochus! I'm born to be undone; When I the greatest Conquest thought t'have won, Ev'n in my n blest Race I am out-run. But thou wert always gen'rous, always kind: Your enlarg'd Kingdom shall to hers be join'd. And now how much you are my faithful Friend,

In being so to her, you'll best express, vi with

Never for take her in her fad Diffres, w mornion Where'er the goes, for ever with her be;

And sometimes in my Absence sightfor met audi bank
Ant. Arsaces I on thy Bosom let me lie.

Whilst I but take one last dear Look, and die

Us both, and of your felf be Conqu'ror too.

Let us all three a rare Example prove, or a solution of a most tender the unhappy Love. Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I restore; Farewel, and reign, I'll never see you more.

.evob if poed t , when befrair , I bece ist devo.

Ant, O Heav'n!

Tit. She's gone, and all I valu'd loft:

Now, Friend, let Rome of her great Emp'ror boaft.

Since they themselves first taught me Cruelty,

I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be.

Henceforth all Thoughts of Pity I'll disown,

And with my Arms the Universe o'er-run.

Robb'd of my Love, thro' Ruins purchase Fame,

And make the World as wretched as I am.

[Exeuns Omnes.



. And now how much you are ony landful a lend,

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CHEATS

trans, A Chest,

OF

Mr Anth. Lei b.

Cole. Eichardi.

SCAPIN.

Charles and the Chir.

The SOENE DOVER

Landy Libridge Daughten.

Ciss

Persons represented in the FARCE.

MEN.

Mr. Sandford. Thrifiy, Two old Merchants. Cripe. Mr. Nokes. Octavian, (Mr. Norris. Their Sons. Mr. Percival. Leander. Mr. Anth. Leigh. Scapin, A Cheat. Mr. Richards. Shift, se spin's Instruments. Sky, Mr. ----

WOMEN.

Ineia, Thrifty's Daughter. Mrs. Barry.

Clara, Gripe's Daughter. Mrs. Gibs.

The SCENE, DOVER.



THE

CHEATS of Scapin.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Octavian and Shift.

OSTAVIAN.



E.

igh.

HIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you fay he is return'd already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning? Shift. This very Morning.

Off. And that he is come with a Resolution remarry me?

Shift. Yes, Sir, to marry you.

Off. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.]

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no Good. Speak, has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Shift.

to The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

shift. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busy in contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first prudent, and then good-natur'd.

Oct. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understa ds what Things have happen'd in his

Absence? I.dread his Anger and Reproaches.

Shift. Reproaches! Wou'd I cou'd be quit of him fo easily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Off. Difinheriting is the least I can expect.

Shift. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in Love with I know not whom, one that you met by Chance in the Dover-Coach: She is indeed a good smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some----

OH. Villain.

Shift. I have done, Sir, I have done. The A

Anger, and now I shall be betray'd to Want and Mifery.

Shift. For my Part I know but one Remedy in our

Misfortunes.

1000

Off. Pr'ythee, what is it?

Shift. You know that Rogue and Arch-Cheat, Scapin.

Oct. Well; what of him?

Shift. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing; fo cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis such a wheedling Rogue, I'd undertake in two Hours he shall make your Father forgive you all; nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three Days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Off. He is the fittest Person in the World for my Business: the impudent Varlet can do any thing with the prevish old Man. Prythee go look him out, well

fet him a-work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes --- Monfigur Scapin!

Impar:

Canft thou make no the of the Nogue here!

Scap. Worthy Sir! A siel some Heal I got and

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Shift. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy most noble Qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden Cuckold, sincere as Whores, honest as Pimps in Want.

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you foun the Gibbets, Halters and Poisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Oct. Oh, Scapin! I am utterly ruin'd without thy Assistance.

Scap. Why what's the matter, good Mr. Octavian?
Oct. My Father is this Day arriv'd at Dover with
old Mr. Gripe, with a Resolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some Means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Marriage?
Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No mater, no matter, all shall be well; I am publick-spirited: I love to help distressed young Gentlemen,; and, thank Heaven, I have had good Success enough.

Oct. Besides, my present Want must be consider'd:

I am in Rebellion without any Money.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I'can cheat upon Occasion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet, Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the greatest Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority ruin such little Under-traders as I am.

OET:

Off. Well, get thee straight about thy Business: Canst thou make no use of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his Assistance, the Knaye

has Cunning, and may be useful.

Shift. Ay, Sir; but like other wife Men, I am not over-valiant: Pray leave me out of this Business: My Fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Seap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou hast enough of that: Come, come, thou shalt along: What, Man, stand out for a Beating? that's the worst can happen.

Shift. Weli, well.

Enter Clara.

Off. Here comes my dearest Clara.

Cla. Ah me, Offavian! I hear fad News: They

fay, your Father is return'd.

Off. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate Person in the World; but 'tis not my own Misery that I consider, but yours: How can you bear those Wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Cla. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easy to us; which is a Sign it is the chiefest Good: But I have other Cares. Will you be ever constant? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false?

Off. Never, my Dearest, never.

Cla. They that love much may be allow'd fome Fears.

you fpeak fine tender Things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cla. I tremble at the Thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Soldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

O. .

Oct. What would I give 'twere over?

Son. Let us practife a little what we are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave and very angry.

Off. Well.

Scap. Do you look very careless, like a small Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more surlily:---- Very well:--- Now I come full of my Fa-

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Oft.

Octavian, thou makest me weep to see theer but, alas! they are not Fears of Joy, but Tears of Sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beger so lewed a Son! Nay, but for that I think thy Mother virtuous, I should pronounce thou art nor mine; Newgate-bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my Absence! Marry'd? Yes: But to whom! Nay, that thou knowest not. I'll warant you some Waiting-Woman corrupted in a civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping-Coxcomb, or ----

Cla. Hold. Scapin, hold ---

Words. Thou abominable Rascal, thou shalt not have a Groat, not a Groat. Besides, I will break all thy Bones ten times over; get thee out of my House. Why, Sir, you reply not a Word, but stand as bashfully as a Girl that is examined by a baudy Judge about a Rape.

Oct. Look, yender comes my Father.

Scap. Stay, Shift, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old Fellow. [Ex. Off. and Clara.

Emer Theifty.

Thrif. Was there ever fuch a rath Action?

Scap. He has been informed of the Buliness, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can fay for themselves.

Scap.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [At a Distance. Thrif. Will they be fo impudent to deny the Thing? Scap. We never intend it. 715 7 30011 1 1009 317 1

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do. Thrif. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son fast.

Stap. That we must prevent.

Thrif. And for the Tatterdemallion Shift, I'll thresh him to'Death; I will be three Years a cudgelling him. Shift. I wonder he had forgot me fo long!

Thrif. Oh, ho! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave

Governor! He tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your safe Return.

Thrif. Good-morrow, Scapin --- Indeed you have follow'd my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behav'd himself very prudently in my Absence; has he not, Rascal, has he not? [To Shift.

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well---- thou fay'ft not a Word, Varlet, thou fay'ft not a Word,

Scap. Had you a good Voyage, Mr. Thrifty?

Thrif. Lord, Sir! a very good Voyage ; pray give a Man a little Leave to vent his Choler.

Ecap. Would you be in Choler, Sir?

Thrif. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler, and a model

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded Rogue there,

Scap. Upon what Reason?

Thrif. Upon what Reason! hast thou not heard what hath happen'd in my Abfence?

Scap. I heard a little idle Story.

Thrif. A little idle Story, quoth-a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, Things have not been well carry'd; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrif.

Thrif. I'm not of your Opinion, I'll make the whole

Town ring of it. ... red warm or mid borot bez

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Scap. Lord, Sir, I have ftormed about this Buliness as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr. Octavian, you do not do well to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do; till at last, when I had well examin'd the Business, I found you had not so much Wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not Wrong done me, to have my Son

marry'd without my Confent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas, he was ordain'd to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordain'd to it.

Scop. Truly, I did not think you so subtle a Philo-sopher; I mean, he was fatally engaged in this Affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fy upon you now, would you have him as wife as your felf? Young Men will have their Follies, witness my Charge La-ander; who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger rate than your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your self; yes I warrant you, and had your Frailties.

Thrif. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a Man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if

it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was so in love with the young Wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself.

shift. Must! why he had already done it, but that

I came very seasonably and cut the Rope.

Thrif. Didst thou cut the Rope, Dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou shouldst have let him hang.

Scap.

66 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Seep. Besides, her Kindred surprized him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

Theff. Then should be have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notary's.

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Scap. O Lord, Sir, he feern'd that.

Thrif. Then might I easily have difannul'd the Marriage.

Scap. Difannul the Marriage?

Thrif. Yes,

Scap. You shall not break the Marriage.

I brif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, shall not I claim the Privilege of a Father, and have Satisfaction for the Violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never confent to.

Thrif. He will not consent to!

Scap. No: would you have him confess he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himself a Coward: Oh fy, Sir, one that has the Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Theif. Pifty talk not to me of Honour; he shall do

it, or be difinherited.

Scap, Who shall disinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, Sir.

sup. You difinherit him! very good.

7 brif. How very good?

Stap. You shall not difinherit him.

Their Shall not I difinherit him?

Scap. No.

Thrif. No!

Super Now hatter one case and son back on k and

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not difinherk

Scap. No, I tell you.

Theif. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, Sir, your own felf, Eir; your own felf.
Thrif.

The CHEATS Of SCAPIN. 67

Thrif. I my felf?

Seap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Thrif. You shall find I can, Sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive your felf; Fatherly Aff ction must show it felf, it must, it must : do not I

know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. Y'are mistaken, Sir; y'are mistaken: --- Pish, why do I spend my time in Tittle table with this idle Fellow? --- Hang-dog, go find out my Rake-Hell--- [Ta Shift.] whilst I go to my Brother Gripe and inform him of my Missorume.

supe in the mean time, if I can do you any Ser-

umlerialism to semose all Collacter, which siy

Thrif. Of I thank you, Siv, I thank you-

Ex. Thrift.

shift. I must confers, thou are a brave Fillow, and our Affairs begin to be in a better Posture—but the Money, the Money—we are abominable poor, and my Master has the lean vigilant Duns, that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when the follicits a Maintenance for her differeded Daughter.

seap. Your Money shall be my next Care—let me see, I want a Fellow to-card thou not counterfeit a touring Bully of Alfania - Stalk look big-very well. Follow me, I have Ways to disquise thy Voice

and Countenances it hips sovad I so your il

Shift. Pray take a little Care, and lay your Plot for that I may not act the Bully always; I would not be be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'll fhare the Danger, we'll fhare the Danger.

ger of all beams to one what a Servant: Exact len en where to be done in this one

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A C T Hands CE N E. o. I.

Gripe. S I.R., what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs.

have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is

the fusiness I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gripe. In troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I fay to you: The Education of Children, after the Getting of 'em, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father. And had you tutor'd your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forseited his.

tence: Those that are so quick to censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at home.

Gripe. Why, Mr. Thrifty, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thrif. It may be I have, and it may be worse that of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray ? my Son ? a ton ware

Thrif. Ev'n your own Scapin told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill News to one that I think so to me. Your Servant: I must hasten to my Counsel, and advise what's to be done in this Case. Good bu'y till I see you again.

[Exit Thristy.

Gripe.

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Gripe. Worse than his Son! for my part I cannot imagine how; for a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: But yonder he comes.

of ver lin yell han Enter Leander. and any tow offely

Leand. Oh my dear Father, how joyful am I to fee you fafely return'd! Welcome, as the Bleffing which I am now craving will be on the bleffing which

Gripe. Not so fast, Friend o'mine; soft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand; What d'ye mean, Sirt and and tooled and

Gripe, Stand still, and let me look ye in the Face.

Leand. How must I stand, Sir?

Gripe. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well, Sir, I down and said gold dands And

Gripe. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir? a naivatio wand

Gripe. Yes, Report, Sir, I speak English, as I take

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had me done?

Gripe. I do not ask you, what I would have had

you done; but what have you done?

Leand. Who I, Sir? why, I have done nothing at all, not I, Sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all?

Leand. No, Sir.

Gripe. You have no Impudence, to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gripe. Very well, but Scapin, d'ye mark me, young Man, Scapin has told me some Tales of your Behaviour.

Leand, Scapin!

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Gripe. Oh, have I caught you! That Name makes ye blufh, does it? This well you have fome Grace left.

Leand. Has he faid any thing concerning me ?

While get you home, d'ye hear, and stay till my Return; but look to't, if thou hast done any thing to distribution me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy Folly and Poverty can make thee.

Leand. Very fine; I am in a hopeful Condition: This Rascal has betray'd my Marriage, and undone me: Now there is no Way lest but to turn Outlaw, and live by Rapine; and so set my Hand in, the first thing shall be to cut the Throat of that perfidious Pick thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

Enter Octavian and Scapin.

adignatication in the

has While the meaning of this Report

Off. Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to the for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to fee you,

good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant, you honour

Leand. You act an ill Fool's Part; but I hall teach you.

Scap. Sir?

Oct. Hold, Leander.

Treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the Trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

Scap.

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Plac

scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the Heart to do fuch a thing? have I done you any Injury, Sir?

Leand. Yes, Rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tann'd thick Hide.

[Beats bim.

Scap. The Devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay, good Mr. Leander, pray, Mr. Leander; 'Squire Leander -- As I hope to be sav'd----

Off. Pr'y thee be quiet; for shame; enough.

interpofeth.

Scap. Well, Sir, I confess indeed that---

Leand. What! Ipeak, Rogue.

scap. About two Months ago you may remember, a Maid servant dy'd in the House,---

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay, Sir, if I confess, you must not be angry. Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas said the dy'd for love of me, Sir: Put let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a Week after her Death, I drest up my felf like her Ghost, and went into Madam Lucia, your Mistress's Chamber, where she lay half in, half out of Bed, with her Woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-Book.

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Stap. They both believe it was a Ghost to this Hour. But it was my self play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the scurvy Custom of lying awake at those unseasonable Hours, hearing filthy Plays, when she had never said her Prayers.

Place: But come to the Point, and tell me what thou

hast said to my Father.

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Stap. To your Father? I have not so much as seen him since his Return, and if you dask him, he'll tell you so himself.

Leand

Leand. Yes he told me himfelf, and told me all that thou half faid to him.

Scap. With your good Leave, Sir, then he ly'd; 1 beg your Pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

May The Devis is gle sir, what diversent in good Mr. Lander, pray, Mr. Lander, r'Squire

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the most unhappy News, Leand. What's the Matter?

Action of 200 l. They say 'tis a Debt she lest unpaid at London, in the haste of her Escape hither to Dover; and if you don't raise Money within these two Hours to discharge her, she'll be hurry'd to Prison.

Leand. Within these two Hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within these two Hours.

Leand. Ah my poor Scapin, I want thy Affiffance.

[Scapin walks about Surlily.

Scap. Ah my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now ye've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast

done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your Sword

in my Guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For Heav'n's fake, think no more upon that, but fludy now to affift me.

Oct. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes to have my Bones broken for my Pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this fevere

Extremity?

Scap. To put such an Affront upon me as you did.

Leand. I wrong'd thee, I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thee Mercy with all my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw my felf at thy Feet, I'll do't.

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Oct. Faith, Scapir, you must, you cannot but yield. Scap. Well then: But d'you mark me, Sir, another time better Words and gentler Blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my Business? Scap. As I see convenient, Care shall be taken.

Leand. But the Time you know is short.

Scap. Pray, Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much Money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred Pounds.

Scap. And you?

Oct. As much.

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Scap. [To Leander.] No more to be said; it shall be done: For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father, tho' he be covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to Heav'n, he's but a shallow Person, his Parts are not extraordinary: Do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no Resemblance of him, but that y'are very like him. Be gone; I see Octavian's Father coming. I'll begin with him.

Exeunt Oct. and Leand.

Enter Thrifty.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himself a clean Beast.

Thrif. Oh, audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime, and plunge himself in such a Mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thrif. How do you, Scapin?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Son's rash Actions?

Thrif. Have I not Reason to be troubled?

Scap. The Life of Man is full of Troubles, that's the Truth on't: But your Philosopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Case.

Thrif. What's that?

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Scap. Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a World of Good.

Ibrif. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable Time from his Home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wifely, and philosophically, to revolve within his Mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may, during the Interval, conspire to the Conjunction of those Misfortunes and troublesom Accidents that may intervene upon the faid Absence, and the Interruption of his Oeconomical Inspection into the Remissness, Negligences, Frailties, and huge and perillous Errors, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Truffees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arile from the Imperfection and Corruptness of ingenerated Natures, or the Taint and Contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defil'd and impure: These things premis'd, and foreconsider'd, arm the said prudent philosophical Pater-Familias, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murder'd, his Daughters deflower'd, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis qua nunc perscribere longum est,

and to thank Heav n'tis no worfe too. D'ye mark, Sir?

Thrif. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scip. Ay, and the best Proverb, and the wisest in the World. Good Sir, get it by Heart: 'Twill do ye the greatest Good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it till you have gotten it by Heart.

Thrif. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.
Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear
it once more, I fay---When the Master of a---

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own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Mar-

riage.

Seap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your felf among Lawyers? Do you not fee every Day how the Spunges suck poor Clients, and with a Company of foolish nonsensical Terms, and knavish Tricks, undo the Nation? No, you shall take another Way.

Ibrif. You have Reason, if there were any other

Way.

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Scap. Come, I have found one. The Truth is, I have a great Compassion for your Grief; I cannot, when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons Miscarriages, but have Bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thuif. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is. Tears will burst out; I have a great Respect for your Person. [Counterfeits weeping.

Thif. Thank you with all my Heart; in troth we

should have a Fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a Person in the World whom I respect more than the noble Mr. Thrifty.

Thrif. Thou are honest, Scapin. Ha'done, ha'done.

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Thrif. But what is your Way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has married.

Ibrif. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face enslam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puss, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Ourses enough in a Day to serve a Garison a Week; bred up in Blood and Rapine, used to Slaughter from his Youth upwards; onethat makes no more Conscience of killing a Man, than cracking of

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a Loufe;

a Louse; he has killed Sixteen, Four for taking the Wall of him, Five for looking too big upon him, Two he shot pissing against the Wall: In short, he is the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thrif. Heav'n! how do I tremble at the Description!

But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, he (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courses of Law, all the Assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I ventured my Life ten Times, for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a Sum of Money.

Thrif. Thanks, dear Scapin; but what Sum?

Scap. Faith he was damnably unreasonable at first, and 'gad I told him so very roundly.

Thrif. A Pox on him, what did he ask? Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 5001.

Thrif. 'Ouns and Heart, 500 l. Five hundred Devils take him---and fry and fricassee the Dog; does he take me for a Mad-man?

Scap. Why, so I said; and after much Argument, I brought him to this: Dammee, says he, I am going to the Army, and I must have two good Horses for my self, for sear one should die; and those will cost at least threescore Guineas.

Thrif. Hang him Rogue! why should he have two Horses? But I care not if I give threescore Guineas to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, fays he, my Piftols, Saddle, Horse-Cloth, and all, will cost twenty more,

Thrif. Why, that's fourfcore.

Scap. Well reckon'd: 'Faith this Arithmetick is a fine Art. Then I must have one for my Boy will cost twenty more.

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Thrif. Oh the Devil! confounded Dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thrif. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot Soldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; would you have him go a-foot?

Thrif. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing

to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are refoly'd to spend twice as much at Doctors-Commons, you are; you will stand out for such a Sum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damn'd unconscionable Raseal! well, if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not asham'd to be so covetous,

Scap. Why, this is nothing to the Charge at Doctors-Commons; and the her Brother has no Money, the has an Uncle able to defend her,

Thrif. O eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Devil's

n him, I think!

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Scap. Then, fays he, I must carry into France Money to buy a Mule, to carry----

Thrif. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'll

peal to the Judges. Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thrif. No, not fo much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thrif. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am fure if you go to Law, you do not confider the Appeals, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate Proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, villanous-Harpies !

Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest Right in the World for a Bribe. On the other side, the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, and sell your Cause for ready Money: Your Advocate shall be gain'd the same Way, and shall not be found when your Cause is to be heard. Law is a Torment of all Torments.

Thrif. That's true: Why, what does the damnid

Rogue----reckon for his Mule?

pay fome Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred Pounds

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to Law.

[Thrif. walks up and down in a great Heat.

Seap. Do but reflect upon --

Thrif. I'll go to Law.

Scap. Do not plunge your felf.

Thrif. To Law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for Procuration, Prefentation, Councils, Productions, Proctors, Attendance and Scribling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings---Expedition-Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the Money, give him it, I say.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pounds?

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'll gain 150 l. by it, I have fumm'd it up; I fay, give it him, I faith do.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pounds?

Scap. Ay; besides, you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings and Commutings in their Courts.

Thrif. I defy 'em; let 'em tell of my Whoring, 'tis

the Fashion.

Scap. Peace; here's the Brother. Thrif. O Heaven! what shall I do?

Enter Shift difguised like a Bu'ly.

Shift. Dammee, where's this confounded Dog, this Father of Octavian? Null the Marriage! By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'll chine the Villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh! [Hides himfelf behind Scapin. Scap. He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the 200 l.

Stiff. By Heav'n he shall be Worms-meat within thefe two Hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him

mortally.

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Shift. He! he! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch : Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Shift. Nor none of his Friends?

Thrif. No Sir : Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Shift. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal?

Thrift. Oh! ay, hang him---Oh damn'd Bully!

Alide.

Shift. Give me thy Hand, old Boy; the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Thrif. Do not provoke him, Scapin.

Shift. Would they were all here: Ha! ha! ha!

[He foyns every Way with his Sword.

Here I had one thro' the Lungs, there another into the Heart: Hah! there another into the Guts: Ah, Rogues! there I was with you: Hah!---hah!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the Villains out while my D 4 Blood

Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha, ---hah! [Exit Shift.

Thrif. Here, Scapin. I have 200 Guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be said. Let me never see his Face again; take 'em, I say: This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him your felf?

Scap. So there's one dispatch'd; I must now find out Grise: He's here; how Heav'n brings 'em into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Seap. Oh Heav'n! unlook'd for Misfortune; poor Mr. Gripe, what wilt thou do?

[Walks about distractedly.

Grije. What's that he fays of me?

Scap. Is there no Body can tell me News of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Who's there? Scapin!

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no Way to hear of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Art thou blind? I have been just under thy

Nose this Hour.

Scap. Sir----

Gripe. What's the Matter ?

Scap. Oh! Sir, your Son----

Gripe. Ha, my Son ---

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest Missortune in the World.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a-while ago, disorder'd for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier: Amongst other things, he took particular Notice of a new Caper in her full Trim: The Capain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Grife. Well, and where's the Difaster of all this? Scap. While we were eating, he put to Sea; and when we were a good Distance from the Shore, he discovered himself to be an English Renegade that was entertain'd in the Dutch Service, and sent me off in his Long-boat to tell you, That if you don't forthwith send him two hundred Pounds, he'll carry away your Son Prisoner: Nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a Slave to Algiers.

Gripe. How, in the Devil's Name? 200 1.

scap. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allow'd me but an Hour's Time; you must advise quickly what Course to take to save an only Son.

Run quickly, Scapin, and tell the Villain, I'll fend

my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant after him.

scap. O law! his Warrant in the open Sea: dive

Gripe. I th' Devil's Name, what Business had he as Shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries. Men to Mischief, Sir.

Gripe. Scapin, thou must now act the Part of a faith-ful Servant.

scap. A's how, Sir ?

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Son, and stay as a Pledge in his Room, till I care raise the Money.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the Captain has so little:
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Wite as to accept of such a poor rascally Fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two Hours-Time?

Grie. hou say'ft he demands----

. Scap. 200 l.

Gripe. 200 l. Has the Fellow no Conscience?

Scap. O law! the Conscience of a Pirate! why, very few lawful Captains have any.

Grije. Has he not Reason neither ? Does he know

what the Sum 200 l. is ?

Stap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawlins are a fort of People that understand Money, tho' they have no great Acquaintance with Sense. But for Heav'n's sake dispatch.

Gripe. Here take the Key of my Compting-House.

Scap. So.

Cripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

my Garret; go take all the Clothes that are in the great Chest, and sell 'em to the Brokers to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, y'are mad; I shan't get fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am straitned

for Time.

Grite. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. Let Shipboard alone, and consider, Sir, your son. But Heav'n is my Witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his father's Kindness.

Grije. Well, Sir, I'll go fee if I can raise the Money.

Was it not ninescore Pounds you sp. ke of?

Scap. No, 2001.

Crite. What, 2001. Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean Engish Money, 200 l. Sterling.

Grije.

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Gripe, I'th' Devil's Name, what Bufiness had he as Shipboard! Confounded Shipboard of

Scap. This Shipboard flicks in his Stomach.

Gripe, Hold, Scapin, I remember I received the very Sum just now in Gold, but did not think I should have: parted with it to foon.

[He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go; and in his Transportments pulls his Arm to and fro, whilf Scapin reaches at it.

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gripe. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore. Scap. Yes, Sir. Gripe. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I fhall, Sir.

Gripe. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 l. contrary to all Law or Equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Grije. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scar. Very good.

Grije. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.

Scap. Right, Sir.

Gripe. Now make hafte, and go and redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money ?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocker again.

Gripe: Ha--my Griefs and Fears for my Son make

me do I know not what:

Scap. Ay, Sir, I fee it does indeed.

Grite. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard? Damn'd Pirate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee.

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how diffi.

difficultly he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so; he's like to pay in other Coin, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Octavian and Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, there's 200 l. which I have squeez'd out of your Father.

[To Octavian,

Oct. Triumphant Scapin.

Scap. But for you I can do nothing-

[To Leander,

Leand. Then may I go hang my felf. Friends both, Adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the Devil has no such Necessity for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got your Business done too.

Leand. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge my felf on your Father for the Trick he has ferv'd me.

Leand. With all my Heart, at thy own Discretion, good honest Scapin.

Scap. Hold your Hand, there's 200 1.

Leand. My Thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel, dear Son of Mercury, and be prosperous. Scar. Gramercy, Pupil. Hence we gather,

Give Son the Money, hang up Father.





ACT III. SCENE I.

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Enter Lucia and Clara.

Lucia. W AS ever fuch a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governesses, where our careful Fathers had plac'd us, to follow a Couple of young Gentlemen, only because they said they sov'd us? I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize! I am asraid the good Fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly recompense the Reputation we have lost by it.

Cla. Our greatest Satisfaction is, that they are Men of Fashion and Credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not to marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had a perfect Confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an Assurance of Octavian's that brought me hither.

Euc. I must confess, I had no less a Sense of the Faith and Honour of Leander.

Cla. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circumstances of our Fortune should be so nearly ally'd, and ourselves so much Strangers? Eesides, if I mistake not, I see something in Leander, so much resembling a Brother of mine of the same Name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so:

Luc. I have a Brother too, whose Name's Octavian, bred in Italy, and just as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the Reason I have not seen him

yet. But if I deceive not my felf, there is fomething in your Octavian that extremely refreshes my Memory of him.

Cla. I wish we might be so happy as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what

we most earnestly desire.

Luc. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our Fathers: And for my part, I had rather lose an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with Reputation keep him, and secure my self against the Imposition of fatherly Authority.

Cla. How unsufferable it is to be facrific'd to the Arms of a nauscous Blockhead, that has no other Sense than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the Morning, and go to Bed at Night, and with much ado be persuaded to keep himself clean!

Luc. A thing of mere Flesh and Blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meager hang-dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Phy-

fick for the Worms.

Cla. Yet fuch their filly Parents are generally most indulgent to, like Apes never so well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Luc. Twenty to one, but to fome fuch charming

Creatures our careful Fathers had defign'd us.

Cla. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest Kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands; and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to spend my Days in Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an Ass, because the Creature

was gentle.

cla. See, here's Scapin, as full of Designs and Affairs, as a callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Ladies!

"Cla. Oh, Monsieur Scapin! What's the Reason you

have been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Faith, Ladies, Bufiness, Bufiness, has taken up my time; and truly I love an active Life, love my Business extremely.

Luc. Methinks tho', this should be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find Employment

in.

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends: My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and cheat to get an honest Livelihood.

Cla. Certainly Men of Wit and Parts need never be

driven to indirect Courses.

scap. Oh, Madam! Wit and Honesty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingle together, give a Relish to a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of them elves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac'd Knave, hang his Wit, so he be but Rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of humour with Wit, Scapin; I hope yours has done you no Prejudice

of late.

Scap. No, Madam, your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing Fool that commands his Fortune.

Cla. You are very plain and open in this Proceed-

ing, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladyship) is generally most indulgent to the nimblemettled Blockheads. Men of Wit are not for her turn,

ever too thoughtful when they should be active : Why, who believes any Man of Wit to have so much as Courage? No, Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raife themselves, advise them to be as much Fools as they can, and they'll ne'er want Patrons: And for Honesty, if your Ladyship think fit to retire a little further, you shall fee me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Cla. Pr'y thee, Lucia, let us retreat a little, and take this Opportunity of some Divertisement; which

has been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter Shift with a Sack.

Scap. Oh Shift!

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Master's coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the Secrets of his Friend. If any Man puts a Trick upon me without Return, may I lose this Nose with the Pox, without the Pleasure of getting it.

Shift. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that Body of thine, to the Indignity of

Bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures make them pleafant when accomplish'd.

Shift. But your Adventures, how comical soever in the Beginning, are sure to be tragical in the End.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pufillanimous Spirit: Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: Here comes my Man.

b' Enter Gripe.

Oh, Sir, Sir, shift for your felf, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heav'n's fake.

Gripe. What's the matter, Man?

Scap. Heav'h! is this a time to ask Questions? Will

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you be murder'd instantly? I am afraid you'll be kill'd within these two Minutes.

Gripe. ercy on me, kill'd for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe, Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd; He's a Captain of a Privateer, who has all forst of Rogues, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, under his Command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would null the Marriage: They run up and down, crying, where is the Rogue Gripe! Where is the Dog? Where is the Slave Gripe? they watch for you so narrowly, that there's no getting home to your House.

Gripe. Oh, Scapin! What shall I do? what will be-

come of me ?

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Scap. Nay, Heav'n knows, but if you come within their Reach, they'll De-Wit you, they'll tear you in Pieces. Hark.

Gripe. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum, 'tis none of them.

Gripe. Canst thou find no Way for my Escape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good Scapin, shew thy felf a Man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gripe. Dear Scapin, do; I will reward thee bounteoufly: I'll give thee this Suit when I have worn it eight or nine Months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'll fave your Life, go into this Sack presently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. No body: Get into the Sack, and stir not, what-

ever happens: I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods thro' all your Enemies to the Major's House of the Castle,

Gripe. An admirable Invention, Oh Lord! quick.

[Gets into the Sack.

m

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent Invention, if you knew all. Keep in your Head. Oh, here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's Father, look you.

In his own Voice.

How should I know? what would you have with him -- Lie close. [Afide to Gripe.

Have with him, look you! hur has no creat pus'ness, but hur would have Satisfactions and Reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours; by St. Tavy he shall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir.

He affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man. You lye, Sir, look you, and hur will give you Beatings and Chastifements for your Contradictions, when hur Welfe Plood's up, look you, and hur will judgel your Packs and your Nottles for it; take you that, pray you now.

Beats the Sack.

Hold, hold, will you murder me ? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach fawcy Jacks how they profook hur Welse Ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue, hur will have his Guts and his Plood, look you, Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Tayy's Day more, look you.

Oh! He has mawlid me, a damn'd Welf Rascal.

Gripe. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders.
Oh! Oh!

Scap. Twas only the End of the Stick fell on you,

the main substantial Part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not stand further off?
Scap. Peace Here's another Rogue,

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Yaw Fellee, with Sack there, done yau knaw whear th' aw'd Rascatt Griap is?

Not I; but here is no Rafcal.

Yaw leen, yaw Donge, yaw knaw weel eennh whear he is, an yawden to l, and that he is a foo Rafatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Mess, an my tack thee in hont, my's raddle the Bones on thee, my's keeble thee to some Tune.

Me, Sir? I don't understand you,

Why, The wart his Man, thew. Hobble, Ill fnite the Nase o' thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him? Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap, by th' Mess, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on 'em, and Ay wot, he'll be a pretty swatley Fel'ee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, Sayn ye? Ays find him, by'r Lady, an he be above grawns.

So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.

Gripe. Oh, good Scapin! go on quickly.

Scap. Hold, here's another. [Gripe pops in his Head.

In an Irish Tone.

Doest thou hear, Sackman? I pridee fare is that damn'd Dog, Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know 1?

Fat's dat to me, Joy? by my Soul, Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and a de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou dost know, by my Salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dest not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

What would you have me do? I can't tell where

he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat won'd I have wid him? By my Soul, if I do see him, I will make murther upon him for my Captain's Sake.

Murder him? he'll not be murder'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat Sack, Joy; by my Salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?
By my Soul, Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.
Gripe. Oh! oh.

Scap. Fat it does grunt, by my Salvation de Devil take me I will see it indeed.

You shall not see my Sack; I will defend it with

my Life.

Den I vill make beat upon thy Body; take that, foy, and that, and that upon my Soul, and so I do take my Leave, Joy.

[Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almost kill'd

me.

Gripe. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders!

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gripe. Yours? Oh my Shoulders! Scap. Peace, th're coming.

bi

In a boarse Seaman's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swinge him with a Cat o' nine-tail, Keel-hand, and then hang him at the Main-Yard.

In broken French-English.

If dere be no more Men in England, I vill kille him, I vil put my Rapier in his Body, I vill give him two tre pushe in de Gutte.

Here Scapin acts a number of 'em together.

We mun go this way — o' the Right Hand, no to th'

Left Hand — lie close — fearch ev'ry where —

by my Salvation I will kill the damn'd Dog — an

we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in Pieces, and I do heer be

went thick Way — no straight forward. Hold, here is

bis Man, where's your Master — Damn me, where?

in Hell? speak, — Hold, — Not so suriously — an

you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee —:

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him foundly.

Hold, Hold, do what you will, I ne'er betray

Knock 'en down, beat 'en zoundly, to 'en, at 'en at

'en at ----

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his Heels.

Gripe. Oh, Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? would you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence.

Enter Thrifty.

Oh, Brother Thrifty! You come to fee me loaden with Difgrace; the Villain Scapin has, as I am fen-fible now, cheated me of 2001. This Beating brings all into my Memory.

Thrif.

Thrif. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same Sum.

but hath abased me at that barbarous Rate, that I am asham'd to tell it; But he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, Brother; one Misfortune is the Fore-runner of another: Just now I receiv'd Letters from London, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauch'd young Fellows, that they foll in love with.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Cir. And the other mine, whom Scapin has us'd

Lue. Blefs us! Returned, and we not know of it?

Cla. What will they fay to find us here?

Luc. My dearest Pather, welcome to England.

Thrif. My Daughter Luce?

Luc. The fame, Siriloy andw of Mol

Gripe. My Clara here too ?

Cla. Yes, Sie, and happy to lee your fafe Arrival.

Thrif. What strange Destiny has directed this Happiness to us?

Color Doc, Panior, Villain Lath, your Plans

Gripe. Hey day II Jam L'asbaum oven nov cheer

Thrif. Oh Son! I have a Wife for you.

off. Good Father, all your Propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engag'd.

Thrif. Look you now; is not this very fine! Now I have a mind to be meny, and to be Friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you, I rell you, Mr. Gripe's Daughter here—

Oct.

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off. I'll never marry Mr. Gripe's Daughter, Sir, as long as I live: No, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the Thought of any other.

Cla. Yes, Octavian, I have at last met with my Father, and all our Fears and Trouble are at an End.

Thrif. Law ye now, you would be wifer than the Father that begot you, would you? Did not I always fay, you should marry Mr. Gripe's Daughter? But you do not know your Sister Luce.

Oct. Unlook'd for Bleffing! why she's my Friend

Leander's Wife! Dang an gard and and

Thrif. How, Leander's Wife!
Gripe. What, my Son Leander?
Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son Leander.

Gripe. Indeed! Well, Brother Thrifty, 'tis true the Boy was always a good-natur'd Boy. Well, now I am to overjoy'd, that I could laugh till I shook my Shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so fore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

with the couch'd Cymba

Leand. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I find my Marriage is discovered; nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it; this is my Wife, I must own her.

Gripe. Brother Thrifty, did you ever see the like,

did you ever see the like? ha!

Thrif. Own her, quoth-a! why kiss her, kiss her, Man; odsbodikins, when I was a young Fellow, and was first marry'd, I did nothing else for three Months. O' my Conscience I got my Boy Osti there, the first Night, before the Curtains were quite drawn!

Brother, was it with me upon my Wedding-day, I could not look upon my Dear without blufhing; but

when

when we were a-bed, Lord ha' Mercy upon us ---- but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my Father reconcil'd to me?

Gripe. Reconcil'd to thee! Why, I love thee at my Heart, Man, at my Heart; why, 'tis my Brother Thrifty's Daughter, Mrs. Lucy, whom I always defign'd for thy Wife; and that's thy Sifter Clara marry'd to Mr. Otta there.

leand. Octavian, are we then Brothers? There is nothing that I could have rather wish'd, after the compleating of my Happiness with my charming

Lucia.

Thrif. Come, Sir, hang up your Compliments in the Hall at home, they are old and out of Fashion. Shift, go to the Inn, and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I'm resolv'd to run in Debt to-night.

Shift. I shall obey your Commands, Sir.

Thrif. Then, d'ye hear, send out and muster up all the Fidlers (blind or not blind, drunk or sober) in the Town; let not so much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Case, escape ye.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the Fellow that fings the Song at my Lord Mayor's Feast? I my felf would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it; 'twas the prettiest he had last Time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the ftrangest Accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the Matter?

sly. Poor Scapin. 2015 and and and

Gripe. Ha! Rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him my felf.

I

pr

d'y

He

free

sly. Oh, Sir, that Trouble you may spare; for passing by a Place where they were building, a great Stone sell upon his Head, and broke his Scull so, you may see his Brains.

Thrif. Where is he? Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrapt up in Linen as if he had been wounded.

scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen, you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the Prime of my Years: But yet I could not die without the Pardon of those I have wrong'd; yes, Gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the Injuries that I have done; but more especially, I beg of you Mr. Thrifty, and my good Master Mr. Gripe.

Thrif. For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and

die in Peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have most offended, by

Gripe. Pr'ythee speak no more of that, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, t'at I should with vile Crab-tree cudgel---

Gripe. Pish, no more, I say I am satisfy'd.

Scap. And now so near my Death, 'tis an unexpressible Grief that I should dare to lift my Hand against---

Gripe. Hold thy Peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I

have forgot all ----

Scap. Alas! how good a Man you are! But, Sir, d'you pardon me freely, and from the Bottom of your Heart, those merciless Drubs that---

Gripe. Pry'thee speak no more of it; I forgive thee

freely, here's my Hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodness revives me! [Pulls off his Cap,

Gripe. How's that! Friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are fure to die.

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif. Come, fy Brother, never let Revenge employ your Thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gripe. A dewce on't, Brother, as I hope to be fav'd, he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did; But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now then let's to Supper, and in our Mirth

drown and forget all Troubles.

we Ashah for swift

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the lower End of the Table;

Where in my Chair of State I'll fit at Eafe, -

Product local as most of that, I facilies

And eat and drink, that I may die in Peace. [A Dance, [Exeunt omnes,

No Mey in 192 Ath

territorifatt rumunital



out of leaf they good a Man remember that he was

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. Stone hast var a stand you

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee, when she was

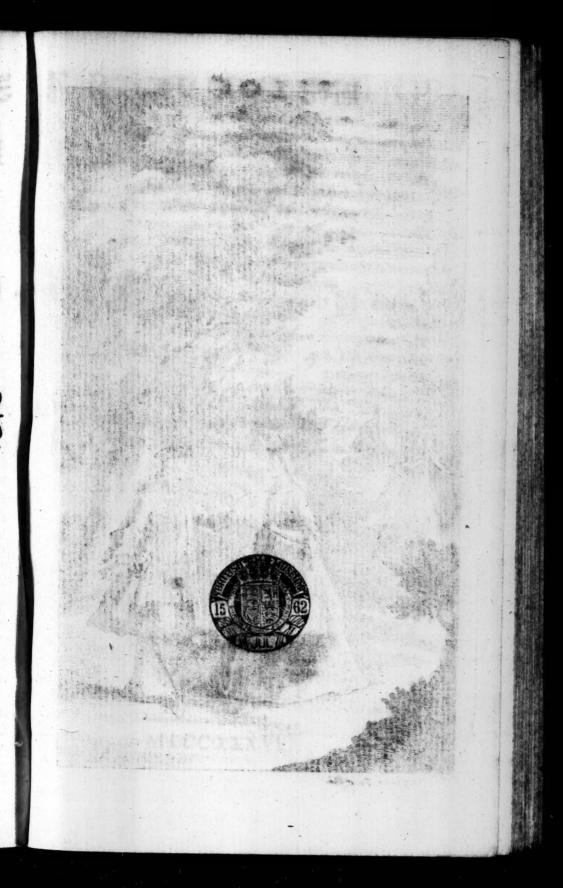
OW little do you guess what I'm to fay? I'm not to ask how you like Farce or Play: For you must know, I've other Bus'ness now; It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you. How happy were we, when in humble Guife You came with honest Hearts, and harmles Eves: Sate, without Noise and Tumult, in the Pit : Oh what a precious fewel then was Wit! Tho' now 'tis grown fo common, let me die, Gentlemen scorn to keep it Company. Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been, Your too much Plenty is become your Sin. Time was ye were as meek as now you're proud. Did not in curft Cabals of Criticks croud, Nor thought it witty to be very loud; But came to see the Follies you would hun; Tho' now so fondly Antick here you're grown, T'invert the Stage's Purpose, and its Rules; Make us Spectators, whilft you play the Fools. Equally witty, as some valiant are, The fad Defects of both are expos'd here. For here you'll censure, who distain to write, As some make Quarrels here that scorn to fight. The rugged Soldier that from War returns, And still with th' Heat of former Action burns; Let him but hither come to fee a Play, Proceeds an arrant Courtier in a Day:

EPILOGUE.

Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box, There hold impertinent Chat with taudry Maux: Till ere aware the Blust rer falls in love; And Heroe grows as barmless as a Dove.

With us the kind Remembrance yet remains, When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes. Tho' now, alas, we must your Absence mourn, Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn. Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts, And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on Hearts, The proper Use of Vizors once was made, When only worn by such as own'd the Trade: Tho' now all mingle with 'em so together, That you can hardly know the one from t'other. But'tis no matter; on, pursue your Game, Till wearied you return at last, and tame: Know then 'twill be our Turn to be severe; For when you've left your Sting behind you there, You lazy Drones, you shan't have Harbour here.







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FRIENDSHIP

FASHION.

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COMEDY.

By Mr. OTWAT.

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LONDON:

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber.

My Lord,

OUR Lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my self for giving you a Trouble

fo impertinent as this is: Confidering how remiss I have been in my Respects to your Lordship, in that I have not waited on you so frequently

A 3

The Epiftle Dedicatory.

as the Duty I owe your Lordship, and my own Inclinations required; but the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily Bufiness must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that Happiness. Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high meafure owes his Well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for Succour unsuccessfully: I am sure I have Reason to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky Cenfures some have past on me for this Play, I hope your Lordship will believe I hardly deserve 'em. For to my best Remembrance, when first I was accus'd of the thing by some People of the World, who had perhaps as little Reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deferved it, I made it my Bufiness to clear my felf to your Lordship, whose good Opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worst Enemies can wrong me

The Epistle Dedicatory.

me of else; I hope I convinced your Lordship of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavour'd had it not been just. For, I thank my Stars, I know my self better than (for all the Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a Lye to save my Throat. Forgive me, my Lord, this Trouble, continue me in your Lordship's Favour and good Opinion, and accept of the Prayers and Well-wishes of

Your most Humble, and

most Obliged Servant,

टिशियोंने बनावें बरोटल्डा पुराव दिला, चार्क दिश

Tow must seet Book for any in our Play.

is news Thorn Leibin, there's no Loudy m't;



PROLOGUE,

my annocence

Spoken by Mr. S M I T H.

OW hard a Task hath that poor Drudge of Stage, That strives to please in this fantastick Age? It is a thing so difficult to hit, That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit! Therefore our Author bid me plainly fay, You must not look for any in his Play. I' th' next Place, Ladies, there's no Baudy in't; No, not so much as one well-meaning Hint; Nay more, 'twas written every Word, he fays, On frictest Vigils, and on Fasting-Days, When he his Flesh to Penance did injoin. Ney took such Care to work it chaste and fine, He disciplin'd himself at ev'ry Line. Then, Gentlemen, no Libel he intends, Tho' some have strove to wrong him with his Friends; And Poets have so very few of those, They'd need take care whose Favour 'tis they lose. Who'd be a Poet? Parents, all beware, Cherish and educate your Sons with Care:

PROLOGUE.

Breed 'em to wholfom Law, or give 'em Trades,
Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are fades:
How many very hopeful rising Cits
Have we of late known spoil'd by turning Wits!
Poets by Criticks are worse treated here,
Than on the Bankside Butchers do a Bear.
Faith, Sirs, be kind, since now his Time is come,
When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's Fair-Play for't,
And he's conten? for one, to make you sport.



A 5

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Goodvile, Mr. Betterton,
Truman, Mr. Smith.

Valentine, Mr. Harris.

Sir Noble Clumfey, Mr. Underhill.

Malagene, Mr. Leigh.

Caper, Mr. Jevon.

Saunter, Mr. Bozuman,

WOMEN.

Mrs. Goodvile, Mrs. Barrey,
Victoria, Mrs. Gibbs.
Camilla, Mrs. Price.
Lady Squeamish, Mrs. Gwin.
Lettice, Mrs. Seymour,
Bridget, Mrs.



Friendship in Fashion.

ACTI. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Mall.

Truman reading a Billet, and Servant.

TRUMAN.



N a Vizor, fay you?

Ser. Yes, Sir, and as foon as she had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away she hurry'd.

Trum. The Meaning of a Billet of this Nature without a Name is a Riddle to me. --- [Reads.

You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you know better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your Hands....

Well, this can be no other than some stanch Virtue of Thirty five, that is just now fallen under the

Temptation; or, what is as bad, one of those cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are fure to be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover than he has just Occasion to make use of.

Enter Goodvile and Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good-morrow; just out of your Lodgings? but that I know thee better, I should fwear thou hadft resolv'd to spend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance for the Sins of the laft.

Good. I beg your Pardon: Some Lady has taken up your Time. Thou canst no more rise in the Morning without a Wench, than thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. Truman, wilt thou never leave

Whoring?

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, Peace --- speak more reverently of your dearly beloved Whoring. Valenting, he is the meer Spirit of Hypocrify -- h'ad hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilft he debauch'd me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Val. Truly, Goodvile, that was very civil, and may come to fomething --- But, Gentlemen, it begins to

grow late. Where shall we dine?

Trum. Where you will, I am indifferent.

Good. And I.

Val. I had appointed to meet at Chatelins, but ---Trum. With whom?

Val. Why, your Cousin Malagene Goodvile.

Good. Valentine, thou art too much with that Fellow. 'Tis true indeed, he is some Relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no enduring of him.

V.l. But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty, 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

Trum. Besides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never spell of any Man behind

his

his Back, nor ill before his Face: He is a general Disperser of nauseous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister, pr'ythee ler's avoid him, if we can,

to-day. Wy this amount on shoul tened of

Good. 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome: as there is no Company so ill but he'll keep, so there's none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, he'll be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was last Night, roaring drunk: swore Damn him, he had been with my Lord such-a-one, and had swallow'd three Quarts of Champaign for his Share; said he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc'd to promise him I would

meet him to-Day, to get rid of him.

Good. Faith, Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my House; I have snubb'd him of late, and he ll hardly venture that Way so soon again: At Night I'll promise you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own Sake what Freedom she pleases) has sent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. Goodvile, if there be any fuch thing as Ease in Matrimony, thou hast it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon marry'd Men, that makes them as distinguishable from one of us, as your Jews

are from the rest of Manhind.

Good. Oh there are Pleasures you dream not of; he is only confin'd by it that will be so: A Man may make his Condition as easy as he pleases.——Mine is such a fond wanton Ape, I never come home but she entertains me with fresh Kindness; and, Jack, when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miss'd an Opportunity, she stops a Gap well enough.

Trum.

Trum. There's no Condition fo wretched but has its Reserve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Beggar, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his own warm Bush; and your marry'd Whore-master that misses of his Wench, goes honestly home, and there's Madam Wise — But Goodvile, who are to be the Company at Night?

Good. In the first place my Cousin Victoria, your Idol, Jack Truman; then, Mr. Valentine, there will be the charming Camilla; and another that never fails upon such an Occasion, the unimitable Lady Squeamish.

Trum. That indeed is a worthy Person, a great Critick forsooth; one that Censures Plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet; a constant Frequenter of all Masquerades and Publick Meetings, a persect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

Val. Discourses readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and Good-breeding, as she calls it; a resttess Dancer, one that by her Good-will would never

be out of Motion.

Admirer there, have a care how you speak too harshly of your Miltress, tho' the Business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a Man

of Principles.

Good: That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harass'd Stager has always some such testy Whoremaster or another, whom she makes the best of her Despair withal; and after her being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts herself in her Man of Principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen, you'll be sure to follow?

Trum, Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you.

[Exit Goodvile. Boy,

Boy, is the Coach ready? Valentine! I have had the oddest Adventure this Morning --- ha --- Malagene!

Enter Malagene.

How came he hither ?

Mal. Fack Truman, Monsieur Valentine, bon four --- Was not that Goodvile I met coming in --- ha?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Mal. Faith I'll tell you what, Gentlemen, Goodvile's a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, tho' faith 'twas nothing of my seeking.

Trum. No, I'll be fworn for thee, thou lovest thy

self better.

Val. Pray, what was the Matter, Malagene?

Mal. Why, I was advising him to look after things better at home: The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls, and give Entertainments. I was very free with him, and told him of it to the Purpose: For Faith I should be forry to see any Ill come on't, very forry.

Trum. But hark ye, Malagene, Goodvile's a fort of furly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself, that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice: He might have have been very

severe with you upon this Occasion.

Mal. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my Heart; that had been the way to have made a fine piece of Work on't indeed; hark ye, (under the Rose) he's sweetly fitted with my Cousin the'.

Val. Pray, Sir, speak with more Respect: We are his Friends, and not prepar'd to relish any of your Sa-

tire at present,

Mal. O Lord, Sir, I beg your Pardon; you are a new Acquaintance there, I remember, and may defign an Interest. Faith, Ned, if thou dost, I'll never be thy Hindrance, for all she's my Kinswoman.

Trum. The Rascal, if he had an Opportunity, would pimp for his Sister, tho' but for the bare Pleasure of telling it himself,

Mal.

Mal. Now when he comes home, she will be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning ? I can't abide you shou'd go abroad, fo foon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd Truman, and his debauch'd Companion young Va'entine: But that I. know you are a good Dear, I shou'd be apt to be jealous of you, that I thou'd, ha, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters,

methinks.

Mal. I, shaw,! your Servant; sure, we that know one another may be free: You may fay as much of me, if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Business last Night? -- ha.

Trum. Not a Word, I affure you, Sir. Pray, how was it ? Pr'ythee, let him alone a little, Valentine.

Mal. Why, coming out of Chatelins last Night (where it had cost me a Guinea Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a Coach, who should come by but a blustering Fellow with a Woman in his Hand, and swore, Damn him, the Coach was for him; we had fome Words, and he drew; with that I put by his Pass, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away Toledo, gave him two or three good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon Damofel, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off. -----Faith, amongst Friends, she was a Person of Qua-

lity, Ill tell you that. Trum. What a Person of Quality at that Time o'th'

riches, and not

Night, and on Foot too?

Mal. Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be fure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this Nature --- Lying Rakehell; the highest he ever arriv'd

at was a Baud, and she too banish'd him at last, because he boasted of her Favours.

Mal. Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more than any one wou'd have done upon the same Occasion----ha---

Trum. Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the Right. But, Valentine, we stay too long; 'tis time we were going.

Mal. What to Dinner? I'll make a third Man ----

Where shall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am forry we must beg your Excuse this Time, for we are both engag'd.

Mal. Whoo! pr'ythee that's all one, I am fure I

know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

Val. No, but Malagene, to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasy if you be there.

Mal. What's that to the purpose? --- I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks, of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company, sometimes, that ever I knew.

Trum. But, Sir, we are refolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto, desire you would leave us to ourselves

to-day.

Mal. No --- but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine---- I'll assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of -- What say you, fack? I am but for one Bottle or two; for Faith I have resolv'd to live sober for a Week.

Trum. Pr'ythee, Tormenter, leave us; do not I know the Wine that thou drink'st is as base as the Company thou keep'st? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

Mal. Why, if one shou'd ask the Question now,

whither are you going? ha!

Val. How comes it Malagene, you are not with your two Friends, Caper and Sammeer ? -- you may be fure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the World incretely act you will; for although

with you.

Mat. How canst thou think that I would keep such loathfome Company? a Brace of filly, talking, dancing, finging, Rafcals; 'Tis true, I contracted an Acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of Humour, love to laugh at and abuse em for an Hour or two--- but come what will on't, I am resolv'd to go along with you to-day.

Trum. Upon my Word, Sir, you can't ---- Why should you make for many Difficulties with your

Friends?

Mal. Whoo! pr'ythee leave fooling ---- You would shake me off now, would you? But I know better things, --- the Sham won't pass upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

Trum. Death, we must use him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not pass, Sir?

Mal. No. Sir.

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us.

Mal. I shan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you, must, Sir.

Mal. May be not, Sir.

Trum. I am going this Way.

Mal. So am 1.

Trum. But, Sir, I must stay here a little longer.

Mal. With all my Heart; 'tis the fame thing, I am not in hafte.

Val. Have a care, Malagene, how you provoke Truman --- you'll run the hazard of a scurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

Mal. Beating; I am forry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am used to serve him so, Man; let him alone, you hall fee how I'll teize him. Hark you, Jack.

Walking off.

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troublefome Cox-

Mal. No matter for that, I dan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I shall pull you by the Nose then.

Mal. 'Tis all one to me, do your worst.

Trum. Take that then, Sir, -- Now, d'ye hear---

[Tweaks him by the Nafe.

Go about your Bufmess.

Mal. Nay, faith, Jack, now you drive the Jest too far; What a Pox, I know you are not in earnest; pr'y-thee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lye; not in Earnest! ---- let this convince you -- [Kicks him.

How like you the Jeft now, Sir?

Mal. Hark you, Truman, we shan't dine together

then, shall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter, Truman had a Quarrel last Night, and we are just now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him so surly. Nevertheless, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall; perhaps we may have Occasion for a third Man.

Mul. No, no, if that be the Business I'll say no more; puh --- I hate to press into any Man's Company against his Inclination. Traman, upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porter's last Night, and lost my Money --- Pr'ythee lend me two Guineas till next Time I see thee, Child.

Trum. With all my Heart, Sir. I was fure 'twould come to this at last; 'tis here, you may command what you please from your Servant. Malagene, good-morrow.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Mal. Dear Fack Truman, your humble. ---

Exit Truman,

Val. Won't you go along with us then, Malagene.?

Mal. No, here are two filly Fellows coming; I'll go and divert my felf a little with them at prefent.

Yal.

Val. Why, those are the very People you rail'd at so but now: You will not leave us for them, at a Time

when you may be fo ferviceable.

Mal. Hang't you'll have no Occasion for me, Man; fay no more on't, but take my Advice; be sure you stand fast, don't give Ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your Business.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your Counsel, and am forry we can't have your Company; but you are engag'd.

Mal. Are you fure tho' it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your Company, methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight; I wish you would go, for I fansy there will be three in the Field.

Mal. A Pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these People here, and can't avoid them now; I'd go with you else with all my Heart, Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

Val. No, Sir, --- there's no Danger --- nothing but

the Rogue's Cowardise could have rid us of him.

[Exit Val.

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Mal. How now, Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with Jack Truman and Ned Valentine: They would fain have had me to Dinner with them, but I was not in a Humour of Drinking, and to speak the Truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the Discourse to themselves: And a Man can never be free with them neither.

Caper. Oh Lord, Malagene! we met the delicat'st Creature but now as we came round; I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the World, I shan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

saun. 'Twas Victoria, my Lady Fairfield's Daughter, that came to Town last Summer when Goodvile was marry'd. He in love with her, poor Soul! — I shall beg his Pardon there, as I take it — [Sings.

N.al.

Mal, That's Truman's Blowing: She's always lingering after him here, and at the Play-house: She heats her self here very Morning, against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady Squeamish her self.

Saun. I vow that's a fine Person; don't you think she has abundance of Wit, Malagene? She and I did so.

rally Caper t'other Day.

Caper. It may be fo.

Saun. But did you never hear her fing? She made me sit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an Italian Song.

I have, and I vow the fings it wonderfully.

Mal. Damnher, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chickens: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape he, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight,

Caper. Malagene, thou art the most Satirical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love Dancing, that I might have thee on my Side some-

times.

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Saun. Well, Malagene, I hope to see thee so in Love one Day, as to leave off Drinking, as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face: Or, what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in Love for all the World, I vow and swear.

[Walks up and down with an affected Motion.

Caper. Nor I.

--- Ab, Phillis, if you would not love

The Shepherd, &c. [Sings.

But d'ye here, Malagene, they fay Goodvile gives a

Ball to-night is't true?

Mal. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court. Caper. I am glad on't with all my Heart --- Saunter. There's my Lady, to be fure she'll not fail.

Saun.

Sam. But will you go, Malagene? Goodvite and you

are at a Diftance.

But faith, I should meet my Lord-- at Court to-night. Besides, I have not been in the Drawing-Room these three Days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamifh,

She here! nay then ---

Caper. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant. [Conges affectedly.

L. Squeam. Mr. Caper, your most devoted ---- Oh, dear Mr. Saunter! a thousand Thanks to you for my Song.

Saun. Your Ladyship does your Servant too much Honour. Sings, As Chloe full of, &c.

L. Squeam. Mr. Caper, you are a Stranger indeed, I have not feen you these two Days: Lord, where d'ye five?

Caper. I should have waited on your Ladyship, but was so tired at the Masquerade at my Lord Flutter's t'other Night. [Dances and capers.

Sunn. Madam, Madam, Mr. Goodville gives a Ball to-

Night: Will your Lady hip be there?

L. Squeam. Yes, I heard of it this Morning; Victoria fent me Word.

Caper. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? Goodvile makes a Ball to-night: I hope I shall have the Honour of your Lady ship's Company.

L. Squeam. Oh, by all means: Mr. Caper, pray don't

you fail us.

O Lord, Mr. Malagene, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour I did not see you; I was so engaged in the Civilities of these Gentlemen.

Mal. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, must command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladyship see Mr. Valentine?

L. Squeam

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L. Squam. Oh, same him not, Mr. Malagene, he's the unworthick, baself Fellow --- besides he has no Principles nor Breeding. I wonder you Gendemen will keep him Company, I'll swear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Mal. The Truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, because the Fellow has some Wit, but it is when better Company is out of the Way: and faith he is always very civil to me as

can be: I can rule bim.

L. Squeam. O Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! why, he was abroad but two Years, and all that time too in an Academy: he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the French Court, and has the worst Mien in the World: He has a fort of an ill-natur'd Way of Talking indeed, and, they say, makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I from him.

Mal. Truly he has made very bold with you, or

he is foully belyid: Ha, ha, ha.

L. Squeam. They say he's grown a great Admirer of Madam Camilla of late, who passes for a Wit for sooth. 'Tis true she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

Mal. Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happiness to me. But methinks your Ladyship speaks with something of Heat--- By Heav'n she's jealous.

[Afide.

L. Squeam. No, I affure you, Sir, I am not con-

Mal. Never any Ill, Madam, only a little idle Raillery now and then: but Truman and he are nont to be formething lavish when they have been tunk in my Company — Twill work.

[Aside. L. Squeam. Nay, I know he has spoken dishonour.

ably

ably of me behind my Back, because he fail'd in his filthy Designs, Madam Camilla may deserve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his Fallhood 122 11 . Wisquit of Afide. ad Office on the whole fer.

---- Mr. Caper.

Caper. 3 Madam. Saun.

L. Squeam. Where do you go to-day?

Caper. Will your Ladyship be at the new Play?

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L. Squeam. No, I saw it the first Day, and don't like it was in W .ald Bogun at . Ball O . isia

Mal. Madam, it has no ill Character about the Townspirant our do subtion won

L. Squeam. O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll affure you there's nothing in it that's moving.

I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saun. Does your Ladyship know who writ it?

L. Squeam. Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings; he is but a young Man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long; besides he has had little or no Conversation with the Court, which has been the Reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the Conduct of it.

Saun. I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, hale to be the same of the

Caper. No, nor so much as a Dance.

Mal. Oh, 'tis impossible it show'd take, if there were

neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. Squeam. And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthiest Things, full of baudy and nauseous Doings, which they miftake for Raillery and Intrigue: Besides, they have no Wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and Men of Wit, as they style 'em, are either filly, conceited impudent Coxcombs, or elfe rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows --- fough ---- I am asham'd any one should pretend to write a Comedy.

that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that pass, I vow.

Mal. Who would improve those Things, must con-

fult with your Ladyship.

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L. Squeam. I swear, Mr. Malagene, you are an obliging Person: I wonder the World should be so malicious to give you so undeserving a Character as they do: I always sound you extremely generous, and a Person of Worth.

Mal. In troth, Madam, your Ladyship and my self are the Subjects of Abundance of Envy; for I love to be malicious now and then, and, faith, am the very Scourge of the Court; they all stand in Awe of me, for I must speak what I know, the sometimes I am used a little scurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my Way.

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, really I love Scandal extremely too sometimes, so it be decently manag'd - But as I was saying, there is not a Person in the World understands the Intrigues of the Court better than my self; I am the general Consident of the Drawing-Room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

Caper. Dear Madam, how stands the Affair between

my Lord Supple and Madam Lofty?

L. Squeam. Worse than ever; 'tis very provoking to see how she uses the poor Creature: But the Truth is, she can never be at rest for him; he's more trouble-some than an old Husband, continually whispering his Sostness, and making his Vows, till at last she is forc'd to sly to me for Shelter, and then we do so laugh—which the good-natur'd Creature takes so patiently—I swear, I p'ty him.

Saun. But my Lady Colt, they fay, is kinder to the

Sparkish Mr. Pruneit.

L. Squeam. O Lord, Mr. Saunter, that you should understand no better; to my Knowledge it is all false; I know all that Intrigue from the Beginning to the Ending,

Ending, it has been off this Month-besides, hekeeps a Player again-- Oh, Mr. Saunter: whatever you do.

never concern your felf with those Players.

Saun, Madam, I have left the Folly long since; when first I came to Town, I must confess I had a Gallantry there; But since I have been acquainted with your Ladyship's Wit and Beauty, I have learn'd to lay out my Heart to better Advantage --- I think that was finely said,

L. Squeam. I fwear, Mr, Saunter, you have the

most court-like Way of expressing your felf-

L. Squeam. Mr. Malagene, these are both my intimate Acquaintance, and I'll swear I am proud of 'em, Here is Mr. Saunter sings the French Manner better than ever I heard any English Gentleman in my Life; Besides, he pronounces his English in singing with a French kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a strange Beauty --

Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the last new Song.
Saun. Let me die; your Ladyship obliges me beyond Expression --- Malagene, thou shalt hear me.

[Sings a Song in a French Tone,

Mel. What a Devil was this? I understand not a Word on't.

Saun. Ha, Malagene, ha,

L. Squeam. Did you ever hear any thing so fine?

Mal. Never, Madam never; I'll swear your Lady.

Thip is a great Judge.

L. Squeam. But how plain and diffindly too every

Word was pronounc'd!

Mal. Oh, to Admiration, to Admiration.

[Makes Mouths afide.

L. Squeam, Well, Mr., Saunter, you are a charming Creature ----- O fad, Mr. Caper, I long till Night comes: I'll dance with Nobody but you to-Night, for I swear I believe I shall be out of Humour.

Mat. That's more than ever she was in her Life,

so long as she had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Com-

pany.

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L. Squeam. Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately——But now you talk of Intrigues, I am mistaken if you don't see Something where we are going to-night.

Mal. What, Goodvile is to commence Cuckold, is

it not fo?

L. Squeam. Oh, fy, Mr. Malagene, fy: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk fo strangely——but let me die, I can't but laugh — ha, ha, ha, ——Well, Gentlemen, you shall dine with me to-day ——What say you, Mr. Malagene, will you go?

Mal. Your Ladyship may be fure of me, I hate to

break good Company.

L. Squeam. And pray now let us be very severe, and talk maliciously of all the Town. Mr. Caper, your Hand: Oh, dear Mr. Saunter, how shall I divide my self---- I'll swear I am strangely at a loss---- Mr. Malagene, you must be Mr. Saunter's Mistress

I think at prefent,

Mal. With all my Heart, Madam ————— Sweet Mr. Saunter, your Hand: I swear you are a charming Creature, and your Courtship is as extraordinary as your Voice. —— Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humoursome and very whimsical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[Excunt.



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ACT II. SCENE I.

S C E N E, the Ordinary.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice,

Mrs. Good. DID you deliver the Billet?

Let, Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. Good. But are you fure you did? sin sall sin

Let. Can your Ladyship think I would be guilty of the least Neglect in a Concern of such Moment?

Mrs. Good. And are you fure he dines here to-day?

Let. Madam, they are now at Dinner here below:

Mr. Valentine's there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine

Man, the most courteous Person.

Mrs. Good, What, because he hunts and kisses you when he's drunk? No, Lettice, Truman, Truman, Oh that Truman!

Iet. I wonder your Ladyship should be so taken with him: were I to chuse, I should think my Master the more agreeable Man.

Mrs. Good: And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wish: I have not seen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he sneaks to his separate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then rises and out again upon his Parole; Flesh and Blood can't endure it.

Let. But he always visits your Ladyship first.

Mrs. Good. That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.

Let. And where's the Pleasure of going abroad and getting a Stomach, to return and starve at home?

Mrs.

Mrs. Good. I laugh to think what an eafy Fool he believes me; he thinks me the most contented, innocent, harmless Turtle breathing, the very Pattern of Patience.

Let. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. Good. And as blind with Love, as his own

good Opinion of himself has made him.

Let. And can you find in your Heart to wrong for good a natur'd, complete, well-meaning, harmless Husband, that has so good an Opinion of you?

Mrs. Good. Ha, wrong him, what fay you, Lettice? I wrong my Husband! such another Word forfeits my good Opinion of thee for ever.

Lit. What meant the Billet to Mr. Truman then this

Morning? as b'endam esa with A

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Mrs. Good. To make him my Friend perhaps, and discover if I can, who it is that wrongs me in my Husband's Affection; for I am sure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe Victoria deserves no better than ordinary of me, if the Truth were known.

Let. Why, she is his near Kinswoman, and lives here in the House with you; besides, he would never

dishonour his own Family surely.

Mrs. Good. You are a Fool, Lettice, the Nearness of Blood is the least Thing considered. Besides, as I have heard, 'tis almost the only Way Relations care.

to be kind to one another now-a-days.

kind and fond of him, as if you had all the Joys of Love about you. Lord! how can you dissemble with him so? Besides, Mr. Truman, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mrs. Good. Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, Lettice!) it should be, to chuse, with his Friend. For such a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll swear, Lettice, you are an

mx book no B soustoniA was belyan idle-

inle Girl for talking so much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill Thoughts into one's Head, which I am

the most averse to of all things in the World,

Let. But, Madam, Thoughts are free; and it is as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is to be always in Good-humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. Truman should be in love with Madam Victoria, if all be real which your Ladyship suspects.

Mrs. Good. Ay, and with a Defign of Marriage too:
But a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and
counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt
his Security in a Wife, as Success in a Mistress.

Let. Besides, after a little time, he is so very indufrious in cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter Victoria.

Mrs. Good. But hush --- she's here.

Wift. A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Dear Coufin, your humble Servant r

Have you heard who are below?

Wift. Yes, young Truman, and his infeparable Com-

parson Palentine, and the transfer of the parties of

Mrs. Good. Well, what will you do, Coufin? Traman comes refolv'd on Conquest; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impossible you

mould be able to hold out against him.

Viet. Yes, powerful Champaign, as they call it, may do much; a Spark can no more refrain running into Love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid disputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows stronger than his Reason.

Mrs. Good. Come, come, diffemble your Inclinations as artfully as you pleafe, I am fure they are not fo indifferent but they may be eafily different.

Vict. Truly, Madam, you may be mistaken in your

Guefs.

Mrs. Good. How! I doubt it is some other Man then has caused this Alteration in you ____ Lord, Lettice,

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is the not extremely alter'd?

viet. Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. Good. Nay Lettice, fetch a Glass, and let her fee herself: Lord, you are paler than you use to be.

Let. Ay, and then that Blueness under the Eyes,

Mrs. Good. Belides, you are not fo lively as I have

known you: Pardon me, Coufin.

Let. Well if there be a Fault, Marriage will cure all. vict. I'll affure you, I have none that I know of flands in need of to desperate a Remedy. Marriage? Fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter Page.

Mrs. Good. Well, what now?

Page: Madam Camilla is coming to wait upon your Lady fine.

Mrs. Good. Ha, Camilla / Tell her I'll attend her &

Won't you go with me, Victoria?

t

Vist. I'll but step into my Chamber, and follow you instantly.

[Ex. Mrs. Good. and Page. Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of Goodvile's Love and mine: If she has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. Victoria! your Cousin is not here, is she? What,-in Clouds? I stole this Minute from my Friends on purpose to see thee, and must not I have a Look? not a Word?

virt. Oh, I am ruin'd and lost for ever. I fearyour Wife has had some knowledge of our Loves: And if it be so, what will then become of me?

Good. Prithee no more: My Wife! she has too good an Opinion of her felf, to have an ill one of me; and would as soon believe her Glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: My Wife! ha, ha,

viet. Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no otherwise: But you are satisfy'd, and now have nothing

more to do, but to leave me to be miserable.

B 4

Good. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd sooner renounce my Family, and own my self the Bastard of a Rascal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; Truman is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he shall be thine to Night.

Vict. I have no great Reason to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Interest in so good a Friend for the Reparation of my Honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of.

Good. No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deferve it, by doing thee that Justice which I am incapable of.

Vict. You can promife easily.

Good. Ay, and as resolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, she here!

Mrs. Good. So, so, Mr. Goodvile, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you.

Word for 'Jack Truman; my Cousin Victoria's too cruel.

Mrs. Good. Oh fy, Victoria! Can you be so hardhearted to deny any thing, when Mr. Goodvile is an Advocate?

Viet. I must confess it with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon Mr. Goodvi'e's Intercession, who knows but your Ladyship might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may presume there's hopes for himself.

Mrs. Good. Ay, but Cousin, I know you are my Friend. and would not, the but in regard of that, do me such Injury: Besides, Mr. Goodvile knows I

dare trust him. Don't you, Love?

Enser Camilla running and squeaking; Truman and Valentine after her.

Cam. For Heaven's sake, Madam, save me! -----Mr. Goodvile, 'tis safer travelling thro' the Desarts of
Arabia, than ent'ring your House: Had I not ran
hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? It will be to

you can be as fully fatisfied, who hunt more for the love of the Sport, than for the fake of the Prey.

Val. But Madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't; for I shall touze and worry you most unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my self severely, for the pains you cost me catching,

Cam. Therefore I am resolved to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of such a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of so ravenous an Animal?

Trum. But are you too, Lady, fo wild as Mrs. Ca-

Vict. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not to unmerciful as Mr. Valentine.

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as foft and pliant as your Pillow; you may mould me to your own eafe and pleasure, which way you will.

Viet. 'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should so well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory tory Sparks as one would wish to meet withal.

Wal. Yes, Madam, as the Playhouse in a Vizor, when you come drest and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously modish and impertinent as the pertest Coxcombs of 'em all, till, like them too, we lose our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Cam. But the comfort is, you are fure to find em

again in the next Bottle, and wisses all mad your

Mrs. Good. Then drink em down to the Ladies Healths, they are as well at eafe as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-fick Lovers, as figh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sungabout the Town by Fools and Bullies, in Taverns.

Goed. Till some Smithfield Doggrel taking the hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and Chloris dwindles

into a Kitchen Wench. Addated Woles and no.

Viet. 'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Fribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our Perfections.

of your felves, were to let us know how ill a one

you have of us...

Trum. Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard World; and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like

Chapmen for all that.

Viet. You had best have a care tho, lest you overreach your selves, and repent of your Purchase when this too late.

Cam. Eefides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine; for the Love it raifes is generally like the Courage it gives, very extraordinary, but

very (hort-liv'd.

Good. How, Madam! have a care what you fay; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc d.

Boy, bring some Wine, you shall prove its good effects and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink----

Cam. Tillyour Brains are affoat, and all the rest sink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like Opinion
of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

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Cam. Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Trum. But if your Ladyship should be in the wrong--Tho' Love, like Wine. be a good Refresher, yet 'tis
much more dangerous to be too busy withal. And
tho' now and then I may over-heat my Head with
Drinking; yet consound me, I think I shall have a
care never to break my Heart with Loving.

Mrs. Good. But, Sir, if all Men were of your cruel Temper, what would become of those tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear faluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, tho it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfy'd as they poor Creatures are themselves?

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sor that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well poor Jack Truman, look to thy self, Snares are laid for thee; --- but the Virtuous must suffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all Flesh is frail.

[Aside:

Enter Boy with Wine.

good. Now Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven Years hence. But at Night----

Val. A very fair Propofal.

Mr. Good. Agreed, Sir, if you will have it fo. Good. The Wine--now each Man to his Post.

[They separate, Good. to Cam. Val. to Vict. Trum.-to Mrs. Goodvile.

The Word.

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[All take Glasses.

Trum. Love and Winer

Good. Pafs----

[They drink.

Enter Lettice .-

Now that Nothing may be wanting, Lettice; you must fing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Musick is as great an Encouragement to Drinking, as Fighting.

Lettice sings.

How bles'd be appears,

That revels and loves out his bappy Years;

That servely spurs on till he sinish his Race,

And knowing Life's short, chuses living apace!

To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it;

Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

II.

Each day wo grow older;
But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder;
The Joys of Love with our Youth slide away,
But yet there are Pleasures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are ol.

Good. So, now shew me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady Squeamish is below, just alighted

out of her Coach.

Good. Nay then Drinking will have the major Vote against it: She is the most exact Observer of Decorums and Decency alive. But she is not alone, I hope.

Boy. No Sir, there is Mr Malagene with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir Noble Clum-

sey, a full portly Gentleman.

Trum. That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Estate, and her Kinsman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladyship has undertaken to polish and make a fine Gentleman.

Val. 'Tis such a sulsom overgrown Rogue! yet hope's to be a fine Spark, and a very courtly Youth; he has been this half Year endeavouring at a Shape; which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other, I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. Caper, and his pelite Companion Mr. Saunter.

Good. She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels; and we may know as well when the is near by the Noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the newfangled Gingle of his Coach. She comes --- and wo be to the Wretch whom she first lights upon.

Enter L. Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey, Malag.

Caper, and Saunter:

L. Squeam. Dear Madam Goodvile, ten thouland Happinesses wait on you! Fair Madam Victoria, sweet charming Camilla, which way shall I express my Service to you?---- Coufin, your honour, your honour to the Ladies. (out pagente

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Clum. Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I falute you all: And, Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant. - That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

Good. Sir Noble Clumsey is too great a Courtier. Clum. Yes, Sir, I can compliment upon an Occasion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. Squeam. Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

Mal. But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I respect and honour: Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you Malagene, how durst you venture hither, knowing that Goodvile and Truman care fo little for your Company?

Mal. O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I

should not have left you elfe, faith, Ned, I should not. Good. But Madam, can the worthy Knight your Rinfman drink? What think you, Sir Noble, of the Ladies Healths? e don't bus was a clum.

Clum. In a Glass of small Beer, if you please.

L. Squeam. Oh sweet Mr. Goodvile, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so asraid he should spoil himself with Drinking. Lord, how I should loath a Fellow with a red Note!

Mal. See, Truman, the two Coxcombs are already

boarding our Mistresses.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em: a Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb fornetimes as naturally, as with a Lap Dog; and I could no more

be jealous of one than of the other.

Val. I am not of your Opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport: And the Familiarity of Fools proceeds oftentimes from a Privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make bold to divert.——Mr. Saunter, a word: Have you any Pretences with that Lady? hah!

Saun. Some small Encouragem at I have had, Sir; but I never make my boast of those Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your best course.

Saun. Oh Lord, you are pleased to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that. ---- Sings, ---- Would Phillis be mine, and for, &c.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, the Fiddles are below; shall I call

Mrs. Good. No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance

below.

Caper. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [Cap. capers.

Boy. Here, Sir.

Caper. Have you brought my Dancing-shoes?

Boy. No, Sir, you gave me no order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Caper. Rafcal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-shoes? Sirral, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut

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off both your Ears, and have 'em fasten'd to the Heels of those I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable Fault, Sir, that your

Boy should forget your Dancing-shoes.

Caper. Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no fense; I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of Shoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a Race in a pair of Gambado's.

L. Squeam. Mr. Valentine I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Mistress for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a Love between you and Madam. Camilla? Thou Monster of Perjury.

[To Val.

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right, there is abundance of Love on my fide, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladyship would but stand my Friend upon this occasion --- I think this is civil.

L. Squeam. I'll swear, Sir, you are a most obliging. Person—Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. Valentine here is fallen in love, and has desired me to be his Advocate: Who could withstand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mien, besides a thousand Graces in everything he does? Oh lovely Camilla! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll swear, if it were my own case, I doubt I should not—ha, ha, ha!

Val. Madam? what means all this?

Good, Poor Ned Valentine!

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he must look for :

but flay there is more yet coming.

L. Squeam. Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse than thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expose thy Folly and Fallhood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

Val. But has your Ladyship no Mercy? Will nothing but my Ruin appeare you? Why should you chuse by your Malice to expose your decay of Years, and lay

open

open your poor Lover's Follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer? [Approaches.

L. Squeam, Come not near me, Traitor ---- Lord, Madam Camilla, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n's fake have a care of him; I fear he is distemper'd in his Mind: What pity 'tis so hopeful a Gentleman should run mad for Love!----ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Good. Dear Madam, how can you use Mr. Valentine fo? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour, and spoil him for being good Company all the Day after it.

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L. Squeam. Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greatest Pleasure to me in the World: Let me die, but I love to rally a bashful young Lover, and put him out of Count'nance, at my Heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha! and I'll swear the Devil and all's in her Wit, when the fets on't. Poor Ned Valen-

tine! Lord, how fillily he looks!

Cafer. Ay, and would fain be angry, if he knew but how.

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very

angry, d'ye mark me?

Clum. No, but Sir, don't be in a Passion: my Lady will have her humour: but she's a very good Woman at the bottom.

val. Very likely, Sir.

Mrs. Good. Now, Madam, if your Lad, shp thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themselves a little; only Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter must do us the honour of their Company.

Saunt. Say you so, Madam? I'faith and you shall have it. Come Caper, we are the Men for the Ladies,

I fee that, ---- Hey Boys!

L. Squerm. Oh dear! and sweet Mr. Saunter shall oblige us with a Song. saunt. O Madam, ten thousand, ren thousand if. you please! I'll swear I believe I could sing all Day and all Night, and never be weary. [Sings: When. When Phyllis watcht her harmless Sheep, Not one poor Lamb, &c.

[Ex. Saunter, Caper, and Ladies.

Good. A happy riddance this! Now Gentlemen, for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaintance, Sir Noble Clumfey.

clum. Really Gallants, I must beg your Pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir,

and my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, surely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and small Beer.

Clum. I must confess, Sir, I am something plump; but a little Fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

Mal, No, by no means, my Dear, thou hast an heroick Face, which well becomes the noble Port and Fulness of thy Body.

Val. Goodvile, we have a Suit to you: Here is Malagene has been some time in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Fayour again.

Mal. Faith Goodvi'e do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart---- Faith and troth ---- give me thy Hand.

Good. But, Sir, should I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very un-

mannerly, I fear.

Mal. Drunk, Sir, I scorn your Words, 1'd have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very sober. This noble Knight shall be security for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

Clum. Sir, you are a Person altogether a Stranger to me; and I have sworn never to be bound for any Man.

Trum. But, Sir Noble, you are oblig'd in Honour to

ferve a Gentleman and your Friend.

Clum. Say you so, Sir? oblig'd in Honour? I am satisfy'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatsoever he says I'll stand to.

Mal.

Mal. Hark thee Son of Mars, thou art a Knight al. ready, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

Good. Boy, the Wine, give Sir Noble his Glass ----

Gentlemen, Sir Noble's Lady's Health.

Clum. Od's my Life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't, Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you shall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glass of good Wine.

Val Say you fo ? Take the other Glass then,

Sir Noble.

be a Brimmer: Gentlemen, God fave the King.

Mal. Well faid my lovely Man of Might r His

Workip grows good Company.

Trum. Sir Noble, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter; they are Men of pretty Parts.

clum. Oh Sir, the finest Persons— the most obliging well-bred complaisant models Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Estates.

Trum. This Rogue is one of those earthly Mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good Estate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, tho his Grandfather were a Blacksmith.

Clum. How say you, Sir, a good Estate? od's heart, give me the other Glass, I have two thousand Pounds

a Year.

Mal. Say'st thou so? Boy, bring more Wine! Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? Frank Goodvile, thou see'st I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Good. Malagene, it shall be your Task; drink him up lustily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to

my Lady his Coufin, it may make fome fport.

Val. A very good Propofal.

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Mal. Say no more; thy Word's a Law, and it shalf be done: Come, bear up my lusty Limb of Honour, and hang Sobriety.

clum. Ay, so say I, hang Sobriety -- drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that: But

be honest, do'ft hear, be honest.

damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam Goodvile, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't.

[Musick within.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Sir, the Fideles are ready, and the Ladies define your Company. Mr. Truman, my Lady wants you.

Trum: Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy News with all my Heart, The Devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting.

Let. Sir Noble, my Lady Squeamish sent me to tell

you, the wants your Company to dance.

Clum. Tell her, I am busy about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come. — Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but these Women will be always putting us on more than we can do—Boy, give me more Wine.

Good. Malagent, remember, and tife Expedition.

[Ex. Good. Trum. Val. Lettice.

Clum. Sirrah; do you know me? I am a Knight;. And here's a Health to all the Whores in Christendom.

Mal. Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [Drinks.

Clum. So, there's for you, do you see? [Breaks a Glass. Sirrah, don't you look seurvily; I have Money in my Pocket, you must know that. -- Bring us moreWine. -- Malagene, thou art a pretty Fellow; dost thou love me? Give me thy Hand: I will salute thy under Lip. [Staggers.

Mal. Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I fhall almost be drunk as soon as the Knight. Sir Noble.

canst thou whore?

clum. How, whore! what a Question's there?

Thou shalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

Mal. What a Rascal this Knight is! I have known as worthy a Person as himself a Pimp, and one that thought it no Blemish to his Honour neither. [Aside. Enter Lady Squeamish at the Door.

clum. Ha, my Lady Coufin! --- Faith, Madam, you

fee I am at it. and a now economical and a life

Mal. The Devil's in it, I think; we cou'd no sooner talk of Whores, but she must come in, with a-pox to her. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

L. Squeam. Oh, odious; infufferable! who would have thought, Cousin, you would have ferv'd me fo--fough, how he flinks of Wine, I can smell himhither .- How have you the Patience to hear the Noise of Fiddles, and spend your time in nasty Drinking?

Clum. Hum! 'tis a good Creature : Lovely Lady,

thou shalt take thy Glass.

L. Squeam. Uh gud! murder! I had rather you had Offer'd me a Toad words what a bout for T and of

Clum. Then Malagene, here's a Health to my Lady Coulin's Pelion upon Offa. [Drinks and breaks the Glass.

L. Squeam. Lord, dear Mr. Malagene, what's that? Mal. A certain Place, Madam, in Greece, much talkt of by the Antients; the noble Gentleman is well

read. L. Squeam. Nay, he is an ingenious Person I'll

Chant.

Clum. Now Lady bright, I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy Hand, I'll go straight and begin my Grandmother's kiffing Dance; but first deign me the private Honour of thy Lip.

L. Squeam. Nay, fy, Sir Noble! how I have you now; for shame be not so rude: I swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad You. Wall this was not as done ad 30 Exeunt.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile a little heated.

Good. WHAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holy day. Truman marries Victoria, that's refolv'd on, and so one Care is over. But then Camil'a! how shall I get possession of her?—Well, my Mind misgives me, I shall do something may call my Discretion in question; and yet I cannot avoid it. Camilla I do love, and must have her, come what will on't: And no time so fit to begin the Enterprize as this; she may make a good Wise for Valentine for all that.

Enter Truman and Valentine. Musick.

Fy, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit
Champaign for this? Faith I begin to describe from

Champaign for this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

Trum. Goodvile, thou hast no Conscience: A decay d Cavalier Captain, that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country, is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no such

trifling Matter.

Good. Oh but I hate to be balk'd; and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Mistress that jilts me when I thought I had made sure of the Business. But Gallants, how stand the Affairs of Love? Truman, is Victoria kind? I question not your Friendship in the Matter, but trust the Honour of my Family in your Hands.

Val. He little thinks Truman is inform'd of all, and an longer a Stranger on what score he is so wondrous civil.

civil. But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in Kindnesslong.

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very Thought on't goes a little against my Stomach: Like a young Thief. tho' I have fome itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

Good. Well, I'll go in, and better prepare Victoria: in the mean time believe it only my Ambition to be as well ally'd in Blood, as Friendship, to so good and generous a Person as Truman.

Trum. What a damn'd Creature Man is! Valentine, didft thou believe this Fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I must confess it something surprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Person to put his Mifires upon, than his Friend: But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

Trum: Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it --- his Wife, ev'n his very Wife

told me all.

Val. I begin to suspect that Mrs. Goodvile has no il Opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you : Besides, when a Woman begins to betray her Husband's Secrets, 'tis a certain fign she has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. Valentine, no more of that; tho' it would be a rate Revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling

Rogue.

Val. 'Tis fifty times better than cutting his Throat; that were to do him more Honour than he deserves.

Enter Malagene.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Sport--- Fack-Truman, Ned Valentine.

Trum. Why, what's the matter? Where?

Mal. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith Jack I am but little better.

Val.

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Wal. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Mal. Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beerglass in his Hand, I set him sull drive at my Lady Squeamish, for nothing else but to make mischief, Ned---, nothing else in the World; for every body knows I am the worst-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of Wit,

Val. Do you love no body then?

Mal. No not I: Yes, a pox on't, I love you well enough. because you are a Rogue I have known a good while. Tho' should I take the least Prejudice against you, I cou'd not afford you a good Word behind your Back for my Heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much oblig'd to you: 'Tis a

fign the Rogue is drunk that he speaks Truth.

Mal. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard,

Val. Pray, Sir, do.

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Val.

Mal. Why walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me.) Being in one of my witty merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I serv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Mal. I show'd my Parts I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

Trum. And this you fay is your way of Wit?

Mal. Ay altogether, this and Mimickry: I'm a very good Mimick; I can act Punchinelle, Scaramouchio, Harlequin, Prince Prettyman, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Mal. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, fo I fay--Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sau-

Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting : I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the Effect of very cu-

rious Observation.

Mal. No hang it, I never make it my Business to observe any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, you shall see me if you will: But here comes her Ladyship and Sir Noble.

Enter Lady Squeamish and Sir Noble Clumsey.

L. Squeam. Oh, dear Mr. Truman, rescue me. Nay,

Sir Noble, for Heav'n's fake.

Clum. I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely Body: Sir, do you know me? I am Sir Noble Clumsey: I am a Rogue of an Estate, and I live--- Do you want any Money? I have fifty Pounds:

Wal Nay, good Sir Noble, none of your Generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir Noble.

clum. Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is -- Hang Money, my Father was an Alderman.

Mal. 'Tis pity good Guineas should be spoil'd, Sir Noble, by your leave. [Picks up the Guineas.

Clum. But, Sir, you will not keep my Money?

Mal. Oh, hang Money, Sir, your Father was an

Alderman.

Clum. Well, get thee gone for an Arch Wag--- I do but sham all this while :---- but by Dad he's pure Company.

Trum. Was there ever such a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheless a mighty Opinion of himself, and

thinks all this Wit and pretty Discourse,

*Clum. Lady, once more I fay be civil, and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

Val. Well done, Sir Noble, to her, never spare.

L Squeam. I may be even with you tho' for all this, Mr. Va entine: Nay, dear Sir Noble; Mr. Truman, I'll wear he'll put me into Fits.

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Wilt thou marry me? [Kneels.

Mal. Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. Squeam. Let me die, Mr. Malagene, you are a ftrange Man, and I'll swear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Mal. Write? I thank your Ladyship for that with all my Heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon

or so sometimes, that's all.

Trum. But he can act.

L. Squeam. I'll swear, and so he does better than any one upon our Theatres; I have seen him: Oh the English Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the French or Italian: Besides, we want Poets.

Clum. Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis

to be a Tragedy.

L. Squeam. Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counsel: Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it, that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters virtuous, whate'er you do.

Clum. Moving! Why, I can never read it my felf but it makes me laugh: well, 'tis the prettiest Plot,

and so full of Waggery.

L. Squeam. O ridiculous!

Mal. But, Knight, the Title; Knight, the Title.

Clum. Why let me see; it's to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or The Life and Death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with the Humours of his Doz Bobadillo.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

fober.

Val. But Sir Noble, this founds more like a Comedy. Clum. Oh, but I have resolved it shall be a Tragedy, because Bobadillo's to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can squirt Comedy.----1'll tell you more of this when I am

L. Squeam. But dear Mr. Malagene, won't you let us

fee you act a little fomething of Hariquin? I'll fwear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the Louvre of Whitehall all the time. [Mak. Acts.] Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

Trum. Was ever any thing to affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life fure is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman, with all the exquisite Sillings and Vanity

of her Sex, yet none of the Charms!

Malagene freaks in Punchinello's Voice.

L. Squeam. O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. Malagene, how long have you been in love with Mrs. Tawdry the Actres?

Mal. Ever fince your Ladyship has been off from the Hooks with Mr. Valentine. [In his own Voice aloud.

L. Squeam. Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. Malagine had been better bred than to upbraid me with any fuch base thing to my Face, whatever he might say of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no

Civility in the World, that I am fatisfy'd of

Val. Can your Ladyship take any thing ill from Mr. Malagene? A Woman should bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Bussoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill Manners of her Monkey sometimes: The Pools and Rascals your Sex delights in, ought to have the Privilege of saying, as well as they have of doing any thing.

L. Squeam. Which you Men of Wit (as you think your felves!) are very angry you fhould be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts should be

your Misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the Curse of it: I who had just Sense enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily possest of.

L. Squeam. This Malice and Ill-nature shall not

ferve

ferve your Turn; I shall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with Camila, and be revene'd on your Love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Caper. Oh dear Madam, we are utterly undone for want of your Ladyship's Company I'll vow, Madam Goodvile is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

[Cuts backward.

clum. Sir, are you a Dancing Master? you are very nimble methinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But Sir Noble, I thought you had known me. I doubt you may be a little overtaken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

Clum. Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or fo, 'tis good for my bodily Health. But do you never drink?

Caper. No, Sir Noble, that is not my Province, you know: I mind Dancing altogether.

Clum. Nor you? can't you drink, ha?

Saum No, I make love, and fing to Ladies.

Clum. Whores to my Knowledge, arrant rank common Whores. A pox on your Woman of Quality that you carry'd me to in the Mall.

Trum. Why, what was the matter, Sir Nobla?

Clum. By yea, and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd instead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Clothes, and nothing to eat.

L. Squeam. Oh dear, let me die, if that was not

extravagantly pleasant.

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Trum. I believe Sir Noble is much in the right; for I never came near these giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney stripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Caper. Nel Valentine, I have a Kindness to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

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Caper.

Caper. Why, you must know I am in love with Camilla.

Val. Very good.

Cajer. Now I would have you speak to Frank Goodvils not to make love to her as he does, i faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catch'd him at it but now: Faith it made my Heart ache, never stir if it did not.

Val. In troth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil. Truman, this Goodvile has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as fast as he can. Camilla's his Quarry now I understand, and by that time he has play'd as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Mistress Victoria, I may stand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. Valentine, thou art upon too fure Grounds for him there; Camilla has both too much Wit and Virtue, and each with as little Affectation as the other.

Val. Jack, After this I cannot but be very free with you. I know there is some Love hatching between you and his Wise: Both our Revenge lies in thy hands; and if thou dost not thy self and me Justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes, with a Heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but Honesty in it.

Enter Goodvile singing.

When Beauty can't move, and our Passions grow co'd, Wine stil keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.

Good,--- Jack Truman, yonder have I and Victoria been laughing at thee till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that Virtue.

for if the complains of my Modesty, the has found a Fault which I neverthought I had been guilty of before.

Good. But that is a Quality, which tho' they hate never so much in a Gallant, they are apt for many Reasons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Dissimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more despair

despair of a Woman, tho' she swore she hated me, than I would believe her tho' she swore she lov'd me.

Enter Lady Squeamish, and the rest of the Company, with the Fiddles.

L. Squeam. Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. Caper, where are you? you shall dance with Madam Camilla. Mr. Saunter, wait on Victoria. Mr. Goodvile, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. Truman, won't you oblige me? Madam Goodvile----ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten Mr. Va'entine.

'Val. Your Ladyship knows me to be a civil Person; if you please, I'll keep good Orders. [All take out the Women.

Mal. Faith Ned do, and I'll keep the Musick in tune: Away with it; [Musick plays.] Hold, hold---what insufferable Rascals are these? why ye scurvy thrashing scraping Mongrels, ye make a worse noise than crampt Hedghogs. An old gouty Dancing-Master that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Musick on his crack'd Kit --- 'Sdeath ye Dogs, can't you play now as a Gentleman sings? ha----

Good. Sir, will you never leave this nauseous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forc'd to use you ill, or endure the perpetual

Torment of your Impertinence.

Mal. Well Sir, I ha'done Sir, I ha'done: But 'tis very hard a Man cannot be permitted to shew his Parts. 'Sdeath Frank, dost thou think thou understand'st Musick?

Good. Sir, I understand it so well, that I won't

have it interrupted in my Company by you.

Mal. I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before.---I think there I was pretty even with you.

Good. Sauciness and Ill-manners are so much your Province, that nothing but Kicking is fit for you.

Mal. Sir, you may use your Pleasure: but I care no more for being kickt, than you do for kicking.

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But prithee, Frank, why should you be out of humour fo? I he Devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a Jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

L. Squeam. Lord, Mr. Goodvile, how can you be fo illnatur'd? I'll fwear Mr. Malagene is in the right. These People have no Manners in the least, play not at all to dancing: But I vow he himself sings a 1 une

extreme prettily.

Good. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd! I shall have no Opportunity to pursue my Business with Camilla: I must remove this troublesome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put a stop at least to her Impertinence.

L. Squeam. Mr. Truman. Mr. Goodvile, and Ladies, I befech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. Malagene fing a Scotch Song: I'll swear I am a strange Admirer of Scotch Songs, they are the pretty'st soft

melting gentle harmless Things---

Saun. By Dad, and so they are ---- In January Last ---- [Sings.

val. Deliver us! A Scatch Song! I hate it worse than a Scotch Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Musick. I wish I could see her Ladyship dance a Scotch Jig to one of rem.

Mal. I must needs beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I have forgotten the last new Scotch Song: But if you please, I'll entertain you with one of another Nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

L. Squeam. Let me die, Mr. Malagene, you are eternally obliging me.

[Malagene sings an Irish Cronon.]

Mal. Well, Madam, how like you it, Madam, ha?

1. Squam. Really it is very pretty now----the pretty'st odd, out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it, strangely?

Mal. I'll assure your Ladyship I learnt it of an Irish Musician,

Musician, that's lately come over, and intend to prefent it to an Author of my Acquaintance, to put it in his next Play.

L. Squeam. Ho, ha, Mr. Valentine, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Mittress..... ha, ha, ha.

Val. My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he shall learn it if you please; and if your Ladyship has any further Service for him----

L. Squeam. Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live!

Come let's dance.

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Tram. Valentine, thou art something too rough; I am afraid her Ladyship will be reveng'd; I see Mischief in her Eyes: 'tis safer provoking a Lancashire Witch, than a old Mistress; and she as violent in her Malice too.

Good. Malagene, a word with you---- hark ye, come hither. Goes to the Door.

Mal. Well, Frank, what's the Business now? I am dearly for Mischief: shall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Rascals out of Doors?

Good. No, Sir, but I'll be fo civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no ftruggling, I have Footmen within.

Mal. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a filly affected fantaffical Gipfy: I did all this but o' purpose to shew her. Let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Resistance as you tender your Ears; but be gone. [Ex. Mal.] So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to my self---Fiddles strike up. [Dance.

Trum. Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleasures of a single Life, and ease your self of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. Good. Who would not hate to be one of those simp'ring Saints that enter into Marriage as they would

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go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for a while, but at last turn as arrant

Sinners as e'er they were?

Trum. Marriages indeed should be repair'd to, as ecommonly Nunneries are, for handsom Retreats and Conveniences, not for Prisons; where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. Good. But never, Sir, without a Lady Abbess, or a Confessor at least.

Trum. Might I, Madam, have the Honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. Good. See, Mr. Goodvile and Madam Camilla

I believe are at Shrift already.

Trum. And poor Ned Valentine looks as pensively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. Good. See Mr. Caper, your Mistress.

Cap. Ha Camil'a! Sir your Servant, may I have

the Honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Good. No Sir, Death! furely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my House, and they are a worse Plague than Bugs and Moths: Shall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir Noble, Sir Noble, have a care of your Mi-

ftress! do you see there?

Clum. Hum--ha--where? oh-- [Wakes and rifes. Saun. Nay, faith Madam, Harry Caper's as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiest Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. Harry, I shall marry her.

Clum. Marry Sir! whom will you marry, Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry

thee my felf presently.

Vict. You, Sir Noble! ---- what d'ye mean?

[She [queaks.

Clum. Mean! honourably! honourably, I mean honourably. These are Rogues, my Dear, arrant Rogues. Come along

[Ex. Sir Nob. and Vict.

Cap. Ha, Saunter. ---

Saun. Ay, Caper, ha! Let's follow this drunken Knight. Cap. 1'faith and so I will -- I don't value him this!

[Cuts. [Ex. Cap. and Saunt.

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, Well, I'll swear my Cousin Sir Noble is a strange pleasant Creature. Dear Midam, let us follow and see the Sport. Mr. Truman, will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot. [Exeunt.

Wal. I'll withdraw too, and at some Distance observe how Matters are carry'd between Goodvile and Camil'a.

Exit.

Good. Are you then, Madam, resolv'd to ruin me? Why should all that Stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the Gleanings of it? I love you:—

Cam. And all the Sex besides. That ever any Man should take such Pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

Good. Nay then there's Hopes yet; if you pretend to doubt the Truth of my Love, 'tis a Sign you have

some Inclinations at least that are my Friends.

Cam. This Goodvile I see is one of those spruce polisht. Fools, who have so good an Opinion of themselves, that they think no Woman can resist em, nor Man of better Sense despise em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him.

[Aside.]

Good. Well, Madam, have you consider'd on't? Will

the Stone in your Heart give way ?

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Good. And I may then go hang or drown, or downhat I will with my felf? Ha!

Cam. At your own Discretion, Sir, tho' I should be loth to see so proper a handsom Gentleman come to an ill End.

Good. Good charitable Creature! But, Madam, know:
I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my Revenge
shall be to love you still; gloat on and loll after you
where-e'er I see you; in all publick Meetings haunt and
vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and so plain,
that every Fop that sings'em shall know'tis you I mean.

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Cam.

Cam. So, Sir, this is fomething a Cou'd not you as well have fold me you had been been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me, besides, 'tis a thousand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of Love and Noise, and all to as little Purpose as any thing you say else.

Good. Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a Watch and Guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-dress'd Fool in private, but! Il know it; then in a lewd Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the Hour you ever saw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel Man.

Good. Ha, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand Pardons; curst damn'd Sot that I was! I have ruin'd my self now for ever.

confent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been marry'd a full Year: How must I then suspect your Love to me, that can so soon forget your Faith to her?

Good. O Madam, what do you do? The Name of a Wife to a Man in Love is worse than cold Water in a Fever: "Tis enough to firike the Distemper to my Heart, and kill me quite: my Lady, quoth-ad

Cam: Besides, Valentine you know is your Friend.

Good. I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to out and drink and laugh withal: Nay more, I would on a good Occasion lose my Life for a Friend, but not my Pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Good. You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the lest-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

Cam. I won't promise you, can't you trust my Good-nature?

Good. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between Truman and Victoria, my Hopes are compleated.

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Cam. Haste! haste! away, Sir, I fee Valentine coming. [Exit Good.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad! Mr Goodvie has left you in fo good a Humour.

Cam. Ay, Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a Humour as he has left me here.

Enter Lady Squeamish, Bridget at the Dor.

L. Squeam. Valentine and Camilla alone together!

Now for an Opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love:

Malice!

Val. Ungratefull'st of Women!

Cam. Foolishest of Men! can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since your first Knowledge of me, that might persuade you I should ever grow fond of a Man as notoriously salse to all Women as you are unworthy of me?

L. Squeam. Has Valentine been false to her too? Nay, then there is some Pleasure left yet; to think I am not the only Woman that has suffer'd by his Baseness. [Aside.

Val. What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an Hour only for a little harmless Raillery or so? an Honour I could never obtain without hard. Suit and humble Supplication.

Cam. Alas! how very politick you are grown! you would pretend Displeasure to try your Power. No ---- I shall henceforth think you never had a good Opinion of me; but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastical Jealousy is now.

Wal. What specious Pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easy and good-natur'd, willing to believe and be de-

ceiv'd: --- What, not a Word!

Cam. Tho' I can hardly descend to satisfy your Diftrust, for which I hardly value you, and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him, and of Love too: nay more, granted him an Appointment, but one I never meant to keep; and promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an Opportunity as this to check your Pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a Distance.

Val. Tho' I had some Reason to be in doubt, yet this true Resentment and just Proceeding has convinc'd me: For Goodvile is a Man I have little Reason to trust, as will appear hereaster: and 'twas my Knowledge of his Baseness made me run into so mean a Distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: but the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private, I shall have you listening at the Door, or Eves-dropping under the Window. What, distrust your Friend, the honourable worthy Mr. Goodvile? --- Fy, how can you be so ungenerous?

Val. There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his Ends: --- Even his own Kinswoman and Charge, Victoria, he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend Truman for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think how easily he swallow'd the Cheat: He could not be more transported at Possession, than he was with Expectation; and he went away in a greater Triumph than if he had conquer'd the Indies.

Val. Where did you promise him?

Cam. In the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden.

L. Squeam. So, in the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that.

[Aside. But Mr. Valentine, you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

L. Squ'am. Enough, I know the Time and Place; and Madam Camilla, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to-night. Alas, poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her! [Aside. Cam.

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Cam. Now would this News be more welcome to her Ladyship Madam Squeamish, than a new Fashion, a new Dance, or new Song. How many Visits would she make on the Occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest for her till she had made it a Jest, from the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in Holborn.

Val. But for some private Reasons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam Goodvile too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to-night, which the least Accident may interrupt. --- Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the Matter, that Goodvile shall keep his Assignation, and her Ladyship her self supply the Place of the much-expected charming Camilla.

Cam. But would you, Sir, do me fuch an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. Goodvile? that were inhuman.

Val. Good conscionable Creature, have Patience. and don't you think of paying Debts too fast; there's an Account yet between you and me which must be made even, and I think I had best secure it now I have you in my Custody.

Cam. Ay, but, Sir, if I part with any thing, I mall

expect to have fomething to shew for't.

Val. Nay, if I don't offer as lufty Security and Conditions as any Man, let me lose all I lay Claim to. that's fair. Excunt.

L. Squeam. So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extremely furprizing. Bridget, go home and fetch me the Morning-gown I had latt made in Imitation of Camilla's, for perhaps I shall go a Masquerading to-night, or it may be not; but fetch it nevertheless.

Brid. Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my Lady Foplove's t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. Squeam. Impertinent Creature! and wouldst thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I fay; and d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead.

fear I may have Firs to-night.

Brid. I never knew her without fantastical ones, I am fure, for they cost me many a weary Errand. [Ex. Enter Victoria.

L. Squeam. Oh my dear Victoria! the most unlook'd for Happiness! the pleasantest Accident! the strangest Discovery! the very Thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. Valentine and Camilla, Camilla and Valentine, ha, ha.

Viet. Dear Madam, what is't fo transports you?

L. Squeam. Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I shall die with Laughter --- ha, ha, ha, Camilla and Valentine, Valentine and Camilla --- ha, ha, ha, --- O dear, my Heart's broke.

Viet. Good Madam, refrain your Mirth a little, and I et me know the Story, that I may have a Share init,

L. Squeam. An Affignation! an Affignation to-night in the lower Garden, -- by strong good Fortune I overheard it all just now-- but to think on the pleasant Confequence that will happen, drives me into an Excess of Joy beyond all Sufferance.

viet. Madam, in all probability the pleasant'st Consequence is like to be theirs, if any Body's; and I cannot guess how it should touch your Ladyship in the least.

L. Squeam. O Lord, how can you be fo duil? Why, at the very Hour and Place appointed will I meet Valentine in Camilia's stead, before she can be there her felf; then when she comes, expose her, Infamy to all the World, till I have thoroughly revenged my felf for all the base Injuries her Lover has done me.

Viet. Bur, Madam, can you endure to be so mali-

L. Squeam. That, that's the dear Pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand Deaths, if I thought I should hazard the least Temptation to the Prejudice of my Honour.

Viet. But why should your Ladyship run into the Mouth of Danger? who knows what scurvy

lurking

furking Devil may stand in readiness, and feize you

Virgue before you are aware of him?

L. Squeam. Temptation! No, I'd have you know I forn Temptation: I durft trust my felf in a Convent amongst a Kennel of cramm'd Friars: Besides, that ungrateful ill-bred Fellow Valentine is my mortal Aversion, more odious to me than foul Weather on a Mayday, or ill Smell in a Morning.

Vict. Nay now, Madam, you are too violent.

L. Squeam. Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that should commend any one thing about
him: Dear Victoria, urge nothing in his Behalf; for if
you do, you lose my Friendship for ever: The' I swear
he was a fine Person once, before he was spoil'd.

viet. I am sure your Ladyship had the best Share in his spoiling then.

L. Squeam No, were I inclin'd to entertain Addreffes, I affure you I need not want for Servants; for I
fwear I am so perplex'd with Billet donx every Day, I
know not which Way to turn my felf: Besides, there's
no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind. Oh dear Victoria!
whatever you do, never let Love come near your Heart:
Tho' really I think true Love is the greatest Pleasure
in the World.

Wist. Would I had never known Love, my Honour had not then lain at the Mercy of fo ungrateful a Wretch as Goodvile, who now has certainly abandon'd

and forgotten me.

L. Squeam. Well, certainly I am the most unsteddy, restless, humoursome Woman breathing: Now I am so transported at the Thoughts of what I have design'd, that I long 'till the Hour comes with more Impatience than—I'll swear I know not what to say—— Dear Victoria, ten thousand Adieus—Wish me good Success—Yet now I think on't, I'll stay a little longer——I'll swear I must not neither—Well! I'll go——No, I'll stay——Well, I'm resolv'd neither to stand still——fit still——nor lie still——nor have one Thought at rest till the Business.

finess is over -- I'll swear I am a strange Creature.

Vict. Farewel, Whirligigig.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. Victoria here! To meet with an old Mistress when a Man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse Omen than a Hare in a Journey. --- I'll step aside this Way till she's past me; so farewel, Fubb.

[Makes mouths, [Exit Vict.

Now for the lovely, 'kind, yielding Camilla! How I long for the happy Hour! Swelling, burning Breafts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, Millions of Kisses, and unspeakable Joys wait for me.

Enter Truman and Valentine.

Well, Gentlemen, now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be Room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear Goodvile, thou are too powerful to be deny'd any thing, 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a swift Glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

Val. After a Man has been difturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompense himself with a Friend and a

Bottle in private at Night.

Good. Spoken like Men that deserve the Life you enjoy. I'll in before, and put all Things in Readiness.

[Ex. Goodvile.

Val. This worthy Person, for his Honesty and Sobriety, would have made a very good Dutch Burgomaster: But he is as damnable an English Friend and Gentleman, as one would wish to meet withal.

Trum. Valentice, thou art too much concern'd at him: Methinks Camilla's Justice, and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despite and

laugh at him as I do.

Val. Truman, thou indeed hast Reason: and when I shall know the happy Success of the Revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do my self and him that Justice as to scorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum,

Trum. Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very Night I also have an Assignation with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper End of the Garden, the opposite Walk to that where he expects to meet Camilla.

Val. Then I am at rest; let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no Interruption: At least he will be so full of his Expectation of Camilla, that he'll never dream in what posture his own Affairs stand in another Place.

Trum. Away then; and may good Luck attend us: Ere yet two Hours are past his Wise's my own. Methinks already in that secure dark private Grotto,

Close in my Arms, and languishing she lies, With dying Looks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes; And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies. [Excust.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

S C E N E, Night-Garden.

Enter Goodvile at one Door, Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice following her at the other.

Good. SO, I think I came off in good Time: Hold, now for Camilla: By Jove I think I am little better than drunk. Hah! who's there? Victoria as I live; nay, it must be she, as I said before. The poor Gipsy's jealous; has had some Intimation of my Appointment with Camilla: I'll loof off, and observe which Way she steers.

Mrs. Good. Lettice, I fear that's Mr. Goodvile's Voice: Whatever you do, if any crofs Accident

happens, be sure you call me Victoria.

Good.

Good. Ay, ay, 'tis Victoria! vigilant Devil! but I'll take this Way, and wait at the lower End of the Walk.

Mrs. Good. Lettice, look well round you that no body fee us, and then follow me.

[Exeum.

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well. How I pity poor Valentine! yonder is he plying Bumpers, as they call 'em, more furiously than a foreign Minister, that comes into England to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited something long tho'; who comes here?

Enter Lettice.

Let. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant, Lettire.

Trum. My little good-natur'd Agent, is't you? Where is thy Lady? She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languish here so long in Expectation: It looks as if she rather meant to make a Trial of my Patience than my Love: 1s she coming?

Let. Well, I swear (as my Lady Squeamish says) you are a strange Creature. But I'll go and tell her; tho' I'll vow I utterly disown having any Hand in the Business; and if any Ill comes of it, 'tis none of my Fault,

Trum. No, no, not in the least. Pryther dispatch. How's this! more Company! who comes there?

Val. 'Tis I, Jack Truman; your Friend Valentine.

Trum. My dear Encourager of Iniquity! what News?

Where's Goodvile?

Val. No matter for Goodvile; here comes your Mistress.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile. Valentine retires

how I shall quake and tremble! --- Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. Good. Mr. Truman, is't your Voice? Lettice, you may go again if you will ——— {Ex. Lettice. Well, Sir, I vow, Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp Evening for a World.

Trum.

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Trum. I'll warrant you, Madam, while you are in my Possession, no Cold shall hurt you: Come, shall we withdraw to the Grotto?

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Mrs. Good. Withdraw to the Grotto? bless me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll swear you make my Heart ach.

Trum. Oh Madam! I have the best Cure for the Passion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it, Madam, 'tis Probatum: Come, come, let's retire.—Do, make a Disturbance, and ruin your self and me, do!

Mrs. Good. Nay, I'll swear, Sir, you are insufferably rude: You had best make a noise and alarm my Husband, you had; for, hang me, I shall cry out.

Trum. No, no, I'm fure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll use you so gently --- hark! ---- don't you hear, there's some body coming.

Mrs. Good. Where, where, where? If we are feen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you such an Advantage again.

Trum. I'm sure you would not, if I should let slip this. Come, come, Delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. Good. Ah Lord, you kill me! --- what will become of me ah [Carries ber in.

Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your Condition is something desperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am like to have here; but it is for the sake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to persuade me to any thing.

Enter Malagene at some distance.

Ma'. So, Jack Truman and Madam Gordvile have order'd Matters pretty well, I'll fay that for my Kinfwoman, she lays about her handsomly. But certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more Sport yet.

Val. That should be Goodvile: I'll step behind this Tree, and see how he and her Ladyship behave themselves.

felves. This is like to be a Night of as civil Business, as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Valentine has fous'd me? If I should have overstay'd the time now, and miss'd of my Appointment with Camilla--- Truman is reel'd home, that's certain; and Valentine, I believe, has follow'd him by this time. Camilla, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting Camilla, where art thou?

Enter Lady Squeamish.

L. Squeam. That must be Valentine; nay, I am sure it is he! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his Mistake? But I'll take care, if possible, that no such thing shall happen, so mine be the Pleasure, and camilla's the Scandal; I'll rush by him thro' the Walk into the Wilderness.

[Runs cross the Walk.]

Good. That must be she; How swiftly she slew along, as she fear'd to be too late, loosely attired, and sit for Joys! Now all the Power of Love and good Fortune direct me.

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he's fafe; tho' a Poxon't, methinks this dry Pimping is but a fcurvy Employment. Had I but a Sifter or Kinswoman of his to keep doing withal, there were some Comfort in it:

but here comes Truman and the Lady; I must not be feen.

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. You shall not go: Come bur back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: Besides, Mr. Goodvile's in the Garden; and if he should chance to meet us, what Excuse could we make to him?

Mrs. Good. But will you promise me Victoria shall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deserve it,

I am fure, half fo well as I.

Nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have

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have one — Alas! we talk too long. [Noise. I hear Company coming, we shall be surprized and disappointed, and I am then undone.

Mrs. Good. I'll fwear you make me tremble every

Joint of me: What would you have me do?

Trum. See, fee, who are yonder ?

[Exeunt Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Enter Goodvile and Lady Squeamish.

Good. What a Feast of Delight have I had! furely she was born only to make me happy! her natural and unexperienc'd Tenderness exceeded practis'd Charms:
----- Dear, blest, lovely Camilla, oh! my Joys!

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha!

Good. How's this? my Lady Squeam! -- Death, and the Devil.

L. Squeam. Truly sweet Mr. Valentine, the same. Now, Sir, I hope---- Uh gad! Mr. Goodvile!

[They stare at each other.

Good. Have I been mumbling an old Kite all this while instead of my young Partridge? a pox of my deprayed Palate, that could distinguish no better.

L. Squeam. Lord, Mr. Goodvile, what ails you! ---This was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die,

it is very pleasant, ha, ha, ha!

Good. A pox on the Pleasures, and you too, I say. L. squeam. This malicious Devil Camilla has over-reach'd me. --- Well, Mr. Goodvile, you are the worthiest Person --- had I an only Daughter, I durst trust her with you, you are so very civil --- Well Innocence

is the greatest Happiness in the World.

Good. Right, Madam, it is so, and you know we have been very innocent; done no Harm in the World,

not we.

L. Squeam. The censorious World, if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to speak reproachfully; but so long as I my self am satisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a Thing ldefy and scorn.

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Good. Very philosophically spoken: --- But, Madam, so long as the World is to be a Stranger to our Happiness, why should we deny our selves the second Pleasure of Congratulation?

L. Squeam. Alas, alas, Mr. Goodvile, you cannot fay that you have had the least Advantage over my Frailty: Well, what might have happen'd, if the strict Severity

of both our Virtues had not secured us?

the Impertinence I ever knew her guilty of. ---- Virtue with a Pox! I think I have Reason to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Virtue found I about her.

L. Squeam. But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: Tho I am extremely mistaken if I saw not Mr. Valentine enter the Garden before me, and am as much mistaken

if a Lady was not with him too.

Good. Hell and Confusion! that must be Victoria: I thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious Design of discovering me, avoided her—False to me with Valentine?

L. Squeam. I'll Iwear, Mr. Goodvite, I have long fuspected an Intrigue between you and Madam Victoria, and this Jealousy has confirmed me: and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

Good. Death Madam! this is beyond all Sufferance—disappointed, and jilted by Camilla! abused by Victoria! and with Valentine too, Truman's Friend, who I thought should have marry'd her! ---- Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex; may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betray'd.

L. Squeam, Dear Mr. Goodvile, be patient: Let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trufting Men again ---- Lord, I would not be poor Madam Victoria, to gain an Empire. I'll fwear if you are not more moderate, you'll discompose me strangely: ---- How my Heart beats!

Good. Patience! preach it to a galled Lion --- No. I am fure she is not far off, and I will find her, surprize

her in the midst of her Infamy and Prostitution, -----'Sdeath Madam, let me go.

L. Squeam. I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you shall not go --- I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to stir. --- Oh my Heart, here's malagene.

Enter Malagene singing, Frank, Frank, ert.

Mal. Why how now Frank, what a Pox out of Humour? Why, Madam, what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks! why Frank, I fay, prithee bear up.

Good. Hark you Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it

out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

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Mal. No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I shall publish; by my Soul, Joy, I shall.

Good. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owls! I'll fet my House o' fire, rather than have

it haunted and pester'd by fuch Vermin.

Mal. Faith Frank do: I have not feen a House o' fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolick, prithee let us about it prefently.

L. Squeam. Dear Mr. Goodvile, you shall be perfuaded: Don't run your self into Danger thus rashly.

good. Do you hear then, Monsieur Pimponio; as you expect to live a quiet Hour, run in and call for some Lights, and return with 'em instantly.

Mal. Say no more dear Heart, I'll do't; if Mischief comes not of this, the Devil's in't ---- but dear Frank, stay till I come again, I'll be back in a trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyship into the Wilderness; or any thing.

[Ex. Malagene.

L. Squeam. Let me not live, this Mr. Malagene is a very obliging Person, and methinks Mr. Goodvile you

use him too severely.

Good. I wish, Madam, he may deserve that Character of you: He is one of those Worldlings you were speaking of that are apt to talk reproachfully; and I believe

believe knows all that has passed between us to Night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these Matters.

L. Squeam. Lord, Mr. Goodvile, what can he say of m:? I defy even Envy it self to do me or my Honour any Prejudice: Tho' I wish I had let this Frolick alone to Night.

Good. Frelick with a Pox!---- if these be her Frolicks, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? O he returns with the Lights:---- Look who are these? by

Heav'n the fame.

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently, Madam, for fear of an Ambufeade; I wonder I hear nothing from Ned Valentine fince.

Mrs. Good. See, see, Sir, here's Mr. Goodvile: Haste, haste down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

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Trum. Fear not, trust all to my Conduct. [Ex. [As Mrs. Goodvile is going away, Goodvile catches hold of her Gown---- she claps on her Masque.

Good. Stay Madam Victoria; nay, you must stay, 'tis in vain to sty; I have discover'd all your Falshood, I have: Was mine a Passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! persidious false Woman! --- is your Lover too asham'd or asraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am, Sir.

Good. Ha, Truman! [Mrs. Good. gets loofe, and Ex. Trum. Yes, Sir, the same: Ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with Victoria, which I thought, Sir, might have been allow'd without any Offence to Mr. Goodvile. That she is innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to do my Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleased to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

Good. Concern'd, Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman under under my Charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable Hour, might alarm a Man

less tender of his Reputation than I am.

Irum. Sir, this Excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected) that Victoria has been long your Mistress: -- A pox of the Honour of your Family; you had given her all your Heart, you said; and your Passion was not a Thing to be thus abused: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

Good. No, but dear Jack Truman, thou art my Friend. Trum. You would have made me believe so indeed; but the Daubing was too coarse, and the artificial Face appear'd too plain. ----- One would have thought, Sir, that you, who keep a general Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs might have found one to have recompensed

a cast Mistress withal, and not have endeavoured the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend. But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be esteemed much Ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. Malagene and I join Forces to publish a little, as he calls it.

Mal. Faith, Jack Truman, with all my Heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing --- Frank Goodvile---- pugh.

Good. Sir, I shall require a better account of this

hereafter.

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L. Squeam. Lord, Mr. Truman, what ails Mr. Good-vile? how happen'd this Difference? --- I'll fwear I am strangely surpriz'd.

Trum. Your Ladyship, I suppose, can best give an account how Matters are with him: I am apt to be-

lieve he has been very free with you.

L. Squeam. Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll swear

you are a scandalous Person.

Good. Sir, since you are so rough, be pleased not to concern your self with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to do, if you dare justify your own to morrow.

D

Trum. If I dare ?---- nay Sir, fince you question it,
I'll convince you presently: ---- Draw. [They fight.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the Matter here? ---- Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile, for hame put up,

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. Good. Where is this perfidious false Man? where is Mr. Goodwile? So Sir, I have found now the Original of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rival it seems; Victoria, the happy Victoria possessed all my Joys: What, have you been sighting too for the Honour of your Mistress?——here, come kill me: Would I had been laid in my Grave, ere I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Good. 'Sdeath, I thought the had been in her Chamber this Hour at least: --- 'Tis true, my Dear, I must own a Kindness for Victoria, as my Kinswoman; but ----

Mrs. Good. How! dare you own it? and to my Face too? matchless Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hot lascivious glowing Eyes that Wander after every Beauty in their Way: --- Oh! that I could blast him with a Look! ---- Was my Love so despicable, to be abandon'd for Victoria! The Thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I'll die! Oh!

Trum. Delicate Dissimulation! how I love her! Aside. Good. Dear Madam, hear me speak ---- Madam, I

Mrs. Good. I know you cannot want an Excuse; Dissimulation and Falshood have been your Practice:
but that you should wrong me with Victoria, a Woman that for the sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every Thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me) is an Injury so great, that it distracts my Reason; I could pardon any Thing but my wrong'd Love. --- Let me be gone; send me to a Nunnery; confine me to a Charnel House, vile ungrateful Wretch! any Thing but thy Presence I can endure.

Good.

Good. Is there every Way to damn'd a Creature as a Wife? --- Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. Good. I'll warrant it, you would perfinade me I am mad; — Would I had been born a Fool, I might then have been happy; patiently have pass'd over the many tedious Nights I have endured in your Absence; contented my self with Prayers for your Safety.

Mal. O Lord; Prayers!

Mrs. Good, When you in the very instant were lan-

Good. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now ---- Curfe on her, what shall I do!

Mrs. Good. 'Tis a Sign you believe me safe enough! you would not certainly else have the Impudence to have brought a new Mistress under my Nose: --- I see there how guilty she stands --- have you a Stomach so hot that it can digest Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? or was it the Fantasticalness of your Appetite, to try how so coarse a Dish would relish, after being cloyed with better feeding? --- Nay, Sir, I have been informed of all

Val. Has then your virtuous Lad, ship been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. Goodvile this Evening?

To Lady Squeamish.

Good. Well, she has dealt with the Devil, that's certain; ---- a Pox on't, I see there's no living for me on this side of the World: ---- Go, let the Coach be

made ready; I'll go into the Country.

Mrs. Good. Nay, Sir, I know my Presence has always been uneasy to you: Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which victoria only has Charms enough to cure. This in the first Mear of our Marriage! nay, and to own it! proclaim your own Falshood, and my disgraceful Injury in the Face of the World, when Malagene too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in the Town, was by to be a Witness; 'twas very discreetly done, and doubtless will be a Secretiong:

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Good. Whirr, --- nay, fince it is fo, what the Devil should I strive to smother my good Actions ---- Well. if you will have it fo, Madam, Victoria has been my Miftress, is my Mistress, and shall be my Mistress, and what a Pox would you have more? and fo good-bye to you.

Enter Sir Noble Clumsey, Caper and Saunter, Clum. How's this! who's that speaks dishonourably of my Love, and Lady that shall be, Victoria? Before George she's a Queen, and whoever fays to the contrary,

I'll first make him eat my Sword, and then beat out

his Teeth with the Hilt of it.

Caper. Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Masquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they fee no Company; Jack Truman, dear Jack, pr'y. thee go and take one Frisk: --- as I hope to be faved. there are three or four of the finest Ladies, the delicatest shaped Women; I am sure I know 'em all.

Trum. Sir, I wish you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I shall be very boi-Rerous and mistake 'em for Whores, tho' if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they must be of Quality.

Cater. I Gad, and fo they are; but mum for that; ---One of 'em is she that gave me this Ring; and the other presented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not cost less than thirty Guineas; ---- Trifles, Jack, which I have the Fortune to meet withal fometimes.

Saun. Nay Sir, you must not come off fo --- Victoria

your Miftress!

Good. Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd in it? Saun. Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any Body --Victoria your Mistress!

Good. 'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your finging, do you hear, and play the Fool by your felf, or-

Saun. Sing Sir? fo I can, Fa La Da La La, &c. Victoria your Mistress!

Good. Yes Sir, I fay my Mistress.

Clum. Ounds then draw.

Val. Hold Sir Noble, you are too furious; what's the matter?

Caper. Why, how now Saunter? How dost do, dear Heart. --- Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and —

Good. Was ever Man so overwhelmed with Fools and Blockheads? Why, you ill-order'd addle-pated, wadling Brace of Puppies: ---- You Fool in the first Place sing and be safe ---- and you slight Grashopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Caper. Dance Sir? and so I think I can Sir, and fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet-doux, or any thing better than you Sir:

Dance quoth a --- there Sir.

Mrs. Good. Nay Sir Noble, not only fo, but own'd and boasted of it to my Face: Told me

Clum. Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable; and

I'll eat his Heart for it.

Good. Dear Raw-head and Bloody-bones, be patient a little. --- See, fee you Beagles, Game for you, fresh Game; that great Towser has started it already; on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[Ibrusts'em at his Wife, and Exit.

L. Squeam. But dear Mr. Caper, Masqueraders did you say? I'll swear I'll among 'em; shall I not have your Company? Oh! dear Masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no longer.

[Exit hastily.

Val. Curse on her, she's gone and has prevented me; ---- Caper, Saunter, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Masqueraders, for shame follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

Saun. Faith Cater, and so she will. Well I am resolv'd to marry Victoria for fear of the worst:

Madam, your most devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. Goodvi'e to Night

Mrs. Good. Dear Sir, it needs no Excuse.

Caper. My Resentments, Madam ----

Trum. You are too ceremonious, Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear she has lost you.

Caper. Dear Fack, as I told thee before, I must bring

thee acquainted with those Ladies.

Saun. Pr'ythee put on a Masque, and come among us, Juck, Faith do.

Trum. Sirs, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

Both. Dear Soul adieu. [Embracing him. [Exeunt Singing and Dancing.

Trum. These Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good

Time; they were never seasonable before.

Mrs. Good. Difeases and Visitations are necessary sometimes to sweep away the noisom Crouds that infest and incumber the World.

Mal. As, I often faid I must publish, I must spread; and so good-b'ye to you. [Exit.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Master raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country presently: Has given order to disperse the Company; what will you do?

Mrs. Good. Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:

lieve he would turn Capuchin.

Tram. But, Madam, it was inhumanly done, to come your felf upon him: One would have thought that I had used him bad enough, for the wife Mistake he made of Victoria.

Mrs. Good. I would not have mis'd it for the World.
Now would he come on his Knees for Composition;
and if I do not bring him to it within these four
Hours

Trum, Why Madam, what will ye do?

Mrs. Good. Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinences that ever the most eminent of our Sex have study'd, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admir'd; then of a sudden seem to grow fond of both those clincant Fools, which I am sure he of all Things lothes; yet do it too so forc'dly, that he himself shall find it only intended to give him Vexation.

Trum. Have you then maliciously designed, in spite

of Nature, to keep me constant?

Mrs. Good. Which you will be fure to be.

Trum.

Trum. A dozen new fresh young unseen Beauties, and the Devil himself in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwise; I never really lov'd or liv'd till now. There is nothing I'd not wish to be, except the very Husband himself, rather than lose you.

Enter Valentine and Camilla.

Val. Fack Tramun!

Trum. Well Ned, what's the matter?

Val. Treason, Truman; your being here with Mrs., Goodvile I fear is discovered; I heard some such Thing whilper'd among the Masqueraders, and Goodvile him-telf seems suddenly alter'd; I would advise you to come and shew your felf, and make the best on't.

Mrs. Good. Let me alone; I'll fecure all, I'll warrant you, I'm fure he can have no positive Proofs? I'll infantly go and put all things in a Confusion, contradict all the Orders he has given for going into the Country; shut up my felf in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him till he comes upon Submission; — Lenice, follow the to my Chamber presently.

[Exit.

Trum Right exquisite Woman and Wife, good Luck artend thee!

Let. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Bullness, and understands the managing of a Husband the best of any Woman in the World: I'll swear she is an ingenious Person: Forty Ladies now, at such an Accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor Waiting-Woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire, but she shews all her Changes in a Motion:

Enter Goodvile.

Good, How now, Letrice? Where's your Lady?

Good. Are you fure of it?

Let. She commanded me to follow her thither but how. Good. Is the alone there?

Let. Ay Sir, I'll affure you the feldom defires Com-

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Good.

Good. Stay a little, are ye fure she was in the House, before this Disturbance happen'd in the Garden?

Let. Sure Sir! why I my self was at the Chamber Window with her, when first she heard you exclaim against Madam Victoria! Poor Creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the Floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, begg'd her on my Knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing but in spite of Force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage the too sensible Resember of your Unkindness had rais'd in her.

Bo notice of what I have faid to you, as you tender

your Well-being.

Let. Yes Sir; --- but if I conceal a Word of it, may I never ferve London Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country Chamber-Maid, and kill Fleas as long as I live.

Good. If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own dear Wise for Victoria! --- Ah! Curse on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impossible! Yet that mischievous Rogue Malagene was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and May-be's with me; ---- By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank stinking Cuckold.

Enter Victoria.

vict. What will become of me! whither shall I sly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the Light again, but be for ever conceal d in these Shades.

Good. Dear Victoria, is't you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before to Night, or no?

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Viet. I have not been out of the House since it was dark till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am destitute where to conceal my self from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of those, to whom your Baseness has given an Opportunity of triumphing over my Missortune and ruin'd Honour.

Good. Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

Vict. Which Way is't possible? By to morrow Morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths;
and

and Malagene, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be spreading it among his Coffee house Companions, and at the Play whisper it to the Orange-Women, who shall make a sulsom Jest of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk to loll and play, and be nauseously leud with 'em in publick.

Good. I tell thee it shall not be; Malagene's my Creature, or at least henceforth I'll make him so: I have Reasons for it, and to believe also that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the same I mistook

for you in the Garden to Night.

wiet. 'Tis true, I was at the same Time to see for her in her Chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

Good. Confound her!---she's an exquisite Jilt, the-row-pac'd, and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Slights of Falshood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes Malagene, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well, Sir, what fay you to this Matter?

Mal. Faith, Bully, I think my dear Kinswoman has maul'd you to some purpose; I'll say this for her, she has the true Blood of the Malagenes in her: To lol dara lol, &c.

Good. What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain and

unfold your felf.

Mal. Why, you must know, Frank, having a particular Esteem for my Family, (the nearest Relation of which I would go fifty Miles to see hang'd) I do think her as very a---But no more,—-Mum dear Heart, Mum I say.

Good. What's that you fay, Sir? what do you think

my Wife ?

Mal. Ay what, Frank? what now?

Good. Nay, Sir, that you must resolve me.

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Med. Why then I'll tell thee, Frunk, don't hou really think I love thee?

Good. I know you'll fay fo, Sir, because you feat

me.

Mal. Then pr'ythee do so muth is lend me ten Guineas for a Day or two.

Good. Oh Sir to the purpose, to the purpose; be

brief.

Mal. Nay then, Mum I fay again.

Good. Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Must I always be forc'd to use you

ill, to bring you to good Manners?

Mal. Faith Child, I am loth to make Mischief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's the 'Truth on't; but I find I lose my felf by it; the very Poets themselves that were wont to stand in awe of me, care not a louse for me now; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Rascal to my Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

Good. Therefore, Sir, refolve to turn honest; and

be just to your Friend.

Mal. The Devil take me, Frank, if thou art not a very impertinent Fellow s--Know! why, who should

know better than your felf? ha!

Good. Here are five Guineas for you, upon Condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have different this Night.

Mal. I'll do't; down with your Duft.

Good. What will not this Rakehell do to borrow Money? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Mal. Well, Frank Gordvile, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honest Fellow in my Heart:——You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this Business?

Good. I would fo, Sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

Mal. And you lent me thefe five Guineas to that purpose?

Good You are much in the right, Str.

Mal. Then to make short of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor silly Cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and confound me if I shall not be assault of thy Company.

Good. Confounded Whore! --- Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the

driving of 'em.

Mal. Nay, nay, Man, since tis so, hever be angry for the Matter. What a Pox, you thought to put the Mistress upon Truman! Truman has put the Cuckold upon you; Valentine has been Pimp in the Business; and the Devil take me if I don't think my self the honestest Fellow amongst you.

Viet. Now, Sir, confider what a wretched thing you

made me.

Good. No more; I'm thine, and here I feal my Heart to thee for ever.

Mal. Well, Frank, can I ferve thee any further in

this Business?

Good. That, Sir, is as time shall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpose, I know you are a Rascal not to be trusted: Therefore observe it, if you offer to shir beyond the Limits I set you, at that very instant I'll murder you.

Mal. Prythee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering. I hope you take me Sir (under the Rose) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Good. A Spaniel to hunt and fet the Game I mean to take: O! Malagene, there will be Mischief, Ma'agene, and new ripe fresh candal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'st, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

Mal. I'faith, and so I do with all my Heart: But Frank, I don't know how this Business will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three:

hearty

hearty old Souls to morrow at Dinner, to swear and drink, and talk Baudy and Treason together for an Hour or two; they are all Atheists, and very honest Fellows.

Good. O Sir, you may be hang'd in good time: But for this present occasion I must use you: Victoria, do you with all your utmost Art dissemble but the least Knowledge of what has happen'd to Night: And Sir, do you keep still that lying sneering ugly merry Face which you always wear when you design Mischies: I'll pretend this Morning to pursue my Design of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their Pleasures and Assurance of their Sasety, rememor and surprize em.

Viet. But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all Sense of your past Love and Tenderness for a Woman who has been so dear to you? You

will be apt to relapse again.

Good. I will fooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the Occasion to be rid of so troublesom uneasy a burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and aukwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

Viet. But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever?

go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Issue,---You Sir keep close to me. Quit her! as chearfully as
I would a Shoe that wrings me. Then how loosely
shall I move,

Free and unbounded taste the Sweets of Life! Love where I please, and know no more the Strife That's bred by that d.mestick Plague call'd Wife.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Victoria's Chamber.

Enter Victoria.

Love! Unhappy Womens Curse, and Mens slight Game to pass their idle time at; I find too in my self the common Companion of Insamy, Malice. Has Goodvile's Wise ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that salse perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play salse with him, make my self privy to his whole Design of surprizing Truman and his Wise together: Then like a true Mistress betray his Counsels to her, that she like a true Wise may spite of his Teeth deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold, 'twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equipp'd and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter Goodvile and Boy.

Good. Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready; I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

The Wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day, Before the Whie's of Phoebus, all about

Dapples the droufy East with Spots of Gray.

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my Victoria, up already? fo diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy Shape, and with such Sostness smile and direct me.

Vict. As those whom Will with Wisp bewitches Thre' Pogs, thre' Hedges, and thre' Ditches.

Good. No, thou hast led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony. into the pleasant easy Path

Path of Love, where I can never lofe my way, and must be asways happy. But where's Malagene?

Vict. Below with Sir Noble. Whilft the Butler was afleep, they stole the Key from him : And there they are with the fat red-fat'd Fidler that plays upon the Bass, sitting cross-leg'd upon the Floor, stripp'd to

their Shirts, and drinking Baudy Healths.

Good. That fulfom Rogue will ruin all our Business. See here what I have discover'd; just now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I suppose appointed for the purpose) I found this Billet to my weet Wife.

Reads. If Goodvile goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet. Truman. Now if I am not a Cuckold, let any honest Wittal judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleases me! Blood! Fire!

and Daggers! Vict. But, Sir, what do you refolve on?

Good. As I told thee, instantly to pretend a Journey ont of Town, and return and furprize 'em; for I am fure they'll not be long afunder when I am out of the way : Oh! this Billet is a very honest Billet, and I know won't lye. But why should I spend my time in talking of what but vexes me, when Pleasures are so near me? Come my Victoria, take me to thy Arms, a Moment's Joy with thee would sweeten Years of Cares. The Devil--

Enter Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice.

Mrs. Good. Good Morning to you, Sir. Good. Good Night to you, Madam.

Mrs. Good. How fo, Str ?

Good. Why good Night, or good Morrow 'tis all one; Ceremony is the least thing I take care of: You fee I am bufy.

Mrs. Good. I must confess, considering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis something rude in me to inter-

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rupt you; but I hope when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil Leave of you; I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

Good. Ay! a little Air will be very seasonable at present, Madam; I shall grow rank else, and all the

Company I keep will smell me out.

Mrs. Good. Oh! what Joy will fill each neighbouring Village, to hear our Landlord's Honour's coming down. The Bells shall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the Name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himself the next Lord's Day to Dinner.

Good. I am glad to fee you fo pleasant, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Then the next Morning out Tenant's dainty Daughter is fent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudge her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'sy, and blushes in expectation of what his Worship will bestow upon her.

Good. Oh Madam, let not any Thoughts of that nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please my self when I am there sometimes to contemplate your Ladyship's Picture

in the Gallery.

Mrs. Good. Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleanlier fort of Creatures of the two: Straight we're invited to the noble Hunt, and

not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

Good. No Madam: No horned Beaft shall suffer for my Pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam, and find, we ought not to hurt our Fellow Creatures.

Mrs. Good. I jealous of Victoria! No. Tho my Paffion

last Night made me extravagant, when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady Squeamish, which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: For I am consident it was your first Transgression.

Good. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. Good. Yet I am too well fatisfy'd of Victoria's Virtue, for she's my Friend; and tho' I shou'd see her in your Arms, I cou'd not harbour such a Thought. No, Victoria, you must love me, and i'll love you; you shall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. Goodwile's out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir the Coach is ready.

Good. You think, Madam, you have a fine easy Fool to play withal, but the Gayness of your Face is too thin to hide the Rancour of your Heart; and so my dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this Minute to look on you.

Mrs. Good. Are you then inexorable? Relentless,

cruel Man!

Good. Good eafy melting kind-hearted Woman, farewel.

Mrs. Good. Ah wretched me!

Let. My Lady swoons. Dear Madam Victoria, hasten and bring my Master back again; you can do any thing with him.

[Ex. Victoria.

Mrs. Good. No, no, Lettice! Let him alone, art

thou fure he's gone?

Let. I hope fo, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Then so soon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be sure you go your self to Mr. Truman, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his House is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will stay in it. My Lady Squeamish

too

too is arriv'd just as he left the Door; I am sure she'll

come in; will you see her, Madam?

Mrs. Good. Oh I am sick at the very Name of her; Let all the Doors be barr'd against her, and Gunpowder under each Threshold-place, ready to blow her up, if she but offer an Entrance. Lettice, lend me your Hand a little: I'll to my Chamber instantly: Oh my Head!

[Ex. with Let.

Vict. This Management of hers fo charms me, that I can almost forget all the Mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproach'd me, but 'twas done so handsomly, that I doubly deserv'd it to have taken no-

tice of it.

Enter Lady Squeamish.

L. Squeam. Oh, dear Victoria, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever: Oh I shall die, I shall die! the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is false to me.

Viet. What ails your Ladyship? Surely she's di-

L. Squeam. Oh Goodvile, Goodvile! the false, cruel, remorfeles Goodvile! I came just as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mock'd my Sorrows.

Vict. Alas! her Ladyship is passionate, as I live very passionate. Aside.

L. Squeam. So Thefeus lest the wretched Ariaine on

Shore; so fled the false Aneas from his Dido.

Viet. What could! you expect less of him, Madam! Falshood is his Province: Your Ladyship should have made choice of a civil, sober, discreet Person; but

Goodvile you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. Squeam. That has been my Ruin; it was therefore I adore him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholy As, because she might be sure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the Joy of my Soul. Oh how I doat on a Spark! I could live

and

and die with a Spark. Victoria, I make you a Confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. Goodvile: Come, come, I know all.

Viet. Your Ladyship knows more than all the World

besides.

La Squeam. And as I was faying, A Sparle is the dearest thing to me in the World; I have had Acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was a sweet Person: Oh he danc'd, and sung, and dress to a Miracle, and then he spoke French as if he had been bred all his Life-time at Paris, and admir'd every thing that was French: Besides, he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talk'd; and then never wanted Discourses I'll sweat he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the Description of an Equipage.

Vict. That must needs be very charming.

L. Squeam. But Mr. Goodvile has a Wit too: Oh I hever had a Wit before, for to speak Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little foolish I'll swear, ha, ha!

Sir Noble and Mal. at the Door drunk,

Mal. Scout, fcour, fcour.

Clum. Down goes the Main-mast, down, down, [They enter.] Malagene, roar, roar, and ravish, here are Punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, first-rate Punks, you Rogue.

Viot. How came these Russians here?

Clum. Ruffians! do you know who you talk to, Madam? I am a civil, fober, discreet Person, and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

Mal. Look you, Madam, make no Noise about this Matter. This is a Person of Quality and a Friend of

mine, therefore pray be civil.

L. Squeam. Has Mr. Goodvile left no Footmen at home to cudgel fuch Fops? Fogh how like drunken Journey-men Taylors they look?

Mal. Journey-men, Madam! hold there! none of

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your Ladyship's Journey-men, that's one Comfort! Wee to the poor Devil that is, I say.

L. Squeam. Were Mr. Goodvile at home you durft

not talk thus, you scandalous Fellow.

Mal. Goodvile, fay you hark you, my Dear, were he here in Person, I would first of all decently kick him out of Doors, then turn up thy Keel and discover here to thy Kinsman what a leaky Vessel thou art.

or will he box for Fifty Pound? Look you, this Fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true, his Countenance is none of the best: But he's a neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

Mai. Hark you, Knight; you'll bear me out in this Business, Knight: For under the Rose, I have Apprehension, that this Carcase of mine may suffer else.

clum. No more of that Rogue! no more. Take morice, good People, this eivil Person shall marry my Sister; she is a pretty hopeful Lady —— Traly she is not full thirteen!—— but she has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

Val. Ridiculous Oaf!

Clum. Come, let us talk Bandy,

Vist. I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

Clam. Wheugh --- flie's gone.

L. Squeam. Beaft ! Brute ! Barbarian ! Sot !

Clum. Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be ---

[Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.

L. Squeam. Oh help! I am murder'd! O my Head!

Clum. Nay, Lady, that was no Fault of mine: You shall see I'll keep my distance, and, (as I was saying) if I have offended ---

[Reels against a Table and throws down a Chim

Far, and several little China Dishes.

L. Squeam. O insufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghil.

Clum. Look you, Madam, no Harm! no Harm! you shall see me behave my self notably yet --- as for Example --- suppose now -- suppose this Door.

[Goes to the Door.

Very well; thus then I move .---

[Steps forward and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.

Ha, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter Servants.

I Serv. Such as we are, Sir, you shall find us at your Service.

Clum. Murder, Murder ! ---

Mal. Where there is such Odds, a Man may with Honour retire and steal off.

[Exit Mal.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Caper. Where is this Rascal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Persons of Quality?

Clum. Sir, your humble Servant : did you see my

Periwig?

Caper. Sir, you are an Ass; and never wore Periwig in your Life: Iernié, what a Bush of Briars and Thorns is here? The Mane of my Lady Squeamish's Shock is a Chedreux to it.

Clum. Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honest Fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Mufick and Poetry.

Saun. How, Sir!

Caper. But, Sir, come close to the Business: How durst you treat Ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of Musick and Poetry.

Clum. Why, he had all Westminster Drollery and Oxford Jests at his Fingers Ends. And for the Cittern, if every Troy Town were a Tune, he master'd it upon that Instrument, when he was our Butler in the Country:

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N Doo Country: An old Maid of my Grandmother's took great Delight in him for it.

Saun. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Business.

Clam. Business! hang Business! I hate a Man of Business: If you'll drink or whore, break Windows or commit Murder, I am for you.

Caper. Sir, will you fight?

Clum. Fight! with whom? for what?

Caper. With me.

Saun. With me.

Clum. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart; I love Fighting, Sir.

Saun. Ay, Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

Clum. Why, you sweet perfum'd Jessamine Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Doz n of you I'd beat you out of your artificial Sweetness into your own natural Rankness. You Stinkards! shall I draw my Cerberus and cut you off, you gaudy Popinjays?

Caper. This Fellow's mad, Saunter! stark mad, by Jerico: Dear Knight, how long hast thou been in this

Pickle? this Condition, Knight? hah?

Clum. What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms? Saun. Ay, ay, 'tis fo, the poor Devil must to Bedlam:

Bedlam, Knight, the Madman's Hospital.

Clum. What will become of you, then, you Vermin? There's never an Hospital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handsom Fellows in this Town might be provided for!

Fiddles play within.

Caper. Hey-day, Fiddles!

Saun. Madam Goodvile hearing we were here, hath fent for 'em on purpose to regale us.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Lady Squeamish with the Fiddles playing, Saunter falls to sing the Tune with 'em, and Caper dances to it. Lettice.

Mrs. Good. Let my Servants take care that all the Doors stand open: I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one

Fool

Fool in Town. Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedom I am Miftress of. Lettice try your Voice.

L. Squeam. Oh, Madam! this gallant Spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. Capen, you and Mr. Saunter were born to be happy! Madam Goodvile has refolv'd to facrifice this Day to Pleasure what shall we do with our selves ?

Caper. Do, Madam! We'll dance for ever.

L. Squeam. Oh ay dance.

Saun. And fing.

L. Squeam, And fing.

Both. And love.

L. Squeam. Oh ay, love! but Madam Gooduile, have you refolv'd to wear the Willow, and be very melancholy --- ha, ha, ha --- Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my fight.

Mrs. Good. Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girls that figh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Difeafe for Bankrupt Beauty: I have yet a Stock of

Care.

And while that lasts, what Woman would despair?

Youth and Charms, unfully'd by the Hands of Age or

Clum. In the mean time I'll fcout out for a Doxy of my Acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let Victoria go hang and despair. Sings.

To love is a Pleasure divine,

Yet I'll never figh nor be fad:

They are Coxcombs that languish and pine,

So long as Whores are to be had. - To daroll, darolla. L. Squ am. O fecure that deform'd Monster, that

Rebel of mine: Fellows, take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him fensible of his Enormities.

Clum. Slaves, avaunt! if my Lady will have it fo, I'll walk foberly into the Garden, and confider of what is Ex. Clum Talove is a Pleasure, &cc.

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Mre. Good. Lettice ?

Mrs. Goad. Is Mr. Truman come?

Let. He'll be here presently, Madam.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. A Letter for your Ladyship.

Mrs. Good. Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam: But faid he had no Orders to stay for an Answer. [Ex. Page. Mrs. Good, A Woman's Hand.

Reads. Mr. Goodvile's Journey out of Town is but a Presence: He is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you will find him anon return'd in hopes to surprize you together. The he has trusted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to affish him in it; yet I would endeavour by this Discovery to persuade you that I am your real Servant, Victoria.

Postscript. Beware of Malagene, for he's appointed

the Spy to betray you.

This is generously done, Victoria, and I'll study to deserve it of thee: Now if I plague not this wise jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curse me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles, lead in! Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter, pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little; I'll follow you presently.

L. Squeam. Come, Mr, Caper, will you walk?

Caper. A. Coranto, Madam ?

L. Squeam. Ay, ten thousand, ten thousand, Mr. Saunter, I would be always near you two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours! Come, let us walk and study which way to divert our selves.

Caper. Allons! for Love and Pleasure : By these

Hands ___

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Saun. By those Eyes -

L. Squeam. Oh no more! no more! I shall be lost in Happiness! [Exeunt.

Mrs. Good. So, this Confort of Fools shall be the Chorus to my Farce; now all the Malice, Ill-Nature, Falshood hood and Hypocrify of my Sex inspire me! Lettice! see Camilla be sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my Reason; Mr. Valentine, I suppose will be here with Mr. Truman.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you, Madam, he durst not answer

a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. Good. You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very flout. You Hectors in Love are as arrant Cheats as Hectors in Fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a Noise for the present; but when they come to the Business, prove arrant Dastards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But, Madam, you should find I dare do something, would you but be civil and stand your Ground.

Mrs. Good. What think you tho' of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the Hangings? what would become of you then?

Trum. Whilft I have such Beauty on my Side, no-

thing can hurt me.

Mrs. Good. Then, Sir, prepare your felf; Mr. Goodvile is really jealous, and mistrusts all or more than has past between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we shall see him instantly in Expectation to catch us together.

Trum. Fear him not, Madam, these Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are busy: Let him run on in his dull Jealousy, whilst we still find new

Windings out, and lose him in the Maze.

Mrs. Good. Then if you wish to preserve me yours, join with me to-day in my Design, which is, if possible, to make him mad, and work him up to the Height of furious Suspicion, and at that Moment when hethinks his Jealousy most just, bassle him out of it: and let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But, Mr Gordvile, Madam, has Wit, and fo

good an Opinion of it too -

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Mrs. Good. 'Tis that shall be his Ruin': Were he a

Trum. Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and

prosper. But what must be my Part?

Mrs, Good. To fecure Malagene. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by Goodvile chief Instrument in the Discovery: He has Cowardice enough to sell his Soul to buy off a Beating. He never told Truth enough to be believed once so long as he lives. Get him but in your Power, and he shall own more Villainies than ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the Necessity of our Affair can invent to put upon him.

those Lips again, but be condemn'd to cast Mistresses in the Side-Box at the Play-house, or what is worse, take up with a Sempstress, and drudge for Custs and

Cravate and week her trap

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Enter Malagene.

Mrs. Good. Here he comes!

Trum: Oh Monfieur Malagene, welcome!

Mal. Jack Truman, your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither so fast, I beseech you, Sir! a Word with you, a Word with you.

Mal. Why, can I do any Thing for thee? Haft thou any Business for me? Prithee what is it?

Trum. Sir, you must lye for me.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay, Sir you must.

Mal. Any Thing in a civil Way or so, Jace: but nothing upon Compulsion, Lad: Prithee, let me do

nothing upon Compulsion, prithee now.

Goodvile I hear has been inform'd by you of what past in the Garden last Night; how durst you be so impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

Mal. Why look you fack, Curiofity you know, and a natural Inclination which I have----

Trum. To Pimping.

Mal. Confound me, Jack, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well, Man-

Trum. What did you know?

Mal. Why I knew thee to be an arch Wag, and an honest Fellow: Ay Rogue, prithee kiss me: The Rogue's out of Humour.

Trum. No, Sir, I dare not use you so like a Friend,

you must deserve it better first.

Mal. Look you Jack, the Truth of the Business is, I am bespoke: But the Love I have to see the Business

go forward may persuade me to much.

Trum. Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave Goodvile, or promise to your self, that wherever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the Spot.

Mal. But hark you, Jack, how shall I come off with the Business? I shall be kick'd and us'd very scurvily:

For the Truth is, I did tell---

Trum. What did you tell?

Mal. Why, I told him, you Knave. I won't tell,
you little cunning Cur, I told him all, Man.

Trum. All Sir ?

Mal. Ay, hang me like a Dog, all. But, Madam, you must pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

Trum, And what do you think to do with your felf?

Mal. Do? why I'll deny it all again, Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at first affirmed it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a Dog, Man---That's nothing at all, Man. I do not value it this. [Pulls out a Jew's Trump, and plays.

Trum. And this, Sir, you'll stand to.

Mal. If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Baudy-House Door: In the mean Time I'll retire and peruse a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of

Trum. Nay, Sir, you are not to ftir from me.

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Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh Madam, shift for your self. Madam Victoria sent me to tell you that my Master is return'd,

and that he pretends to come a Masquerader.

Mal. Well, since it must be so, i'll deny all indeed: what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some Men now with my Stock of Honesty, and a little more Gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well, I have been a lazy Rogue; and never knew till now that I was sit for Business.

Mrs. Good. Mr. Goodvile in Masquerade, say you? Let. Yes, Madam, and two Women with him;

Madam, they are just now alighted.

Mrs. Good Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. Truman, do you retire with Ma'agene. I'll stay here and receive this Machiavel in Disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Assectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Passions, pretended Love, pretended Jealousy, pretended Rage, and in sum the very Genius of my Sex to my Assistance.

Enter Goodvile and others mask'd.

So! here they come: Now this Throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there?

Enter Servants.

Good. Madam, you'll excuse this Freedom.

Mrs. Good. You oblige me by using it: Let all the Company know that these Noble Persons of Quality have honour'd me with their Presence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and see the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. Truman come to me instantly; I cannot live a Minute, a Moment without him.

Good. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. Good. Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilft I go and put Things in order fit for your Reception.

[Exit.

Good. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd be ready when I call for 'em. Truman.

I see, is a Man of punctual Assignation; and my Wise is a Person very adroit at these Matters: some horbrain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am resolv'd to turn a civil, sober discreet Person, and hate Bloodshed: No, I'll manage the Matter so temperately, that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly discard her, Bag and Baggage, whilst you my dainty Doxies take Possession of her Privileges, and enter the Territories with Colours slying.

Good. Ay and six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou shalt every Morning swoop the Exchange in Triumph to see what gaudy Bauble thou canst first grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twiring Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a Noise, hear no Play, and show himself: thou shalt, my Eona

Roba.

Good. Oh thou! thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk, my House-keeper, my necessary Sin: manage all the Affairs of my Estate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach, attended by my own Footmen; nose my Wife Where'er you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh, what a delicious Life will this be!

1 Wom. Hear you, Sir, the Fiddles? [Fiddles without. Good. Oh, the Procession's coming, put on your Vizors, and observe the Ceremony.

Enter Truman, Mrs. Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, Lady
Squeamish, Camilla, with Fiddles, a Letter.

Mrs. Good. Mr. Caper, Mr Saunter, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me anything, command my House, that and all Freedom are yours.

Caper. Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir, your humble Servant: by your Leave, Madam, shall you and I touse and tumble together

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in the Drawing-Room hard by for half an Hour or fo? ha?

do you wear a Masque sor? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnish'd.

2 Wem. Sir; if I want any thing, 'tis to be doubted

you cannot Jupply me.

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Good. So; fure this must come to something anon.

Mrs. Good. Ah, were but Mr. Goodvile here now, what a happy Day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my Pleasures.

Good. Is he then, Madam, fo kind a Husband?

Mrs. Good. Oh, the most indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but he, Mr. Truman, would have so seasonably withdrawn, and left me Mistress of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to sacrifice my self, my Soul, and all my Sense to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heav'ns, Madam, you'll provoke him be-

Mrs. Good. Who, Mr. Goodvie? which Way shall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as fecret—

Trum. As we are happy. So subtlely lay the Sceng of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himself and Malagene to boot, well hird to the Business, shall ne'er discover us.

Mrs. Go d. Oh discover us! a Husband discover us! Were he indeed as jealous as he has Reason, I could no more apprehend Discovery than a Kindness from him.

Good. This Impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so, Madam? [He unmasks.

Mrs. Good. Oh a Ghost! a Ghost! save me, save me. Mr. Truman, see, see Mr. Goodvile's Spirit: Sure some base Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghost is come to revenge it on me.

E 35

Good!

Good. No, Madam, fear nothing, I am a very harmless Goblin, tho' you are a little shock'd at the Sight of me.

Caper. Ha, ha, ha. Goodvile return'd? Dear Frank. Saun. Honest Goodvile, thou seeft, dear Soul, we

are free here in thy Absence.

Good. I see you are, Gentlemen, and shall take an Opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen, be ready.

Mrs. Good. But is it really Mr. Goodvile then? let me receive him to my Arms; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand Times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

Good. Oh Madam, it look'd so very charmingly, that I had no Power to stay longer from the dear

loving Original.

Mrs. Good. So now begins the Battle.

Good. Well Madam, and for your Set of Fools here; to what End and Purpose have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not designed 'em for your own Use.

Mrs. Good. Why Sir, methinks you should not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to pass away the Time withal, since you had taken your dearer Conversation from me.

Good. No, Madam, I understand your Diet better: A Fool is too squab and tender a Bit for your sierce Appetite: You are for a substantial Dish, a Man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. Truman I know is, and I doubt not will do me Reason.

Trum. Ay, Sir, whenever you'll demand it.

Mrs. Good. Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I befeech you;

what would you be at, Sir?

Good. At rest, Madam; like an honest Snail shrink up my Horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet Possession of it.

Mrs. Good. I hope I have done nothing that may di-

sturb your Quiet, Sir.

Good. Nothing Madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me? a Sot, a Beetle,

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Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a mere Utenfil, a Block for you to fashion all your Falshood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my Office, and never be disturbed,

Mrs. Good. So, now your Heart is opening; and for your Ease I'll give it a little Vent my self: You are

jealous! alas! jealous of Truman, are you?

Good. And have I no Reason, Madam, tho' I come and catch you in his Arms, rolling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fireballs at his Heart? Oh, what an indulgent Creature's Mr. Goodvile! so seasonably to withdraw, and leave you Mistress of such Freedom: To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice your self, your Soul, and Sense to him, the Lord of all your Joys, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. Good. I am glad to find my Plet so well succeed: I knew of your Jealousy last Night, knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hope to return and surprize me with Truman. I was inform'd too of your Return but now, and your Disguise; I knew you thro' it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondness to Truman before your Face. It was all the Revenge I had within my Power.

Good. Can you deny your being with Truman in the Garden last Night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see?

Mrs. Good. What Fool? What Villain have you, dares

accuse me ?

Good. One, who, tho' he rarely told Truth before, will be fure to do it now; Malagene, your Kinsman Malagene, a hopeful Branch of your own Stock.

Trum The Rascal dares not own it.

Good. But he shall, Sir, tho' you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas basely done to set a Spy upon your Friend, after the Trick you had play'd me with Victoria.

Good. Basely done!

Trum. Yes, basely, Sir.

Good. Death, you lye, Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side? Caper.

Caper. Nay, look you Frank; you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter Valentine.

Val. What, again quarrelling? Goodvile, this must not be. Truman is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage shall make you Satisfaction.

Saun. Ay, ay, prithee Man, take some other Time, and don't quarrel now and spoil good Company,

Rogues, stand off! Oh I had forgot----- Footmen, where are ye?

Enter Footmen:

Her, take away these Butterflies, and do speedy Execution upon 'em as I order'd; do it instantly.

[They feize them.

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Caper. Nay Frank! what's all this for?

Saun. Nay, Goodvile, prithee now, as I hope to live.

Enter Malagene.

Good. Away with em-- [Ex. with Caper and Saunter. Now for Malagene. Oh, here he comes, Madam, who will refresh your Memory: speak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you see together in the Garden last Night?

Mal. Ha! ---- no Body.

Good. Were not Truman and my Wife there, to your Knowledge, privately?

Ma'. Ha, ha, ha-----Child! no.

Good. Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the Grotto together?

Mal. No.

Good. Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd withal, and instructed to abuse me. This is all Contrivance, a study'd Scene to sool me of my Reason.

Enter Footmen.

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, till he confess the Truth.

Mrs. Good. He shall not go, touch him who dares.

Must People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuse me falsly? Ah Mr. Goodvile, how have I deserved this at your Hands? Let not my good Name be ravish'd from me: If you have resolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out out of pain---- [Mal. runs away.

Good. Nay Madam, here is that shall yet convince--see here a Letter from your Lover lest for you in a
private Corner; hear me, read it. And if you have

Modesty enough left, blush.

Reads. If Goodvile goes out of Town this Morning, let me know of it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet.

Truman.

Mrs. Good. Death and Destruction! it was all my own Contrivance: madded with your Jealousy, I sought all Ways to yex you, I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and lest it in a Place where you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a Caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and loved too much for my Quiet: Peruse it, and when you have done, consider how you have used me, and how I have deserv'd it. Oh! [Gives Victoria's Letter.

Good. Reads. Journey out of Town---is a Pretence --return and surprize-----believe by this Discovery-----Your
Servant, Victoria.

Victoria, has she betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Trust nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in every Condition there are Jilts, all falle from the Baud to the Babe.

Mrs. Good. Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this Minute never expect 1'll fee your Face again: No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own Choice. Love where you please, and be as free if I ne'er

had

had had Relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you may be happier than ever yet I made you.

Good. Stay, Madam.

Mrs. Good. No, Sir, I'll be gone; I will not flay a Moment longer; inhuman, cruel, false Traitor! Went thou now languishing on thy Knees, prostrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own Guilt, I would not stop nor turn my Face to save thee from Despair.

Good. You shall.

Mrs. Good. For what ?

Good. To let the World fee how much a Fool I can be. Art thou innocent?

Mrs. Good. By my Love I am; I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my Dishonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for Baseness: Oh, that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment persuade you still all your Jealousies were just, and I as infamous as you are cruel. [Exit in a Rage.

Good. Get thee in then, and talk to me no more; there's something in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Business, which yet I cannot discover. Truman, if thou hast enjoy'd her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be

your Friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my Fault if we be Foes.

Good. But now to my Fools; bring 'em forth, and let us fee how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear Valentine! how does the fair Camilla?

Val. Faith Sir, she and I have been dispatching a triffing Affair this Morning, commonly call'd Ma-

trimony.

Good. Marry'd! nay, then there is some Comfort yet, that you are fallen into the Snare---Valentine! look to her, keep her as secret as thou would'st a Murder hadst thou committed one: Trust her not with thy dearest

deare him. Enter

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dearest Friend; she has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper and Saunter, their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools-Caps on their Heads. Caper with one Leg ty'd up, and Saunter gagg'd.

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you paltry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking from House to House, up and down the Town, that no Man can eat his Bread in quiet for you: Take warning of what you seed, and come not near these Doors again on Peril of Hanging. Here, discharge them of their Punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey, and Victoria.

L. Squeam. Oh Gallants, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. Goodvile, be pleased to give my Kinsman, Sir Noble, Joy: He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin Vistoria, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady Clumsey.

Clum. Ay, Sir, I am marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as simple as I stand here.

Good. Sir Noble marry'd to Victoria too! nay then, in spite of Missortunes

This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee. But first,
Good People all that my sad Fortune see,
I beg you to take Warning here by me;
Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.

Especially you gay young marry'd Blades,

Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades.

[Exeunt Omnes.

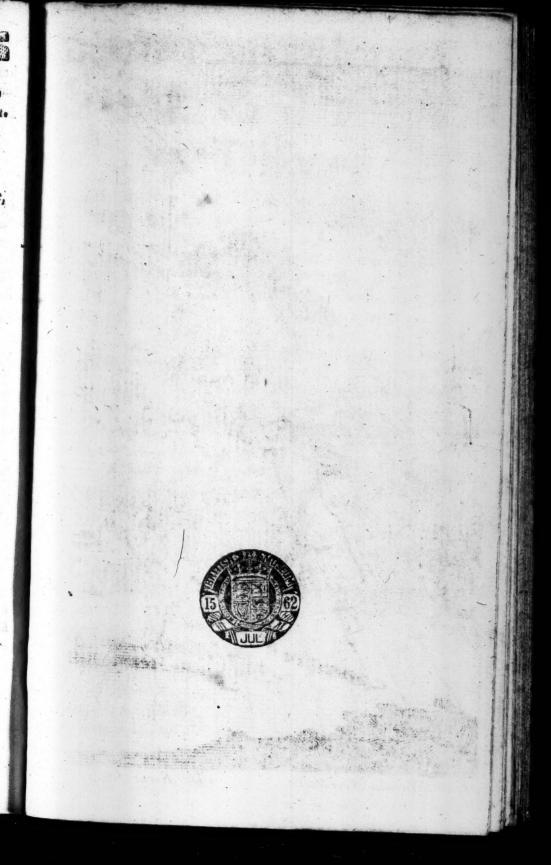


EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. BARREY.

WELL, Sirs, if now my Sponse and I should part,
To which kind Critick shall I give my Heart? Stay, let me look, not one in all the Place But has a scurvy froward damning Face. Have you resolv'd then on the Poet's Fall ? Go ye ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all. The marry'd Sparks, I know, this Play will curfe For the Wife's Sake; but some of 'em bave worse. Poets themselves their own ill Luck have rurought, You ne'er had learnt, had not their Quarrels taught. But as in the Disturbance of a State, Each factious Magget thinks of growing great: So when the Poets first had jarring Fits, You all set up for Criticks, and for Wits: Then Straight there came, which cost your Mothers Pains, Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your Brains: Libels, like Spurious Brats, ran up and down, Which their dull Parents were asham'd to own; But vented 'em in others Names, like Whores That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors For Shame leave off this higling way of Wite Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit. Let Poets live in Peace, in Quiet write, Else may they all to punish you unite; Foin in one Farce to study to abuse ye, And teach your Wives and Misses how to use ye.







Arnold Tanhaecken delin

Giles King Sculp:

Prin bi

VENICE PRESERV'D:

OR, A

PLOT Discover'd.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the

DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by THOMAS OTWAY.



LONDON:

Printed for G. STRAHAN, at the Golden-Ball in Cornhill; and B. MOTTE, at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet; and Sold by W. FEALES, at Rowe's-Head, the Corner of Essex-Street in the Strand.

M.DCC.XXXV.



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When you is in regulation to the Day

F. C. Contract



To Her GRACE the

Duchess of Portsmouth.

MADAM,



ERE it possible for me to let the World know how entirely your Grace's Goodness has devoted a poor Man to your Service; were there Words enough in Speech to

express the mighty Sense I have of your great Bounty towards me, furely I should write and talk of it for ever: But your Grace has given me fo large a Theme, and laid fo very vast a Foundation. that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write, I want a Scale of Thought sufficient to comprehend the Height of it. Forgive me, then, MADAM, if (as a poor Peasant once made a Present of an Apple to an Emperor) I bring this small Tribute, the humble Growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your Feet. Be-

DEDICATION.

lieve it is paid you with the utmost Gratitude; believe that so long as I have Thought to remember, how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will ever have a Heart that shall be grateful for it too: Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; That gave me Life, but on a hard Condition, till your extended Favour taught me to prize the Gift, and took the heavy Burthen it was clogg'd with from me: I mean hard Fortune. When I had Enemies, that with malicious Power kept back and shaded me from those Royal Beams, whose Warmth is all I have, or hope to live by; Your noble Pity and Compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my Bleffing, down in the Rear of Fortune; call'd me up, plac'd me in the Shine, and I have felt its Comfort. You have in that reftor'd me to my native Right, for a steady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me; and however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize fo well, that I ne'er pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'er shall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in League when you were born; and as the first took Care to give you Beauty enough to enflave the Hearts of all the World, fo the other refolv'd to do its Merit Justice, that none but a Monarch, fit to rule that World, should e'er possess it; and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince you have given him, by his blooming Virtues, early declares the mighty Stock he came from; and as you have taken all the pious Care of a dear Mother, and a prudent Guardian, to give him a noble and generous

DEDICATION.

generous Education; may it fucceed according to his Merits and your Wishes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Subjects; with Wisdom and Learning to affift him, whenever call'd to his Councils; to defend his Right against the Encroachments of Republicans in his Senates, to cherifh such Men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause, that good and fit Servants to the Crown, may never be loft for want of a Protector. May he have Courage and Conduct, fit to fight his Battles abroad, and terrify his Rebels at home; and that all these may be yet more fure, may he never, during the Spring-time of his Years, when those growing Virtues ought with Care to be cherish'd, in order to their ripening; may he never meet with vicious Natures, or the Tongues of faithless, fordid, insipid Flatterers, to blaft 'em: To conclude; may he be as great as the Hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to make him: And may your Grace, who are so good a Mistress, and so noble a Patroness, never meet with a less grateful Servant, than,

MADAM

Your GRACE's entirely

Devoted Creature,

Thomas Otway.



PROLOGUE.

N these distracted Times, when each
Man dreads
The bloody Stratagems of busy Heads;
When we have fear'd three Years,
we know not what,

Till Witnesses begin to die o'th' Rot, What made our Poet meddle with a PLOT? Was't that he fancy'd, for the very Sake And Name of PLOT, his trifling Play might take? For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence. But 'tis, he fays, to Reason plain, and Sense, And that he thinks a plausible Defence. Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be try'd. Sure all our Swearers might be laid afide : No, of such Tools our Author has no need To make his PLOT, or may his Play succeed; He, of black Bills, has no prodigious Tales, Or Spanish Pilgrims cast ashore in Wales: Here's not one murther'd Magistrate at least, Kept rank, like Ven' fon, for a City Feast, Grown four Days Stiff, the better to prepare, And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in Chair : Yet here's an Army rais'd, tho' under Ground, But no Man feen, nor one Commission found ; Here is a Traytor too, that's very old, Turbulent, subtle, mischievous and bold; Bloody, revengeful, and to crown his Part, Loves fumbling with a Wench, with all his Heart; Till

PROLOGUE:

Till after having many Changes pass'd,
In spite of Age (Thanks, Heaven) is hang'd at last:
Next is a Senator that keeps a Whore,
In Venice none a higher Office bore;
To Lewdness every Night the Letcher ran,
Shew me, all London, such another Man,
Match him at Mother Creswold's if you can.
Oh Poland, Poland! bad it been thy Lot,
T'have heard in Time of this Venetian Plot,
Thou surely chosen had'st one King from thence,
And honour'd them, as thou hast England since.



Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. D. Williams. Duke of Venice, - -Priuli, Father to Bel-? Mr. Boman. videra, a Senator, - S Antonio, a fine Speaker ? Mr. Leigh. in the Senate. -- Mr. Bettenton. Faffeir, Pierre. - Mr. Smith. Mr. Wilsbire. Renault, -Mr. Gilla. Bedamar, Mr. Percival. Spinosa, -Theodore. Eliot, Revillido, Durand. Mezzana. Bramveil, Ternon, Brabe.

Belvidera, - - - - Mrs. Barry. Aquilina, - - - - Mrs. Currer.

Two Women, Attendants on Belvidera.
Two Women, Servants to Aquilina.
The Council of Ten.
Officer.
Guards.
Friar.
Executioner and Rabble.





VENICE PRESERV'D:

OR, A

Plot Discover'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFEIR.

PRIULI.



O more! I'll hear no more; be gone, and leave.

Jaff. Not hear me! by my Sufferings but you shall!

My Lord, my Lord; I'm not that abject Wretch

You think me: Patience! where's the Distance throws Me back so far, but I may boldly speak In Right, tho' proud Oppression will not hear me!

Priu. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my Nature e'er

Have brook'd Injustice or the doing Wrongs, I need not now thus low have bent myself,

A 6

Te

To gain a Hearing from a cruel Father! Wrong'd you?

Priu. Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest Point: The Honour of my House; you have done me wrong. You may remember, (For I now will speak. And urge its Baseness) When you first came home From Travel, with fuch Hopes, as made you look'd on By all Mens Eyes, a Youth of Expectation; Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you; Courted, and fought to raise you to your Merits: My House, my Table, nay my Fortune too, My very felf, was yours; you might have us'd me To your best Service; like an open Friend, I treated, trufted you, and thought you mine; When in Requital of my best Endeavours, You treacherously practis'd to undo me, Seduc'd the Weakness of my Age's Darling, My only Child, and stole her from my Bosom : Oh Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her, Childless you had been else, and in the Grave, Your Name extinct, nor no more Priuli heard of. You may remember, scarce five Years are past, Since in your Brigantine you fail'd to fee The Adriatick wedded by our Duke, And I was with you: Your unskilful Pilot Dash'd us upon a Rock; when to your Boat You made for Safety; entred first yourself; Th' affrighted Belvidera following next, As the stood trembling on the Vessel Side. Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep; When inflantly I plung'd into the Sea, And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue, Redeem'd her Life with half the Lofs of mine; Like a rich Conquest in one Hand I bore her,

And

And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize:
I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms:
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler Gratitude
Rose in her Soul: for from that Hour she lov'd me,
Till, for her Lise, she paid me with herself.

Priu. You stole her from me, like a Thief you stole her.
At dead of Night, that cursed Hour you chose
To riste me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove salse like mine;
A steril Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both: Continual Discord make
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous: Still
May the hard Hand of a vexatious Need
Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find
The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curse you have bestow'd in vain, Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves With a young Boy, sweet as his Mother's Beauty: May he live to prove more gentle than his Grandsire, And happier than his Father!

Priu. Rather live

To bait thee for his Bread, and din your Ears With hungry Cries; whilst his unhappy Mother Sits down and weeps in Bitterness of Want.

Jaff. You talk as if it would please you.

Priu. 'Twould, by Heav'n.

Once she was dear indeed; the Drops that sell From my sad Heart, when she forgot her Duty, The Fountain of my Life, was not so precious: But she is gone, and if I am a Man I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave. Priu. And she too with thee;

14 VENICE Prefero'd: Or,

For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers

I once was happy o and dot of Masay han Mannafi

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my Soul Is fond of Belvidera: You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me;
Oh! could my Soul ever have known Satiety:
Were I that Thief, the Doer of such Wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
And court my Fortune where she wou'd be kinder!

Priu. You dare not do't.

Jaff. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.

My Heart that awes me is too much my Master:
Three Years are past since first our Vows were plighted,
During which time, the World must bear me witness,
I have treated Belvidera like your Daughter,
The Daughter of a Senator of Venice;
Distinction, Place, Attendance, and Observance,
Due to her Birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little Fortune T have done this;
Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your Nature)
The World might see, I lov'd her for herself,
Not as the Heiress of the Great Privil.

Priu. No more!

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
But's happier than me: For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; every Night
Mave slept with fost Content about my Head,
And never waked but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Priu. Home, and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,
Those Pageants of thy Folly,

Reduce

Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little State;
Then to some suburb Cottage both retire;
Drudge, to feed lothsome Life: Get Brats, and starve.—
Home, home, I say.——
[Exit Priuli.

Jaff. Yes, if my Heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling Heart: Home I would go,
But that my Doors are hateful to my Eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors,
Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will spring;
I have now not fifty Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in Love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh Belvidera! oh, she's my Wife—
And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. My Friend, Good-morrow!

How fares the honest Partner of my Heart?

What, melancholy! not a Word to spare me? [Quality faff. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving Call'd Honesty, got Footing in the World.

Pier. Why, pow'rful Villainy first set it up,
For its own Ease and Sasety: Honest Men
Are the soft easy Cushions on which Knaves
Repose and fatten: Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other; Lawyers wou'd want Practice,
Cut-throats Rewards: Each Man would kill his Brother
Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
Honesty was a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might sit sase in Power,
And lord it uncontrous'd above their Betters.

Jaff. Then Honesty is but a Notion.

Pier. Nothing else;

Jaff. Sure thou art honest?
Pier. So indeed Men think me:

But they're mistaken, Jaffeir: I am a Rogue

As well as they;

A fine, gay, bold-fac'd Villain, as thou see'st me:

'Tis true, I pay my Debts when they're contracted;
I steal from no Man: would not cut a Throat
To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,
Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend,
To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter [me;
A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath

Yet, Jaffeir, for all this, I am a Villain !

To see the Suff'rings of my Fellow-Creatures,
And own myself a Man: To see our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a Shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of;
They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they please, they lay in basest Bonds;
Bring whom they please to Insamy and Sorrow;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Pow'r,
Whilst no Hold's lest to save us from Destruction;
All that bear this are Villains; and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of these domestick Spoilers,
That makes us Slaves, and tells us 'tis our Charter.

Jaff. Oh, Aquilina! Friend, to lose such Beauty, The dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours; She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

Pier. Oh Jaffeir! I'd so six'd my Heart upon her, That wheresoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life For Time to come, she was my only Joy
With which I wish'd to sweeten suture Cares;
I fancy'd Pleasures, none but one that loves
And dotes as I did, can imagine like 'em:
When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
In the most charming Hour of Expectation,
'Then when our eager Wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,
A haggard Owl, a worthless Kite of Prey,
With his soul Wings sail'd in and spoil'd my Quarry.

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st

Pier. Curse on the Common Good that's so protected. Where ev'ry Slave that heaps up Wealth enough To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of Right: I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me. Found in the Embraces of my Aquilina, A wretched old, but itching Senator; A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title ; A Rogue, that uses Beauty like a Lamb-skin, Barely to keep him warm: That filthy Cuckoo too Was in my Absence crept into my Nest, And spoiling all my Brood of noble Pleasure. Faff. Did'st thou not chace him thence? Pier. I did; and drove The rank old-bearded Hirco flinking home: The Matter was complain'd of in the Senate, I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely, For violating fomething they call Privilege-This was the Recompence of my Service, Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward! A Soldier's Mistress, Jaffeir,'s his Religion, When that's prophan'd, all other Ties are broken, That even diffolves all former Bonds of Service, And from that Hour I think myself as free

18: VENICE Preserved: Or,

Faff. I think no Safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve, my Friend, as much as thou to live
In such a wretched State as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the Publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours.

Pier. We have neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace, For the Foundation's lost of Common Good; Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us; The Laws (corrupted to their Ends that make 'em) Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny, That every Day starts up to enslave us deeper: Now could this glorious Cause but find out Friends To do it Right! oh, Jassei! then might'st thou Not wear these Seals of Woe upon thy Face; The proud Priuli should be taught Humanity, And learn to value such a Son as thou art.

I dare not speak! But my Heart bleeds this Moment!

Jaff. Curst be the Cause, the I thy Friend be Part on't:

Let me partake the Troubles of thy Bosom, For I am us'd to Misery, and perhaps

May find a Way to sweeten't to thy Spirit.

Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship Would make the sadest Tale of Sorrow pleasing, Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruin'd!

Jaff. That I long fince knew;

I and ill Fortune have been long Acquaintance.

Pier. I past this very Moment by thy Doors, And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains; The Sons of public Rapine were destroying: They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,

They

They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune;
Nay, more; Priuli's cruel Hand hath sign'd it.
Here stood a Russian, with a horrid Face,
Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,
Tumbled into a Heap for public Sale:
There was another making villainous Jests
At thy Undoing; he had ta'en Possession
Of all thy ancient most domestick Ornaments,
Rich Hangings, intermix'd and wrought with Gold;
The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-Night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of Belvidera,
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the coarse Hands of silthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

Jaff. Now Thanks, Heav'n Pier. Thank Heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I am not worth a Ducat.

Pier. Curse thy dull Stars, and the worse Fate of Venice, Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are falle; Where there's no Truft, no Truth; where Innocence Stoops under vile Oppression; and Vice lords it: Had'st thou but seen, as I did, how at last Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a Wretch That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth, Shining thro' Tears, like April Suns in Showers, That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em, Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd, Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew fad, As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her: Even the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round To fee the Sight, flood mute when they beheld her; Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity: I cou'd have hugg'd the greafy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this Story from my Soul, Since now I know the worst that can befal me:

Ah, Pierre! I have a Heart, that could have born
The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me?
But when I think what Belvidera seels,
The Bitterness her tender Spirit tastes of,
I own myself a Coward: Bear my Weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows!

Pier. Burn !

First burn, and level Venice to thy Ruin,
What, starve like Beggars Brats in frosty Weather,
Under a Hedge, and whine ourselves to Death!
Thou, or thy Cause, shall never want Assistance,
Whilst I have Blood or Fortune sit to serve thee;
Command my Heart: Thou art every way its Master.

Faff. No: there's a secret Pride in bravely dying.

Pier. Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad;

Man knows a braver Remedy for Sorrow:

Revenge! the Attribute of Gods, they stamp'd it

With their great Image on our Natures; die! Consider well the Cause that ealls upon thee:

And if thou art base enough, die then: Remember

Thy Belvidera suffers: Belvidera!

Die—damn first— What! be decently interr'd In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave Dust With stinking Rogues that rot in dirty winding Sheets, Surfeit-slain Fools, the common Dung o'th' Soil.

Jaff. Oh!

Pier. Well faid, out with't, swear a little-

Jaff. Swear!

By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heaven, and Hell, I will revenge my Bebvidera's Tears!

Heark thee, my Friend—Priuli—is—a Senator!

Pier. A Dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

[Ex. Pierre.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my Heart.

No more: Where shall we meet at Night?

Pier. I'll tell thee;

On the Ryalto every Night at Twelve I take my Evening's Walk of Meditation, There we two will meet, and talk of precious

Mischief-

Yaff. Farewel. Pier. At Twelve.

Jaff. At any Hour, my Plagues

Will keep me waking.

Tell me why, good Heav'n,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,

Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,

That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why

Did'st thou not form me sordid as my Fate,

Base minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?

Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me? Is this just Dealing, Nature? Behvidera!

Poor Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Lead me, lead me, my Virgins! To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge ! Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face: My heavy Heart will leave its doleful beating At Sight of thee, and bound with fprightful Joys. Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their Spring, And cheer my fainting Soul.

Faff. As when our Loves

Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?

Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,

Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee? If thou art alter'd, where shall I have Harbour?

Where

Where ease my leaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

Belv. Does this appear like Change, or Love decaying?

When thus I throw myself into thy Bosom,

With all the Resolution of a strong Truth:

Beats not my Heart, as 'twou'd alarm thine

To a new Charge of Bliss; I joy more in thee,

Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,

And bless'd the Gods for all her Travail past.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be such glorious Faith?

Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are false;

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee

To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you;

Angels are painted fair, to look like you;

There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,

Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,

Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Belv. If Love be Treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich: I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't; Vows cannot express it: When I wou'd declare How great's my Joy, I am dumb with the big Thought; I swell, and sigh, and labour with my Longing. Oh, lead me to some Desart wide and wild, Barren as our Missortunes, where my Soul May have its Vent: Where I may tell aloud To the high Heavens, and every last ning Planet, With what a boundless Stock my Bosom's staught; Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee, Give loose to Love, with Kisses kinding Joy, And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! double I am a Beggar,
Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want! worldly Want! that hungry meagre Fiend
Is at my Heels, and chaces me in View;
Can'lt thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,

Endure

Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?

When banish'd by our Miseries abroad,

(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out

(In some far Climate where our Names are Strangers)

For charitable Succour; wilt thou then,

When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,

And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads;

Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then

Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in Madness love thee: Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me, I'd find some Intervals, when my poor Heart Should swage itself and be let loose to thine. Tho' the bare Earth be all our Resting-place, Its Roots our Food, some Clift our Habitation, I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head; As thou sighing lyst, and swell d with Sorrow, Creep to thy Bolom, pour the Balm of Love Into thy Soul, and kis thee to thy Rest; Then praise our God, and watch thee till the Morning.

Jaff. Hear this, ye Heavens, and wonder how ye made Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the World, [het! Bufy Rebellion ne'er will let you know Tranquillity and Happiness like mine; Like gaudy Ships, th'obsequious Billows fall And rise again, to list you in your Pride; They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you: I, in my private Bark, already wreck'd, Like a poor Merchant driven on unknown Land, That had by Chance pack'd up his choicest Treasure In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that:

Since I must wander further on the Shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store;
Resolved to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. [Excunt.]

The End of the First Act.

CHILLES TO SELLISO

ACT II.

Enter PIERRE and AQUILINA.

AQUILINA.

Y all thy Wrongs, thou art dearer to my
Arms
Than all the Wealth of Venice: Prithee
And let us love to Night.

[ftay,

Pier. No: There's Fool,

There's Fool about thee: When a Woman fells
Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me;
They leave a Taint, a Sully where th'ave pass'd,
There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
Even spoils Complexions with their own Nauseousness,
They insect all they touch; I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a Fool has pall'd.

Aquil. I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st, as much Or more than thou can'st; but the Beast has Gold, That makes him necessary: Power too, To qualify my Character, and poise me Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts Are loose as I am; but an ugly Power Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from 'em.

Pier. Much good may't do you, Madam, with your Senator.

Aquil. My Senator! why, can'st thou think that Wretch E'er fill'd thy Aquilina's Arms with Pleasure?

Think's

Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave To soil himself at what he is unsit for; Because I sorce myself to endure and suffer him, Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the Joys Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Penance: The worst thing an old Man can be, is a Lover, A mere Memento Mori to poor Woman. I never lay by his decrepit Side, But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

Pier. Would he were well sent thither.

Aquil. That's my Wish too:

For then, my Pierre, I might have cause, with Pleasure, To play the Hypocrite: Oh! how I could weep Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too, In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the Time Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral, For he has already made me Heir to Treasures Would make me out-act a real Widow's whining! How could I frame my Face to fit my Mourning! With wringing Hands attend him to his Grave; Fall swooning on his Hearse; take mad Possession Even of the dismal Vault, where he lay bury'd; There, like the Ephesan Matron, dwell, till Thou, My lovely Soldier, comest to my Deliverance; Then throwing up my Veil, with open Arms And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

Pier. No more! I have Friends to meet me here to-night, And must be private. As you prize my Friendship, Keep up your Coxcomb: Let him not pry nor listen, Nor sisk about the House as I have seen him, Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on; Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do. [Council? Aquil. What Friends to meet? may I not be of your Pier. How! a Woman ask Questions out of Bed?

Go to your Senator, ask him what paffes

Amongst

26 VENICE Preserv'd : Or,

Amongst his Brethren, he'll hide nothing from you;
But pump not me for Politicks. No more!
Give Order, that whoever in my Name
Comes here, receive Admittance: so good night.

Aquil. Must we ne'er meet again! Embrace no more!
Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten!

Pier. As you hence-forward treat your Fool, I'll think

Aquil. Curst be all Fools, and doubly curst myself,
The worst of Fools—I die if he forsakes me;
And how to keep him, Heav'n or Hell instruct me. [Exeunt.



SCENE, The Ryalto.

Enter JAFFEIR.

Jaff. I Am here, and thus, the Shades of Night around I look as if all Hell were in my Heart, [me, And I in Hell. Nay, furely, 'tis fo with me; For every Step I tread, methinks fome Fiend Knocks at my Breaft, and bids it not be quiet: I've heard, how desperate Wretches, like myself, Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk: Sure I am so curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken, No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me. Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Sure I have stay'd too long: The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Proselyte. Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog, that comes to how!

At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the Question?

Pier. A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Creatures,

And

And ne'er betray their Masters; never fawn On any that they love not: Well met, Friend Jaffeir! . . . soltall river all la verti la A.M.

Jaff. The same. Oh Pierre! Thou art come in season. I was just going to pray.

Pier. Ah, that's Mechanick, Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve by it too: No Praying, it spoils Business, and Time's precious; Where's Belvidera?

Jaff. For a Day or two I've lodg'd her privately, 'till I fee farther What Fortune will do with me? Prithee, Friend. If thou would'ft have me fit to hear good Council, Speak not of Belvidera

Pier. Speak not of her.

Jaff. Oh, no!

Pier. Nor name her. May be I wish her well.

Jaff. Who well?

Pier. Thy Wife, thy lovely Belvidera;

I hope a Man may wish his Friend's Wife well,

And no Harm done!

Faff. Y'are merry, Pierre!

Pier. I am fo:

Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile; We'll all rejoice, here's fomething to buy Pins, Marriage is chargeable.

Faff. I but half wish'd and busy and and and To fee the Devil, and he's here already.

Well! What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason? Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we had no Qualms like these, But entertain'd each other's Thoughts like Men Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the World Reform'd fince our last Meeting? What new Miracles

Have

Have happen'd? Has Priuli's Heart relented? Can he be honest in the war son broken and

Jaff. Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curses Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones; And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart : Oh let him live 'till Life become his Burden! Let him groan under't long, linger an Age In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death. And find its Ease, but late.

Pier. Nay, could'st thou not

As well, my Friend, have stretch'd the Curse to all The Senate round, as to one fingle Villain?

7aff. But Curfes flick not: Could I kill with Curfing. By Heav'n, I know not thirty Heads in Venice Should not be blafted; Senators should rot Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daughters Die of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curse To kill with!

Pier. Daggers, Daggers, are much better !

Jaff. Ha!

Pier. Daggers.

Faff. But where are they?

Pier. Oh, a Thousand

May be dispos'd in honest Hands in Venice.

Jaff. Thou talk'ft in Clouds.

Pier. But yet a Heart half wrong'd

As thine has been, would find the Meaning, Faffeir.

7aff. A thousand Daggers, all in honest Hands:

And have not I a Friend will flick one here?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherish'd To a nobler Purpose, I'd be that Friend. But thou hast better Friends, Friends, whom thy Wrongs Have made thy Friends; Friends, worthy to be call'd fo;

I'll trust thee with a Secret: There are Spirits This Hour at work. But as thou art a Man,

Whom

Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the World, Swear, that thou wilt be true to what I utter, And when I have told thee, that which only Gods, And Men like Gods, are privy to, then swear, No Chance of Change shall wrest it from thy Rosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of Oaths?
(Green-sickness Girls lose Maidenheads with such Counters)
For thou art so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
Its Bottom, sound its Strength, and Firmness to thee:
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain, in my Face?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou would'st not use me in a little Cause,
For I am sit for Honour's toughest Task;
Nor ever yet sound Fooling was my Province;
And for a villainous inglorious Enterprize,
I know thy Heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, it's a Cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffeir.

For it is founded on the noblest Basis,

Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;

There's no Religion, no Hypocrify in't;

We'll do the Business, and ne'er fast and pray for't:

Openly act a Deed, the World shall gaze

With Wonder at, and envy when it's done.

Jaff. For Liberty ! not if wall bets the die you to sal

m

Pier. For Liberty, my Friend:
Thou shalt be freed from base Prius's Tyranny.
And thy sequestred Fortunes heal'd again.
I shall be freed from opprobrious Wrongs,
That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward:
All Venice free, and every growing Merit
Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd
From Wisdom's Seat; those baleful unclean Birds,
Those lazy Owls, who (perch'd near Fortune's Top)

Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings

B 3

To

VENICE Prefero'd: Or, 30

To cuff down new-fledg'd Virtues, that would rife To nobler Heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do? her bear I money

Pier. Can'ft thou not kill a Senator?

7aff. Were there one wife or honest, I could kill him For herding with that Nest of Fools and Knaves; By all my Wrongs, thou talk'ft as if Revenge Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

Pier. Swear then !

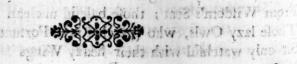
Faff. I do, by all those glittering Stars, And youd great Ruling Planet of the Night! By all good Pow'rs above, and ill below! By Love and Friendship, dearer than my Life! No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart. A Council's held hard by, where the Destruction Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee! But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World, And rule it when it's wildefted and formation and property

Jaff. I give thee Thanksouth on moisted on torse For this kind Warning: Yes, I will be a Man. And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou fee'ft my Fears Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine Out of my Breaft, and shew it for a Coward's. Come, let's be gone, for from this Hour I chace All little Thoughts, all tender human Follies Out of my Bosom: Vengeance shall have room; Lauf be freed from opprobrious Wrongs, Revenge!

Pier And Liberty I van hist hen gronn em beg tal

Jaff. Revenge! Revenge [Exeunt. to the left Right: Tools that the pull'd





The Scene changes to Aquilin A's House, the Greek Curtezan.

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. WHY was my Choice Ambition, the first Ground A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at Distance A good Prospect, tempting to the View;
The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n,
But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us!
Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Renault, Good-morrow! for by this time
I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the Balance,
And weights up Morning: Has the Clock struck Twelve!
Ren. Yes; Clocks will go as they are set: But Man,
Irregular Man's ne'er constant, never certain:
I've spent at least three precious Hours of Darkness
In waiting dull Attendance; 'tis the Curse
Of diligent Virtue to be mix'd, like mine,
With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.
Spin. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten.
Ren. What's then the Cause that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter ELIOT.

O Sir, welcome!
You are an Englishman: When Treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been behind-hand.

B 4

In

32 VENICE Preferv'd: Or,

In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling?

Give but an Englishman his Whore, and Ease,

Beef, and a Sea-coal Fire, he's yours for ever.

Eliot. Frenchman, you are faucy.

Ren. How!

Enter BEDAMORE the Ambassador, THEODORE, BRAIN-VEIL, DURAND, BRABE, REVELLIDO, MEZZANA, TERNON, RETROSI, Conspirators.

The course is hours in

Bed. At Difference, fye.

Is this a Time for Quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your high Calling,
Men separated by the Choice of Providence,
From the gross Heap of Mankind, and set here
In this great Assembly, as in one great Jewel,
T'adorn the bravest Purpose it e'er smil'd on;
Should you, like Boys, wrangle for Trisses?

Taxab. Gued-cu

Ren. Boys!

Bed. Renault, thy Hand!

Ren. I thought I'd given my Heart

Long fince to every Man that mingles here;

But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,

That can't forgive my froward Age its Weakness.

Bed. Eliot, thou once had'st Virtue, I have seen
Thy stubborn Temper bend with godlike Goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nation's Glory,
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
Once more embrace, my Friends—we'll all embrace—
United thus, we are the mighty Engine
Must twist this rooted Empire from its Bass!
Totters it not already?

Eliot. Would it were tumbling.

Bed. Nay, it shall down: This Night we feal its Ruin.

You are an Employment Wigger I conford has no ore not

Enter Prenne. s willen senden

Oh Pierre! thou art welcome!

Come to my Breast, for by its Hopes thou look'st
Lovelily dreadful, and the Fate of Venice
Seems on thy Sword already. Oh, my Mars!

The Poets that first seign'd a God of War,
Sure prophesy'd of thee.

Pier. Friends! was not Brutus,
(I mean that Brutus, who in open Senate
Stabb'd the first Cafar that usurp'd the World)
A gallant Man?

Ren. Yes, and Catiline too;
The Story wrong his Fame; for he confpir'd
To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:
His Cause was good.

Bed. And ours as much above it,
As Renault, thou art Superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Caffius.

Pier, 'Then to what we aim at,

When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

Bed. No, Pierre, the Deed's near Birth: Fate seems to

The Business up, and given it to our Care, [have set

I hope there's not a Heart nor Hand amongst us, But is firm and ready.

Liver on her Panate, will filme! descuring I tillA !!!!

We'll die with Bedamore. Whe said and the said the

Bed. Oh, Men!

Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter,

The Game is for a matchless Prize, if won ;
If lost, disgraceful Ruin.

Ren. What can lofe it?

The public Stock's a Beggar; one Venetian

Trusts not another: Look into their Stores

Of general Safety; empty Magazines!

34 VENICE Preserv'd: Or,

A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a harras'd Commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the Strength of Venice: Let's destroy it:
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it;
Let loose the murmuring Army on their Masters,
To pay themselves with Plunder; lop their Nobles
To the base Roots, whence most of 'em first sprung;
Enslave the Rout, whom smarting will make humble,
Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for,

Pier. Ten thousand Men are armed at your Nod, Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide A Battle for the Freedom of the World; This wretched State has starv'd them in its Service, And by your Bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd To serve your Glory, and revenge their own! Th'ave all their different Quarters in this City, Watch for th'Alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, Friend, but thy unweary'd Diligence Has still kept waking, and it shall have Ease:
After this Night, it is resolv'd we meet
No more, 'till Venice own as for her Lords.

Pier. How lovely the Adriatic Whore,
Dress'd in her Flames, will shine! devouring Flames!
Such as shall burn her to the watery Bottom,
And his in her Foundation.

Bed. Now if any
Amongst us that owns this glorious Cause,
Have Friends or Interest, he'd wish to save,
Let it be told, the general Doom is seal'd;
But I'd forego the Hopes of a World's Empire,
Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend!

Pier. I must consess, you there have touch'd my Weak-I have a Friend; hear it, such a Friend! [ness; My Heart was ne'er shut to him: Nay, I'll tell you, He knows the very Business of this Hour; But he rejoices in the Cause, and loves it, W'have chang'd a Vow to live and die together, And he's at Hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd?

Pier. No—I've dealt nobly with you;
I've brought my All into the Public Stock;
I had but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst you!
Receive and cherish him: Or is, when seen
And search'd, you find him worthless, as my Tongue
Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
To ease your Fears I wear a Dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you Rest.
Come forth, thou only Good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFEIR with a Dagger:

Bed. His Presence bears the Shew of manly Virtue. Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd, I dare approach this Place of fatal Councils; But I am amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me, To see so many Virtues thus united, To restore Justice and dethrone Oppression. Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet, Into this Breast; but if you think it worthy To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in Robes, Send me into the curs'd assembled Senate; It shrinks not, tho' I meet a Father there; Would you behold this City slaming? Here's A Hand shall bear a lighted Torch at Noon To the Arsenal, and set its Gates on sire.

Ren. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff. Nay—by Heav'n, I'll do this.

VENICE Preservd: Or, 36

Come, come, I read Distrust in all your Faces, You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd To hear a Stranger talk thus at first Meeting, Of Matters that have been fo well debated; But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils; I hate this Senate, am a Foe to Venice: A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me, To push on Mischief: Oh, did you but know me, I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre! I must embrace him, My Heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd these Huggers.

Faff. Still I fee

The Cause delights me not. Your Friends survey me, As I were dang'rous—but I come arm'd Against all Doubts, and to your Trust will give A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for. My Belvidera! Ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What Wonder next?

Faff. Let me entreat you, As I have henceforth Hopes to call ve Friends. That all but the Ambassador, this Grave Guide of Councils, with my Friend that owns me, Withdraw a-while to spare a Woman's Blushes.

[Exit all but Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.

Bed. Pierre, Whither will this Ceremony lead us? Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. Who?

Who calls fo loud at this late peaceful Hour? That Voice was wont to come in gentler Whispers, And fill my Ears with the foft Breath of Love : Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

Faff. Indeed 'tis late. a ?

Belv. Oh! I have flept, and dreamt,
And dreamt again: Where hast thou been, thou Loiterer?
Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd;
Stretch'd every way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my Rest;
There's no Repose without thee: Oh the Day,
Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow;
Come, come to-bed, and bid thy Cares good-night.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! we must change the Scene In which the past Delights of Life were tasted: The Poor sleep little, we must learn to watch Our Labours late, and early every Morning, Midst Winter Frosts; then clad and sed with Sparing, Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.

Belw. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me! Methinks I read Distraction in your Face!
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me:
You shake and tremble too! your Blood runs cold!
Heav'ns guard my Love, and bless his Heart with Patience.

Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness, Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I (Thou the divinest Good Man e'er posses'd, And I the wretched'st of the Race of Man) This very Hour, without one Tear, must part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken? Will my Love cast me off? Have my Missortunes Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me? Why drag you from me? whither are you going? My Dear! my Life! my Love!

Jaff. Oh, Friends! Belv. Speak to me.

faff. Take her from my Heart, She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose. I charge thee, take her, but with tender'st Care, Relieve her Troubles, and asswage her Sorrows.

Ren. Rife, Madam! and command amongst your Servants! Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her, And with her this, when I prove unworthy_

[Gives a Dagger.

You know the rest :- Then strike it to her Heart; And tell her, he, who three whole happy Years Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated The passionate Vows of still encreasing Love. Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

Belo. Nay, take my Life, fince he has fold it cheaply; Or fend me to some distant Clime your Slave, But let it be far off, lest my Complainings Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his Peace.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, I've contriv'd thy Honour, Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind To me, as I'll preserve that Faith unbroken, When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a Height, Shall gather all the gazing World about thee, .To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.

But if we ne'er meet more-

Belv. Oh, thou unkind one, Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from you? Look on me, tell me, speak, thou dear Deceiver, Why am I separated from thy Love? If I am false, accuse me; but if true, Don't, prithee don't, in Poverty forsake me. But Pity the fad Heart, that's torn with parting. Yet hear me! yet recall me— [Ex. Ren. Ben. and Belv.

7aff. Oh my Eyes! Look not that way, but turn yourselves a-while Into my Heart, and be wean'd all together.

My Friend, where art thou?

Pier. Here, my Honour's Brother.

Jaff. Is Belvidera gone? Pier. Renault has led her Back to her own Apartment: But, by Heav'n! Thou must not see her more till our Work's over.

Jaff. No:

Pier. Not for your Life.

Jaff. Oh, Pierre, wert thou but she, How I could pull thee down into my Heart, Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love, Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended, Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing:

Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast,
On thy soft Bosom, howeving, bill, and play,
Confess the Cause why last I sted away;
Own 'twas a Fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow salse Ambition more.

[Ex. Ambo.

The End of the Second Act.

Welland out Alle English



soldier, gottle i, kenter, littlend,



The Lary Sigens, who its Fine extended. For I me upon the AIK of Too Laking. Then further, finding reging to be block.

Enter AQUILINA and ber Maid.

AQUILINA,



ELL him I am gone to Bed: Tell him I am not at home: Tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing: Tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious Fool: He's

worte Company than an ignorant Physician—I'll not be disturb'd at these unseasonable Hours.

Maid. But, Madam! He's here already, just enter'd the Doors.

Aquil. Turn him out agen, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brain'd Ass! if he will not be gone, set the House a fire, and burn us both: I had rather meet a Toad in my Dish, than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber Tc-night.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky—how do'st do, Nacky? Hurry durry. I am come, little Nacky; past Eleven o'Clock, a late Hour; time in all Conscience to go to Bed, Nacky—Nacky did I say? Ay, Nacky; Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Nacky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky—

Come,

Come, let's to Bed ____you Fubbs, you Pug you ____you little Pus-Purree Tuzzey-I am a Senator.

Aquil. You are Fool, I am fure.

Ant. May be fo too, Sweetheart. Never the worfe Senator for all that. Come Nacky, Nacky, let's have a Game at Rump, Nacky.

Aquil. You would do well, Signior, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself, be sober, and

go home, Sir.

Ant. Home, Madona!

Aquil. Ay, home, Sir. Who am I?

Ant. Madona, as I take it, you are my-you are-

thou art my little Nicky Nacky-that's all!

Aquil. I find you are refolv'd to be troublefome, and so to make short of the Matter, in few Words, I hate you. detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, fick of you-hang you, you are an old, filly, impertinent, impotent, follicitous Coxcomb, crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing; and if you had not Money, you are good for nothing.

Ant. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty-one Years old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [To the Maid.] Come, come, come Mistress Fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a Season; go turn out, I fay, it is our Will and Pleasure to be private some Moments—out, out when you are bid too-[Puts her out and locks the Door.] Good for nothing, you

lay.

Aquil. Why, what are you good for ?

Ant. In the first Place, Madam, I am old, and confequently very wife, very wife, Madona, d'ye mark that? in the fecond Place take notice, if you please, that I am a Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches, Madona. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the

Senate-House now and then—wou'd make your Hair stand an end, Madona.

Aquil. What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-House; if you wou'd be filent here, I should thank you.

Ant. Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely Madona; for Example——My cruel fair One, [Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every Pause shakes it.] Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove; tho' late at Night—I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain Reception for my Love—there's for thee, my little Nicky Nacky—take it; here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your Head—how now, Rebel!

Aquil. Truly, my illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most prosoundly eloquent indeed.

Ant. Very well: Come, now let's fit down and think upon't a little—Come fit, I fay—fit down by me a little, my Nicky Nacky, hah—[Sits down] Hurry durry—good for nothing—

Aquil. No, Sir; if you please, I can know my distance

and fland.

Ant. Stand: How? Nacky up, and I down! Nay, then let me exclaim with the Poet.

Shew me a Case more pitiful who can,

A flanding Woman, and a falling Man.

Hurry durry—not fit down—See this ye Gods—You won't fit down?

Aquil. No, Sir.

Will what and ready will

[Bellows like a Bull, and drives ber about.

Aquil. Well, Sir; I must endure this. Now your

Honour

Honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast [She fits down] will your Worship please to be next?

Ant. Now I'll be a Senator agen, and thy Lover, little Nicky Nacky! [He fits by her.] Ah, Toad, Toad, Toad, Toad, Toad! spit in my Face a little, Nacky—spit in my Face, prithee spit in my Face, never so little: Spit but a little bit—spit, spit, spit, spit, when you are bid, I say; do, prithee spit—now, now, now, spit: What, you won't spit, will you? Then I'll be a Dog.

Aquil. A Dog, my Lord?

SCENE

Ant. Ay, a Dog—and I'll give thee this tother Purse to let me be a Dog—and to use me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis.—— Gives the Purse.

Aquil. Well; with all my Heart. But let me beseech your Dogship to play your Tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of Doors, as you deserve.

Ant. Ay, ay—no matter for that—— [He gets under the Table] that shan't move me— Now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh—— [Barks like a Dog.

Aquil. Hold, hold, held, Sir, I befeech you; what is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kick'd, Sir. Do you see, kick'd thus.

Ant. Ay, with all my Heart: Do, kick, kick on; now I am under the Table, kick agen—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—'odd, I'll have a fnap at thy Shins—bough waugh wough, waugh, bough—'odd, she kicks bravely.

Aquil Nay then, I'll go another way to work with you; and I think here's an Instrument sit for the Purpose. [Fetches a Whip and Bell.] What bite your Mistress, Sirrah! out, out of Doors, you Dog, to Kennel, and be hang'd—bite your Mistress by the Legs, you Rogue.—

[She whips him.

VENICE Prefero d : Or,

24

Ant. Nay, prithes Nach, now thou'rt too loving : Hurry durry, 'odd, Filbs a Dog no longer.

be gone, or here's the Discipline: What, bite your Mistress by the Logs, you Mungril? Out of Doors—hout, hour, to Kennel, Sirrah! go.

Ant. This is very barbarous Usage, Nacky, very barbarous: Look you, I will not go—I will not fir from the Door, that I resolve—Hurry durry, what shut me out?

[She, whips him out.

Aquil: Ay; and if you come here any more to-night, I'll have my Footmen lug you, you Cur: What, bite your poor Miltress Nacky, Sirrah!

desided par tel tulk v makt vin lie drive; l'alle Greek

Maid. Heav'ns, Madam! What's the Matter?

[He howls at the Door like a Dog.

Aquil. Call my Footmen hither presently.

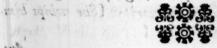
Enter two FOOTMEN.

Maid. They are here already, Madam; the House is all alarm'd with a strange Noise, that no-body knows what to make of.

Aquil. Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next Room out of my House —— If I ever see him within these Walls again, without my Leave for his Admittance, you sneaking Rogues —— I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd, like Rats; every Corner of the House shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereaster to know my Pleasure. So now for my Pierse:

Thus when Godlike Lover was displeased,
We sacrifice our Fool, and he's appeard. [Excunt.

We facrifice our Fool, and he's appeard. [Excunt.





SCENE the Second.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. I'M facrific'd! I am fold! betray'd to Shame!
Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!
No fooner was I to my Bed repair'd,
To weigh, and (weeping) pender my Condition,
But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care
My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came
(Like Tarquin) ghastly with infernal Lust.
Oh thou Roman Lucrece! thou could'st find Friends to vindicate thy Wrong;

I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;
He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
Lest me! undone me! oh that I could hate him!
Where shall I go! Oh whither, whither wander?

Enter JAFFEIR.

Jaff. Can Belvidera want a Resting-place,
When these poor Arms are open to receive her?
Oh, 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires
Strong as my Love to thee; for every Moment
I am from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle
Whose Number had less it: Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love persuade it to its Peace.

Belv. I fear the Rubborn Wanderer will not own me, 'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer, Scorns the indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it, And like a disobedient Child, disdains The soft Authority of Belvidera.

Belv. Yes, yes; there was a Time,
When Belvidera's Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look but sad;—there was indeed a Time
When Jasseir would have ta'en her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her 'till he found the Cause.
But let her now weep Seas,
Cry 'till she rend the Earth; sigh 'till she burst
Her Heart asunder; still he bears it all;
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd? Against whose Root, Tears beat, and Sighs are sent! In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly! Witness against me, Heav'ns, have I done this? Then bear me in a Whirlwind back agen, And let that angry dear One ne'er forgive me! Oh thou too rashly censur'st of my Love! Could'st thou but think how I have spent this Night, Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head, Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart, Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou would'st not Talk to me thus; but like a pitying Angel Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast, And hatch warm Comfort there e'er Sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night? On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along, Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head, To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes! Oh, now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me! I am no longer sit to bear a Share In his Concernments: My weak semale Virtue Must not be trusted: 'Tis too frail and tender.

Jaf.

Jaff. Oh Porcia! Porcia! What a Soul was thine?

Bebv. That Porcia was a Woman, and when Brutus,
Big with the Fate of Rome, (Heav'n guard thy Safety!)
Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
She let him fee, her Blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful Dower
Thou gav'st last Night in parting with me; strike it
Here to my Heart; and as the Blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as Cato's Daughter's.

Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy, Unworthy so much Virtue: Teach me how I may deserve such matchless Love as thine, And see with what Attention I'll obey thee.

Belv. Do not despise me; that's the All I ask.

Jaff. Despise thee! Hear me— Belv. Oh thy charming Tongue Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness, Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart Dissolves within my Breast; 'till with clos'd Eyes I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do?

Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy Face?
Why am I made a Stranger? why that Sigh,
And I not know the Cause? Why when the World
Is wrap'd in Rest, why chuses then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid Darkness,
Loathing his Bed, and these desiring Arms?
Why are these Eyes Blood-shot, with tedious Watching?
Why starts he now? and looks as if he wish'd
His Fate were sinish'd? Tell me, ease my Fears:
Lest when we next time meet, I want the Power
To search into the Sickness of thy Mind,

But talk as wildly then, as thou look's now.

Jaff Oh, Behvidera !

Belo. Why was I last Night deliver'd to a Villain?

Jaff. Hah, a Villain ! I may ton enter !

Belv. Yes! to a Villain! Why at fuch an Hour Meets that Assembly, all made up of Wretches. That look as Hell had drawn 'em into League? Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger, Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies?

" To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,

"And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy,

"You know the rest, then strike it to her Heart! Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me? Must I Be made the Hostage of a hellish Trust? For such I know I am; that's all my Value! But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee, I'll free thee from the Bondage of these Slaves; Strait to the Senate, tell'em all I know,

All that I think, all that my Fears inform me!

Jaff. Is this the Roman Virtue! this the Blood That boafts its Purity with Cato's Daughter! Would she have e'er betray'd her Brutus?

For Brutus trusted her: Wert thou so kind, What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?

Belv. No :

Jaff. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me, as I am a Woman,
But as a Bone, thy Wise, thy Friend; who long
Has had Admission to thy Heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;
Thy Constancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,
Have been my daily Lesson: I have learnt them,
Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of Fates for thee; and with thee share them.

Jaff. Oh, you divinest Powers! look down and hear

My Prayers! instruct me to reward this Virtue!
Yet think a little, e'er thou tempt me surther:
Think I have a Tale to tell, will shake thy Nature,
Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of,
Into vile Tears and despicable Sorrows:
Then if thou should'st betray me!

Belv. Shall I fwear?

Belv. Speak !____

Jaff. To kill thy Father-

Belv. My Father!

ly

Shall bleed, my Belvidera: He amongst us
That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is damn'd: How rich and beauteous will the Face
Of Ruin look, when these wide Streets run Blood;
I and the glorious Partners of my Fortune
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate Dead;
Still to new Waste; whilst thou, far off in Safety
Smiling, shalt see the Wonders of our Daring;
And when Night comes, with Praise and Love receive me.
Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in Thought!

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy Sword into this Bosom: Lay me

Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe.

Murder my Father! tho' his cruel Nature

Has persecuted me to my Undoing,

Driven me to basest Wants; can I behold him

With Smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?

The

501. VENICE Prefero'd : Or,

The facred Fountain of my Life destroy'd?

And can'ft thou shed the Blood that gave me Being?

Nay, be a Traitor too, and sell thy Country;

Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,

Mix with hired Slaves, Bravo's, and common Stabbers,

Nose-slitters, Alley-lurking Villians! join

With such a Crew, and take a Russian's Wages,

To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engag'd With Men of Souls; fit to reform the Ills
Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongst them,
But's as stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature
Of Man sirst made, ere Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

Belv. What's he, to whose curst Hands last Night thou Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a Story [gav'st me? Would rouze thy Lion Heart out of its Den, And make it rage with terrifying Fury.

Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee!

Belv. Oh my Love! if e'er Thy Belvidera's Peace deserv'd thy Care,

Remove me from this Place: Last Night, last Night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

Belv. No fooner wer't thou gone, and I alone, Left in the Pow'r of that old Son of Mischief; No fooner was I lain on my sad Bed,

But that vile Wretch approach'd me; loofe, unbutton'd,

Ready for Violation: Then my Heart

Throbb'd with its Fears: Oh how I wept and figh'd, And shrunk and trembled; wish'd in vain for him

That should protect me. Thou, alas! wer't gone! [sure.

Jaff. Patience! Ifweet Heav'n, 'till I make Vengeance Belv. He drewibe hideous Dagger forth thou gav'st him, And with upbraiding Smiles, he faid, Behold it;

This is the Pledge of a fathe Husband's Love: believeling and

And in my Arms then press'd, and wou'd have clasp'd me;
But with my Cries I sear'd his Coward Heart,

liT.

Till he withdrew, and mutter'd Vows to Hell.
These are thy Friends! with these thy Life, thy Honour,

Thy Love, all's stak'd, and all will go to Ruin.

Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this Secret close; Clear up thy Sorrows, look as if thy Wrongs Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend, As no Complaint were made. No more, retire, Retire, my Life, and doubt not of my Honour; I'll heal its Failings, and deserve thy Love.

Belv. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt

In Anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee Another Night, to purchase the Creation.

Belo. When shall we meet again?

Faff. Anon, at Twelve!

I'll fteal myself to thy expecting Arms, Come like a travel'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.

Belv. Indeed !

Jaff. By all our Loves!

Belv. "Tis hard to part:

But fure no Falshood e'er look'd so fairly.

Farewel—Remember Twelve [Exit Belvidera,

Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me

When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love. How curst is my Condition, tos'd and justs'd From every Corner; Fortune's common Fool, The Jest of Rogues, an Instrumental Ass For Villains to lay Loads of Shame upon, And drive about just for their Ease and Scorn.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Jaffeir! Jaff. Who calls!

Pier. A Friend, that could have wish'd 'I'have found thee otherwise employ'd: What, hunt A Wise on the dull Foil! sure a staunch Husband

Of all Hounds is the dullest? wilt thou never, Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections? What feminine Tale hast thou been listening to. Of unair'd Shirts; Catharrs and Tooth-ach got By thin-fol'd Shoes? Damnation! that a Fellow. Chosen to be a Sharer in the Destruction Of a whole People, should fneak thus in Corners To ease his fulsome Lusts, and fool his Mind.

Jaff. May not a Man then trifle out an Hour With a kind Woman, and not wrong his Calling?

Pier. Not in a Cause like ours.

Faff. Then, Friend, our Caufe Is in a damn'd Condition: For I'll tell thee. That Canker-worm call'd Letchery, has touch'd it, 'Tis tainted vilely: Would'st thou think it, Renault, (That mortify'd, old, wither'd, Winter Rogue) Loves simple Fornication like a Priest: I found him out for watering at my Wife: He vifited her last Night, like a kind Guardian: Faith, she has some Temptations, that's the Truth on't.

Pier. He durst not wrong his Trust! Faff. Twas fomething late though, To take the Freedom of a Lady's Chamber.

Pier. Was she in Bed?

Jaff. Yes, faith, in Virgin Sheets, White as her Bosom, Pierre, dish'd neatly up, Might tempt a weaker Appetite to taste. Oh how the old Fox flunk, I warrant thee, When the rank Fit was on him.

Pier. Patience guide me!

He us'd no Violence?

Faff. No, no! out on't, Violence! Play'd with her Neck; brush'd her with his Grey-beard, Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her till she squeak'd a little, May be, or fo-but not a lot of Violence-

Pier. Damn him.

Jaff. Ay, so say I: But hush, no more on't; All hitherto is well, and I believe Myself no Monster yet: Tho' no Man knows What Fate he's born to? sure 'tis near the Hour We all should meet for our concluding Orders: Will the Ambassador be here in Person?

Pier. No: He has fent Commission to that Villain, To give the executing Charge; [Renault, I'd have thee be a Man, if possible, And keep thy Temper; for a brave Revenge Ne'er comes too late.

Jaff. Fear not, I am cool as Patience: Had he completed my Dishonour, rather Then hazard the Success our Hopes are ripe for, I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue.

Pier. He's yonder, coming this Way thro' the Hall; His Thoughts feem full.

Jaff. Prithee retire, and leave me With him alone: I'll put him to some Trial, See how his rotten Part will bear the touching.

Pier. Be careful then. [Exit Pierre.

Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
What, be a Devil! take a damning Oath
For shedding native Blood! can there be a Sin
In merciful Repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse! and peevish! what a Slave is Man! To let his itching Flesh thus get the better of him! Dispatch the Tool her Husband—that were well. Who's there?

Faff. A Man.

Ren. My Friend, my near Ally!

The Hostage of your Faith, my beauteous Charge, is very faff. Sir, are you sure of that? [well-Stands she in persect Health? beats her Pulse even? Neither

Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that Question?

Jaff. Oh, Women have fantastick Constitutions, Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering, And ne'er fix'd; was it not boldly done, Even at first Sight, to trust the Thing I lov'd (A tempting Treasure too!) with Youth so fierce And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jaff. Curst be him that doubts Thy Virtue; I have try'd it, and declare, Were I to chuse a Guardian of my Honour, I'd put it into thy keeping; for I know thee.

Ren. Know me!

Faff. Ay, know thee: There's no Falshood in thee, Thou look'ft just as thou art : Let us embrace. Now would'st thou cut my Throat, or I cut thine?

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaff. You lye, Sir.

Ren. How!

Faff. No more.

'Tis a base World, and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVELLIDO, Du-RAND, BRAINVEIL, and the rest of the Conspirators.

Ren. Spinosa! Theodore!

Spin. The fame.

Ren. You are welcome!

Ren. 'Tis a cold Night indeed, I am aged,

Full of Decay and natural Infirmities; [Pierre re-enters. We shall be warm, my Friend, I hope, To-morrow.

Pier. 'Twas not well done, thou flou'd'st have stroak'd And not have gall'd him. Thim,

Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on't.

Heav'n!

Proceedings

tiric in contract.

Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed Fiends, That wait to damn me: What a Devil's Man, When he forgets his Nature—hush, my Heart.

Ren. My Friends, 'tis late; are we assembled all?

Where's Theodore ?

Theo. At hand.

Ren. Spinosa.

Spin. Here.

Ren. Brainveil.

Brain. I am ready.

Ren. Durand and Brabe.

Dur. Command us,

We are both prepar'd!

Ren. Mezzana, Revellido,

Ternon Retrofi; Oh, you are Men, I find,

Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons;

To-morrow's rifing Sun must fee you all

Deck'd in your Honours! Are the Soldiers ready?

Omn. All, all.

Ren. You, Durand, with your Thousand, must possess. St. Mark's; you, Captain, know your Charge already; 'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: You, Brabe, with a Hundred more, must gain the Secque. With the like Number, Brainveil, to the Procuralle. Be all this done with the least Tumult possible, 'Till in each Place you post sufficient Guards:

Faff. Oh reverend Cruelty: Damn'd bloody Villain!

Ren. During this Execution, Durand, you
Must, in the Midst, keep your Battalia sast;
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the Canon
That may command the Streets; whilst Revellido,
Mezzana, Ternon, and Retrosi, guard you.
(This done!) we'll give the general Alarm,
Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates;

Then sheath your Swords in every Breast you meet.

56 VENICE Preserv'd: Or,

Then fire the City round in several Places,
Or with our Canon (if it dare resist)
Batter't to Ruin. But above all, I charge you,
Shed Blood enough, spare neither Sex nor Age,
Name, nor Condition; if there live a Senator
After To-morrow, tho' the dullest Rogue
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our Ends;
If possible, let's kill the very Name
Of Senator, and bury it in Blood.

Jaff. Merciless, horrid Slave!—Ay, Blood enough! Shed Blood enough, old Renault: how thou charm'st me!

Ren. But one Thing more, and then farewel till Fate Join us again, or separate us for ever:
First, let's embrace; Heav'n knows who next shall thus Wing ye together: But let's all remember
We wear no common Cause upon our Swords;
Let each Man think, that on his single Virtue
Depends the Good and Fame of all the rest;
Eternal Honour or perpetual Insamy.
Let's remember, through what dreadful Hazards
Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us;
How often on the Brink of some Discovery
Have we stood tottering, and yet still kept our Ground
So well, the busiest Searchers ne'er could follow
Those subtle Tracks which puzzled all Suspicion:
You droop, Sir.

Jaff. No: with a most profound Attention I've heard it all, and wonder at thy Virtue.

Ren. Tho' there be yet few Hours 'twixt them and Are not the Senate lull'd in full Security, [Ruin, Quiet and fatisfy'd, as Fools are always!

Never did so profound Repose forerun

Calamity so great: Nay; our good Fortune

Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind;

Strengthen'd the fearful'st, charm'd the most suspectful,

Confounded the most subtle: For we live,

We live, my Friends, and quickly shall our Life Prove fatal to these Tyrants: Let's consider That we destroy Oppression, Avarice, A People nurs'd up equally with Vices And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors, And such as without Shame she cannot suffer.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera, take me to thy Arms, And shew me where's my Peace, for I've lost it. [Ex. Jaff.

Ren. Without the least Remorfe, then let's resolve With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these Tyrants; And when we shall behold those curst Tribunals, Stain'd by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent, Burning with Flames, rather from Heav'n than ours, The raging, furious, and unpitying Soldier Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Bosoms Of gasping Wretches; Death in every Quarter, With all that fad Diforder can produce, To make a Spectacle of Horror: Then. Then let's call to Mind, my dearest Friends, That there's nothing pure upon the Earth; That the most valu'd Things have most Allays, And that in Change of all those vile Enormities, Under whose Weight this wretched Country labours. The Means are only in our Hands to crown them.

Pier. And may those Powers above, that are propitious. To gallant Minds, record this Cause, and bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus fecure of all we wish for, Should there, my Friends, be found amongst us one False to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate, What Vengeance were enough for such a Villian?

Eliot. Death here without Repentance, Hell hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my Lot, if as here I stand Listed by Fate amongst her darling Sons, Tho' I had one only Brother, dear by all The strictest Ties of Nature; tho' one Hour Had given us Birth, one Fortune sed our Wants,

Jad T

C 5

One only Love, and that but of each other, Still fill'd our Minds: Could I have such a Friend Join'd in this Cause, and had but ground to sear Meant soul Play; may this Right-hand drop from me, If I'd not hazard all my suture Peace,

And flab him to the Heart before you: Who

Would not do less? Would'st not thou, Pierre, the same?

Pier. You have singled me, Sir, out for this hard
As if 'twere started only for my sake! [Question,
Am I the Thing you sear? Here, here's my Bosom,
Search it with all your Swords! am I a Traytor?

Ren. No; but I fear your late commended Friend Is little less: Come, Sirs, 'tis now no Time To trifle with our Sasety. Where's this Jaffeir?

Spin. He left the Room just now in strange Disorder, Ren. Nay, there is Danger in him: I observ'd him,

During the Time I took for Explanation,
He was transported from most deep Attention.
To a Consussion which he could not smother.
His Looks grew sull of Sadness and Surprize,
All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,
That labour'd with Reluctancy and Sorrow;
What's requisite for Sasety must be done
With speedy Execution: He remains
Yet in our Power: I for my own Part wear
A Dagger.

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it ____

Pier. Where?

Ren. Bury'd in his Heart, Many share and water and of

Pier. Away! w'are yet all Friends;

No more of this, 'twill breed ill Blood amongst us.

Spin. Let us all draw our Swords, and fearch the House, Pull him from the dark Hole where he fits brooding

O'er his cold Fears, and each Man kill his Share of him. Pier. Who talks of Killing? who's he'll shed the Blood

That's

That's dear to me? Is't you? or you? or you, Sir? What, not one speak? how you stand gaping all On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there; Yet not a Word: Then, Sir, I'll tell you a Secret, Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtue! [To Ren.

Ren. A Coward ____ [Handles his Sword.

Pier. Put, put up thy Sword, old Man,

Thy Hand shakes at it; come, let's heal this Breach, I am too hot; we yet may live Friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our Friendship cannot be so.

Storil vill Him if the

Pier. Again: Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Rev. And I.

Eliot. And all.

Ren. Who are on my Side?

Spin. Every honest Sword;

Let's die like Men, and not be fold like Slaves.

Pier. One fuch Word more, by Heav'n I'll to the And hang ye all, like Dogs, in Clusters, [Senate, Why peep your coward Swords half out their Shells? Why do you not all brandish them like mine? You fear to die, and yet dare talk of Killing?

Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us; hallen, Secure thy wretched Life, we fear to die Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pier. That's rank Falshood,

Fear'st not thou Death? Fie, there's a knavish Itch. In that salt Blood, an utter Foe to Smarting.

Had Jaffeir's Wife prov'd kind, he had still been true.

Foh-how that flinks?

Thou die! thou kill my Friend for thou, or thou, Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched Face for Away! disperse all to your several Charges,. And meet To-morrow where your Honour calls you; I'll bring that Man, whose Blood you so much thirst for,.

C 6.

Andl

60 VENICE Preferv'd: Or,

Spin. I fear we have been to blame,

And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too far urg'd against the Man you lov'd.

Rev. Here, take our Swords and crush 'em with your

Spin. Forgive us, gallant Friend.

[Feet.

Pier. Nay, now y'ave found

The Way to melt and cast me as you will:

I'll fetch this Friend, and give him to your Mercy:

Nay, he shall die if you will take him from me,

For your Repose I'll quit my Heart's Jewel;

But would not have him torn away by Villains,

And spiteful Villainy.

Spin. No; may you both

For ever live and fill the World with Fame! [Discord? Pier. Now you are too kind. Whence rose all this Oh what a dangerous Precipice have we 'scap'd! How near a Fall was all we had long been building! What an eternal Blot had stain'd our Glories, If one, the bravest and the best of Men, Had fallen a Sacrifice to rash Suspicion! Butcher'd by those whose Cause he came to cherish: Oh could you know him all as I have known him, How good he is, how just, how true, how brave, You wou'd not leave this Place till you had seen him; Humbled yourselves before him, kis'd his Feet, And gain'd Remission for the worst of Follies;

Come but To-morrow, all your Doubts shall end, And to your Loves me better recommend, That I've preserv'd your Fame, and sav'd my Friend.

[Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Third Act.



A C T IV.

Enter JAFFEIR and BELVIDERA.

JAFFEIR.



HERE do'ft thou lead me? Every Step I move,

Methinks I tread upon fome mangled Limb

Of a rack'd Friend: Oh my dear charming Ruin!

Where are we wandring?

Belv. To eternal Honour;
To do a Deed shall chronicle thy Name,
Among the glorious Legends of those sew
That have sav'd sinking Nations: thy Renown
Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,
Who by thy Piety have been preserv'd
From horrid Violation: Every Street
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy Honour,
And at thy Feet this great Inscription written,

Remember him that prop'd the Fall of Venice. 7 aff. Rather, remember him, who after all

The facred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship, In fond Compassion to a Woman's Tears, Forgot his Manhood, Virtue, Truth, and Honour, To facrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him.

Why wilt thou damn me?

Belv. Oh, inconstant Man!

How will you promise? how will you deceive?

Do, return back, replace me in my Bondage;

Tell all thy Friends how dangerously thou lov'st me;
And let thy Dagger do its bloody Office.
Oh that kind Dagger, Jasser, how twill look
Stuck thro' my Heart, drench'd in my Blood to th'Hilts!
Whilst these poor dying Eyes shall with their Tears
No more torment thee, then thou wilt be free:
Or if thou think'st it nobler, Let me live
Till I am a Victim to the hateful Lust
Of that infernal Devil, that old Fiend
That's damn'd himself, and wou'd undo Mankind:
Last Night, my Love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again.
It shews a beastly Image to my Fancy,
Will wake me into Madness. Oh the Villain!
That durst approach such Purity as thine
On Terms so vile: Destruction, swift Destruction
Fall on my Coward-head, and make my Name
The common Scorn of Fools if I forgive him;
If I forgive him, if I not revenge
With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,
Thy Sufferings, thou dear Darling of my Life, Love.

Belv. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate; And tell the difmal'st Story e'er was utter'd, Tell 'em what Bloodshed, Rapines, Desolations, Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal Hour! Save thy poor Country, fave the reverend Blood Of all its Nobles, which To-morrow's Dawn Must else see shed: Save the poor tender Lives Of all those little Infants which the Swords Of Murtherers are whetting for this Moment; Think thou already hear'st their dying Screams, Think that thou fee'st their sad distracted Mothers Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity, With torn dishevel'd Hair and streaming Eyes, Their naked mangled Breafts besmear'd with Blood, And even the Milk, with which their fondled Babes Softly Softly they hush'd, dropping in Anguish from 'em. Think thou fee'ft this, and then consult thy Heart, Faff. Oh! " taken Second Afaste elagari on myly wit

Belv. Think too, If thou lose this present Minute. What Miseries the next Day brings upon thee. Imagine all the Horrors of that Night, Murther and Rapine, Waste and Desolation, Confusedly ranging. Think what then may prove My Lot! the Ravisher may then come safe, And midft the Terror of the Public Ruin Do a damn'd Deed; perhaps too lay a Train May catch thy Life; then where will be Revenge, The dear Revenge that's due to such a Wrong? [in thee.

Faff. By all Heaven's Powers, prophetick Truth dwells For every Word thou speak'st strikes thro' my Heart Like a new Light, and shows it how't has wander'd; Just what th'hast made me, take me, Belvidera, And lead me to the Place where I'm to fay This bitter Lesson; where I must betray My Truth, my Virtue, Constancy, and Friends: Must I betray my Friends? Ah, take me quickly, Secure me well before that Thought's renew'd; If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

Belu. Haft thou a Friend more dear than Belvidera? Jaff. No; thou'rt my Soul itself, Wealth, Friendship, All present Joys, and earnest of all future, [Honour Are fumm'd in thee: Methinks, when in thy Arms Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours. Why was such Happiness not given me pure? Why dash'd with cruel Wrongs, and bitter Wantings? Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb To facrifice, thus in his fatal Garlands, Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays, Trots by th' enticing flattering Priestes' Side, And much transported with his little Pride,

Forgets

64 VENICE Preserv'd: Or,

Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,
Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain.

Enter Officer and fix Guards.

Offic. Stand; Who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

11/9/10 1

Jaff. Friends, Belvidera! hide me from my Friends, By Heaven, I'd rather see the Face of Hell, Than meet the Man I love.

Offic. But what Friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate and the State of Venice.

Offic. My Orders are to seize on all I find

At this late Hour, and bring 'em to the Council, Who now are fitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd. Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your Paws upon me. Now the Lot's cast, and Fate do what thou wilt.

[Exeunt guarded.

SCENE, The Senate-House, Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, and eight other Senators.

Duke. A NTO NY, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we affembled here this Night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The State of Venice, Honour, or its Safety.

Priu. Could Words express the Story I have to tell you, Fathers, these Tears were useless, these sad Tears That fall from my old Eyes; but there is Cause We all should weep; tear off these purple Robes, And wrap ourselves in Sackcloth, sitting down On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.

Heaven

Heaven knows, if yet there be an Hour to come Ere Venice be no more!

All Senators. I How! in st. My satisfall for the el

Priu. Nay, we stand
Upon the very Brink of gaping Ruin.
Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,
Kindred and Friends, our Palaces and Temples
To lay in Ashes: Nay, the Hour too, fix'd;
The Swords, for ought I know, drawn even this Moment,
And the wild Waste begun: From unknown Hands
I had this Warning: But if we are Men,
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
That may inform the World in Aster-ages,
Our Virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were. [A Noise without.
Room, room, make room for some Prisoners—
2 Senat. Let's raise the City.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priu. Speak there, what Disturbance? [Streets, Offic. Two Prisoners have the Guard seiz'd in the Who say they come to inform this Reverend Senate About the present Danger.

Enter JAFFEIR and BELVIDER A guarded.

All. Give 'em Entrance____

Well; who are you?

Jaff. A Villain.

Ant. Short and pithy.

The Man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every Man that hears me Would deal so honestly, and own his Title.

Duke. 'Tis rumour'd that a Plot has been contriv'd Against this State; that you have a Share in't too. If you are a Villain, to redeem your Honour, Unfold the Truth and be restor'd with Mercy.

Jaff. Think not that I, to fave my Life, come hither, I know its Value better; but in Pity To all those Wretches whose unhappy Dooms Are fix'd and feal'd. You fee me here before you. The fworn and covenanted Foe of Venice. But use me as my Dealings may deserve, And I may prove a Friend.

Duke. The Slave capitulates,

Give him the Tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not do, Your Fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch To hear a Story which you dread the Truth of. Truth, with the Fear of Smart, shall ne'er get from me. Cowards are scar'd with Threatnings. Boys are whip'd Into Confessions: But a steady Mind Acts of itself, ne'er asks the Body Council. Give him the Tortures! Name but fuch a thing Again; by Heaven I'll shut these Lips for ever; Not all your Racks, your Engines, or your Wheels Shall force a Groan away—that you may guess at.

Ant. A bloody-minded Fellow, I warrant;

A damn'd bloody-minded Fellow.

Duke. Name your Conditions.

Jaff. For myself full Pardon, [Delivers a Lift. Besides the Lives of two and twenty Friends, Whose Names are here inroll'd: Nay, let their Crimes Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the Oaths And facred Promise of this Reverend Council. That in a full Assembly of the Senate The Thing I ask be ratify'd. Swear this, And I'll unfold the Secrets of your Danger.

All. We'll fwear.

Duke. Propose the Oath.

Faff. By all the Hopes

Ye have of Peace and Happiness hereafter, Swear.

All. We all fwear.

Jaff. To grant me what I've ask'd,

All. We fwear. Whereal sel rac was bedeat ad sel back

Jaff. And as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your Posterity be bless'd,
Or curst for ever.

All. Else be curft for ever.

Jaff. — Then here's the Lift, and with't Delivers the full Disclose of all that threatens you.

Now Fate thou hast caught me.

Paper.

Ant. Why, what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here! I'll warrant you, not one of these Fellows but has a Face like a Lion. I dare not so much as read their Names over.

Duke. Give Orders that all diligent Search be made. To seize these Men, their Characters are publick; The Paper intimates their Rendevouz. To be at the House of a sam'd Grecian Curtezan, Call'd Aquilina; see that Place secur'd.

Ant. What, my Nicky Nacky, Hurry durry, Nicky Nacky in the Plot—— I'll make a Speech. Most noble Senators,

What headlong Apprehension drives you on,
Right noble, wise, and truly solid Senators,
To violate the Laws and Right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of Renown.
Tis true, she holds a House of fair Reception,
And though I say't myself, as many more
Can say as well as I——

2 Senat. My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when Dangers are so near us;
We all well know your Interest in that Lady,
The World talks loud on't.

Ant. Verily I have done, and share of the same of the

Jaff. Would the Chains of Death
Had bound me fast ere I had known this Minute;
I've done a Deed will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in Competition with all ill ones:
The History of my Wickedness shall run
Down through the low Traditions of the Vulgar,
And Boys be taught to tell the Tale of Jaffeir.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your Prisoner.

Jaff. Sir, if possible,

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me, Where I may dose out what I've lest of Life, Forget myself, and this Day's Guilt and Falshood. Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appeare thee! [Ex. guarded.

Noife Without.

More Traytors; room, room, make room there.

Duke. How's this, Guards?

Where are our Guards? shut up the Gates, the Treason's already at our Doors.

Enter Officer.

Offic. My Lords, more Traytors:
Seiz'd in the very Act of Consultation;
Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of Mischief.
Bring in the Prisoners.

Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, RE-VILLIPO, and other Conspirators, in Fetters, guarded.

Pier. Yon, my Lords and Fathers,

(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of Venice;

If you sit here to guide the Course of Justice,

Why these disgraceful Chains upon the Limbs

That

That have so often labour'd in your Service?

Are these the Wreaths of Triumph ye bestow

On those that bring you Conquests home, and Honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, Sir. Ant. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd for sighting. Your Battels with confederated Powers,
When Winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you?
And brought the Fleets of Spain to your own Harbours,
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your Palace,
And saw your Wise, th' Adriatic, plough'd
Like a lewd Whore, by bolder Prows than yours,
Step'd not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The Task of Honour, and the Way to Greatness,
Rais'd you from your capitulating Fears
To stipulate the Terms of su'd-for Peace;
And this my Recompence? If I am a Traytor,
Produce my Charge; or shew the Wretch that's base enough

Duke. Know you one Jaffeir? [All the Conspirators Pier. Yes, and know his Virtue. [murmur. His Justice, Truth, his general Worth and Sufferings

From a hard Father, taught me first to love him.

And brave enough to tell me I am a Traytor.

Enter JAFFEIR guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pier. My Friend too bound? nay then,
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall;
Why droops the Man whose Welfare's so much mine,
'They're but one Thing? these Reverend Tyrants, Jaffeir,
Call us all 'Traytors; art thou one, my Brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, very'st Slave
That e'er betray'd a generous trusting Friend,
And gave up Honour to be sure of Ruin.
All our fair Hopes, which Morning was to have crown'd,
Has this curst Tongue o'erthrown.

Pier.

70 VENICE Preserv'd: Or,

Pier. So, then, all's over:

Venice has loft her Freedom; I my Life;
No more, farewel.

Duke. Say; will you make Confession of your vile Deeds, and trust the Senate's Mercy?

Pier. Curst be your Senate: Curst your Constitution: The Curse of growing Factions and Division Still vex your Councils, shake your public Sasety, And make the Robes of Government, you wear, Hateful to you, as these base Chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or Death?

Pier. Death, honourable Death.

Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.

All. Conspir. No shameful Bonds, but honourable Death.

Duke. Break up the Council: Captain, guard your Pri-

foners.

A

I

I

F

Jaffeir, y'are free, but these must wait for Judgment.

[Ex. all the Senators.

Pier. Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard [Straw, 'To do your Senate Service.

Jaff. Hold one Moment.

Pier. Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate?

Presumptuous Rebel—on— [Strikes Jasseir.

Jaff. By Heaven you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak:
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile Blow:
Had not a Dagger done thee nobler Justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou can'st not wrong me,
For I am sallen beneath the basest Injuries;
Yet look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
With Pity and with Charity behold me;
Shut not thy Heart against a Friend's Repentance,
But as there dwells a Godlike Nature in thee,
Listen with Mildness to my Supplications.

Pier. What whining Monk art thou? what holy Cheat That

That wou'dst encroach upon my credulous Ears, And cant'st thus vilely? hence. I know thee not, Dissemble and be nasty: leave me, Hypocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre?

Pier. No, know thee not : what art thou?

Jaff. Jaffeir, thy Friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd Friend, Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pier. Thou Jaffeir! Thou my once lov'd, valu'd Friend! By Heavens thou liest; the Man, so call'd, my Friend, Was generous, honest, faithful, just and valiant, Noble in Mind, and in his Person lovely, Dear to my Eyes and tender to my Heart: But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward, Poor even in Soul, and loathsome in thy Aspect, All Eyes must shun thee, and all Hearts detest thee. Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me, Like something baneful, that my Nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these Tears I have
But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant; [not,
My Mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
Let not thy Eyes then shun me, nor thy Heart
Detest me utterly: Oh look upon me,
Look back and see my sad sincere Submission!
How my Heart swells, as even twould burst my Bosom;

Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee!
What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thyself Jasseir, that once lov'd, valu'd Friend of mine, And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? whence these Chains? Whence the vile Death, which I may meet this Moment? Whence this Dishonour, but from thee, thou salse one?

Jaff.—All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done Pier. What's that? [asking.

Jaff. To take thy Life on fuch Conditions
The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy Friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my Life! confess! record myself A Villain for the Privilege to breathe, And carry up and down this curfed City A discontented and repining Spirit, Burthensome to itself, a few Years longer, To lofe, it may be, at last in a lewd Quarrel For some new Friend, treacherous and false as thou art! No, this vile World and I have long been jangling, And cannot part on better Terms than now, When only Men like thee are fit to live in't.

Faff. By all that's just-

Pier. Swear by fome other Powers,

For thou hast broke that facred Oath too lately.

7aff. Then by that Hell I merit, I'll not leave thee, Till to thyfelf, at least, thou'rt reconciled, However thy Refentments deal with me.

Peir. Not leave me!

Jaff. No, thou shalt not force me from thee, Use me reproachfully, and like a Slave, Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs On my poor Head; I'll bear it all with Patience, Shall weary out thy most unfriendly Cruelty, Lie at thy Feet, and kiss 'em, though they spurn me, Till, wounded by my Sufferings, thou relent, And raise me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou nottall do hwhat fav :

Jaff. What?

Pier. A Traytor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A Villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A Coward, a most scandalous Coward, Spiritless, void of Honour, one who has fold Thy everlasting Fame, for shameless Life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: My Faults are numberless.

once the viled readmands

Pier.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on Terms like Base as thou art salse _____ [thine?

Jaff. No; 'tis to me that's granted,
The Safety of thy Life was all I aim'd at,
In Recompence for Faith, and Trust so broken.

Pier. I fcorn it more, because preserv'd by thee,
And as when first my soolish Heart took pity
On thy Missortunes, sought thee in thy Miseries,
Reliev'd thy Wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
Of Wretchedness in which thy Fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my List of noble Friends;
All I receiv'd in Surety for thy Truth,
Were unregarded Oaths; and this, this Dagger,
Given with a worthless Pledge, thou since hast stol'n,
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those Powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this curst Hour to hold Communion,
Friendship, or Interest with thee, though our Years
Were to exceed those limited the World.

Take it ____farewel____for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then. Pier. For my Life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh, Peirre!

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My Eyes won't lose the Sight of thee, But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.

Pier. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee And Curses, great as is thy Falshood, catch thee. [from me.

Jaff. Amen.
He's gone, my Father, Friend, Preserver, [up. And here's the Portion he has left me. [Holds the Dagger This Dagger, well remembred; with this Dagger I gave a solemn Vow of dire Importance, Parted with this, and Belvidera together; Have a Care, Mem'ry, drive that Thought no farther; No, I'll esteem it as a Friend's last Legacy, Treasure it up in this wretched Bosom,

D

Where

74 VENICE Preserv'd: Or,

Where it may grow acquainted with my Heart,
That when they meet, they flart not from each other.
So; now for Thinking: A Blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
Coward, dishonourable Coward, fogh!
Oh for a long found Sleep, and fo forget it 1
Down, bufy Devil

Effer BELVIDERA.

Belo. Whither hall I fly?

Where hide the and my Miferies together?
Where's now the Roman Constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling Fears and Desparation!
Not daring how to look up to that dear Face
Which us d to smile even on my Paults, but down
Bending these miserable Eyes to Earth,

Must move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

Hoarded for thee, of Bleffings yet untailed;
Let Wretches loaded hard with Guilt as I am,
Bow the Weight, and grown beneath the Burthen;
Creep with a Remnant of that Strength thave left,
Before the Footstool of that Heaven thave injurid.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth; now, if thou hast Virtue, help me,
Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace
To my divided Soul, that wars within me,
And raises every Sense to my Consusion;
By Heav'n, I am tottering on the very Brink
Of Peace; and thou art all the Hold I've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy Sorrows are most mighty;
I know th'hast Cause to mourn; to mourn, my Jasseir,
With endless Cries, and never-ceasing Wailings;
Th' hast lost——

Jaff. Oh, I have lost what can't be counted;
My Friend too, Belvidera, that dear Friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my Health rejoic'd in,
Has us'd me like a Slave; shamefully us'd me;
'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story,
What shall I do? Resentment, Indignation,

Love,

W

H

As

Fo.

Wi

He

Buf

Am Th'

Dan

Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry, how I've wrong'd him, Distract my Quiet with the very Thought on't;

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'd'ft hate me, should I tell thee,

Belo. Whys? I lis ni b'doreth mid sel riedt sodt ned W

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heaven I hear it;
He has us'd me, Belvidera, but first swear
That when I've told thee, thou'lt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest Blots and Stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable Goodness,
Be near me in the Pangs of my Affliction,

Not from me, Belividera, as he has done. [doubted? Belv. Have I then ge'er been false, that now I am Speak, what's the Cause Lam grown into Distrust, Why thought unfit to hear my Love's Complainings?

belv. I ne taithlet Senators, his they're! doc that:

Belv. Tellame, signal mo or gnivones, val ved I

Jaff. Bear my Bailings, for they are many,
Oh, my dear Angel! in that Friend Record that
All my Soul's Peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my Brains;
Would'st thou believe it?

Belo. Speak dear of mas mand affect your old

Jaff. Before we parted, is it most amount of soid of

E'er yet his Guards had led him to his Prison,
Full of severest Sorrows for his Suff'rings,
With Eyes o'erstowing, and a bleeding Heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my Nature,
As at his Feet I kneel'd, and su'd for Mercy,
Forgetting all our Friendship, all the Dearness,
In which w'have liv'd so many Years together,
With a reproachful Hand, he dash'd a Blow,
He struck me, Belvidera; by Heaven, he struck me,
Busseld, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward;
Am I a Coward? Am I a Villain? tell me:
Th'art the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation: Coward!

D 2

76 VENICE Preserv'd : Or,

Bekv. Oh! forgive him, Jaffeir.

And if his Sufferings wound thy Heart already,
What will they do To-morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Belv. To mortow; had an east the

When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful Death,
His bleeding Bowels, and his broken Limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain;
What will thy Heart do then? Oh sure, 'twill stream
Like my Eyes now.

a constant of the color

Jaff. What means thy dreadful Story?

Death, and To-morrow! broken Limbs and Bowels!

Infulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain!

By all my Fears I shall start out to Madness,

With barely guessing, if the Truth's hid longer.

Belv. The faithless Senators, 'tis they've decreed it:
They say, according to our Friend's Request,
They shall have Death, and not ignoble Bondage:
Declare their promis'd Mercy all as forseited,
False to their Oaths, and deaf to Intercession;
Warrants are pass'd for public Death To-morrow. [pleaded]

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! un-Belv. Nay, cruel'st Racks and Torments are preparing,

To force Confessions from their dying Pangs;

How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd!
What means my Love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me——ftrong Wake in my Heart. [Temptations

Belo. For what? I have the hard the languistics

Jaff. No more; but leave me. I will swally remains

Belv. Why? I a Male sa mark lather over a did

Jaff. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that Fondness, would not have thee stay a Moment longer, and the Near these curst Hands; are they not cold upon thee?

Belv. No, everlasting Comfort's in thy Arms,

[Pulls the Dagger half out of his Bosom, and puts it back agen. To

To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roses.

Jaff. Alas, thou thinkest not of the Thorns 'tis fill'd Fly e'er they call thee: There's a lurking Serpent [with, Ready to leap and sting thee to thy Heart:

Art thou not terrify'd?

Belv. No. 1 Speed (2013 with 318 from the 1 seed of the

Jaff. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Bely. Hah! [Mischief? Jaff. Where's my Friend? my Friend, thou smiling Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou should'st have fled. When thy Guilt first had Cause, for dire Revenge Is up, and raging for my Friend. He groans, Hark how he groans, his Screams are in my Ears Already; see, th'ave fix'd him on the Wheel, And now they tear him—Murther! perjur'd Senate! Murther—Oh!—hark thee, Traitress, thou hast done this;

Thanks to thy Tears and false persuading Love,

[Fumbling for bis Dagger.

How her Eyes speak! Oh thou bewitching Creature!

Madness cannot hurt thee: Come, thou little Trembler,
Creep, eyen into my Heart, and there lie sase;
'Tis thy own Citadel—hah—yet stand off,
Heaven must have Justice, and my broken Vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching Mercy;
I'll wink and then 'tis done—

Belv. What means the Lord
Of me, my Life and Love, what's in thy Bosom,
Thou grasp'st at so? nay, why am I thus treated?

[Draws the Dagger, and offers to stab her. What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffeir, Pity these panting Breasts, and trembling Limbs, That us'd to class thee when thy Looks were milder, That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul, And plunge it not into eternal Darkness.

Jaff. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last, I gave this Dagger with thee as in Trust

uts

D 3

VENTOB Preferva . Or,

To be thy Portion, if I e'er proved faise:

On such Condition was my Truth believ'd: [ber again.]

But now 'tis forseited, and must be paid for. [Offers to stab

Belv. Oh, Mercy In a constit contilled you Kneeling.

Jaff. Nay, no thruggling and paid bas qual of what

Belv. Now then kill me. [Leaps upon his Neck and kiffes While thus I cling about thy cruel Neck, [him. Kiss thy revengeful Lips, and die in Joys Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a Coward; witness't, Heaven, Witness it, Earth, and every Being witness; 'Tis but one Blow; yet, by immortal Love, I cannot longer bear a Thought to harm thee,

The Seal of Providence is fure upon thee.

And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders:
Oh, thou wert either born to fave or damn me!
By all the Power that's given thee e'er my Soul,
By thy refutles Tears and conquering Smiles,
By the victorious Love that still waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel Father; fave my Friend,
Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:
Fall at his Feet, cling round his reverend Knees;
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy Tears,
Melt his hard Heart, and wake dead Nature in him;

Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast wanquisted me. [Ex. ambo.
The End of the Fourth Act.

Crush him in th' Arms, and torture him with thy Softness:

ACTV. Enter PRIULI folus.

PRIULI.

HY, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy Days
W Been lengthen'd to this fad one? Oh! Dishonour
And deathless Infamy is fall'n upon me.

Was it my Fault? Am I a Traitor? No.

But

But then, my only Child, my Daughter, wedded;
There my best Blood runs soul, and a Disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my Memory,
To make it rot and stink to After-ages.
Curst be the satal Minute when I got her;
Or wou'd that I'd been any thing but Man,
And rais'd an Issue which wou'd ne'er have wrong'd me.
The miserablest Creatures (Man excepted)
Are not the less esteem'd, though their Posterity
Degenerate from the Virtues of their Fathers;
The vilest Beasts are happy in their Ost-springs,
While only Man gets Traitors, Whores, and Villains.
Curst be the Names, and some swift Blow from Fate
Lay his Head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter BELVIDERA in a long mourning Veil.

Belv. He's there, my Father, my inhuman Father, That, for three Years, has left an only Child Expos'd to all the Outrages of Fate,

And cruel Ruin — oh!

Priu. What Child of Sorrow

Art thou, that com'st thus wrap'd in Weeds of Sadness,

And mov'ft as if thy Steps were towards a Grave?

Belv. A Wretch, who from the very Top of Happiness Am fallen into the lowest Depths of Misery,

And want your pitying Hand to raife me up again.

Priu. Indeed thou talk'st as thou had'st tasted Sorrows: Would I could help thee.

Belv. 'Tis greatly in your Power,
The World too, speaks you charitable, and I,
Who ne'er ask'd Alms before, in that dear Hope
Am come a begging to you, Sir.

Priu. For what?

Belv. Oh, well regard me, is this Voice a strange one? Consider too, when Beggars once pretend

A Case like mine, no little will content 'em.

Priu. What wouldst thou beg for ?

Belv. Pity and Forgiveness; [Throws up ber Weil. By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,

D 4

Hear

80 VENICE Preserv'd: Or,

Hear my Complaints, and take me to your love.

Priu. My Daughter!

Belv. Yes, your Daughter, by a Mother Virtuous and noble, faithful to your Honour, Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wishes, Dear to your Arms; by all the Joys she gave you, When in her blooming Years she was your Treasure, Look kindly on me; in my Face behold The Lineaments of her's y'have kiss'd so often, Pleading the Cause of your poor cast-off Child.

Priu. Thou art my Daughter.

Belv. Yes And y'have oft told me
With Smiles of Love and chafte paternal Kisses,
I'd much Resemblance of my Mother.

Priu. Oh!

Hadst thou inherited her matchless Virtues, I'd been too bless'd.

Belv. Nay, do not call to Memory
My Disobedience, but let Pity enter
Into your Heart, and quite deface the Impression;
For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what Sadness,
Fears, and Despairs distract the Peace within me,
Oh, you wou'd take me in your dear, dear Arms,
Hover with strong Compassion o'er your young One,
To shelter me with a protecting Wing,
From the black-gather'd Storm, that's just, just breaking.

Dair Don't talls thus

Priu. Don't talk thus.

Belv. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.

I have a Husband.

Priu. Damn him.

Belv. Oh, do not curse him!

He would not speak so hard a Word towards you On any Terms; oh! e'er he deal with me.

Priu. Hah! what means my Child?

Belv. Oh, there's but this short Moment
'Twixt me and Fate, yet send me not with Curses
Down to my Grave, afford me one kind Blessing
Besore we part; just take me in your Arms,

And recommend me with a Prayer to Heaven, That I may die in Peace, and when I'm dead——

Priu. How my Soul's catch'd?

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me

By the dear Ashes of my tender Mother.

She would have pitied me, had Fate yet spared her.

Priu. By Heaven, my aking Heart forebodes much
Tell me thy Story, for I'm still thy Father. [Mischief.

Belv. No, I'm contented.

Prin. Speak.

Belv. No matter.

Priu. Tell me.

By you bleft Heaven, my Heart runs o'er with Fondness.

Belv. Oh!

Priu. Utter't.

Belv. Oh, my Husband, my dear Husband Carries a Dagger in his once kind Bosom, To peirce the Heart of your poor Belvidera.

Priu. Kill thee?

Belv. Yes, kill me; when he pass'd his Faith And Covenant against your State and Senate, He gave me up as Hostage for his Truth, With me a Dagger and a dire Commission, Whene'er he fail'd to plunge it through this Bosom. I learnt the Danger, chose the Hour of Love T'attempt his Heart, and bring it back to Honour; Great Love prevail'd, and bless'd me with Success, He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest Friends For promis'd Mercy; now they're doom'd to suffer, Gall'd with Remembrance of what then was sworn, If they are lost, he vows t'appease the Gods With this poor Life, and make my Blood th'Atonement.

Priu. Heavens!

Belv. Think you saw what pass'd at our last parting; Think you beheld him like a raging Lion, Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps, Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain Of burning Fury; think you saw his one Hand

D 5.

Fix'd

Fix'd on my Throat, while the extended other Grasp'd a keen threatning Dagger; oh 'twas thus, We last embrac'd, when, trembling with Revenge, He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Bolom Presented horrid Death, cry'd out, my Friends, Where are my Friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, For he yet lov'd, and that dear Love preserved me, [lov'd, To this last Trial of a Father's Pity.

I fear not Death, but cannot bear a Thought That that dear Hand should do th' unfriendly Office; If I was ever then your Care, now hear me; Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd Lives Of his dear Friends, e'er mine be made the Sacrifice.

Print Oh, my Heart's Comfort!

Priu. Oh, my Heart's Comfort! Belv. Will you not, my Father?

Weep not, but answer me.

Priu. By Heaven, I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.

Can'st thou forgive me all my Follies past,

I'll henceforth be indeed a Father; never,

Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,

Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life,

Dear as these Eyes that weep in Fondness o'er thee.

Peace to thy Heart. Farewel.

Belv. Go, and remember,
'Tis Belvidera's Life her Father pleads for. LEx. feverally.

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Hum, hum, hah;

Seignior Priuli, my Lord Priuli, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord: Now, we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord — Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he; and so let him fiddle — I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-house, and I'll be there too, soon enough for somebody. Odd—here's a tickling Speech about the Plot; I'll prove there's a Plot with a Vengeance, would I had it without Book; let me see—

Molt

Most Reverend Senators,

That there is a Plot, furely by this time, no Man that hath Eyes or Understanding in his Head will presume to doubt, 'tis as plain as the Light in the Cucumber nohold there—Cucumber does not come in vet—'tis as plain as the Light in the Sun, or as the Man in the Moon, even at Noon-day: It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot. which, just as it was mellow, we have gathered, and now we have gathered it, prepar'd and dress'd it. shall we throw it like a pickled Cucumber out at the Window : no; that it is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot, but it is, as I may fo fay, a fawcy Plot; and we all know, most Reverend Fathers, that what is Sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander: Therefore, I fay, as those Blood-thirsty Ganders of the Conspiracy would have destroyed us Geese of the Senate, let us make hafte to destroy them, so I humbly move for hanging-hah, Hurry durry-I think this will do, tho' I was fomething out, at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

Enter AQUILINA.

Aquil. Good-morrow, Senator.

Ant. Nacky, my dear Nacky, morrow, Nacky, odd I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial—ha a a a—kiss me, Nacky; how do'st thou do, my little Tory, rory Strumpet, kiss me, I say, Hussy, kiss me.

Aquil. Kiss me, Nacky, hang you, Sir, Coxcomb, hang

you, Sir.

Ant. Hayty tayty, is it so indeed, with all my Heart, faith—Hey then up go we, faith—hey then up go we, dum dum derum dump.

[Sings.

Aquil. Seignior.

Ant. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your Bed

Ant. About threescore Years hence, much may be done, Aquil. You'll be hang'd, Seignior. [my Dear.

Ant. Hang'd, Sweetheart, prithee be quiet, hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry Conceit, with all my Heart, why thou jok'ft, Nacky, thou art given to Joking, I'll fwear;

well, I protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest that I love Joking dearly, Man. And I love thee for Joking, and I'll kiss thee for Joking, and towze thee for Joking, and odd, I have a devilish Mind to take thee aside about that Business for Joking too, odd I have, and, Mey then up go we, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

Aquil. See you this, Sir? [Draws a Dagger.

Ant. O Laud, a Dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my Aversion, I cannot endure the Sight on't, hide it, for Heaven's sake, I cannot look that way till it be gone——hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes, in your Heart, I'll hide it. [Blood!

Ant. My Heart; what, hide a Dagger in my Heart's Aquil. Yes, in thy Heart, thy Throat, thou pamper'd Devil, Thou hast help'd to spoil my Peace, and I'll have Ven-On thy curst Life, for all the bloody Senate, [geance The perjur'd faithless Senate: Where's my Lord, My Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero, Doom'd by thy accursed Tongue, amongst the rest, T'a shameful Wreck? By all the Rage that's in me I'll be whole Years in murthering thee.

Ant. Why, Nacky,

Wherefore so passionate? what have I done? what's the Matter, my dear Nacky? am not I thy Love, thy Happiness, thy Lord, thy Hero, thy Senator, and every thing in the World, Nacky?

Aquil. Thou! think'ft thou art fit to meet my Joys;

To bear the eager Clasps of my Embraces?

Give me my Pierre, or

Ant. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky,

Trus'd up for Treason, and so forth, Child. [Sentence, Aquil. Thou ly'st, stop down thy Throat that hellish

Or 'tis thy last; swear that my Love shall live,

Or thou art dead.

Ant. Ahhhh.

Aquil. Swear to recal his Doom,

Swear at my Feet, and tremble at my Fury.

Ant. I do; now if she would but kick a little bit, one kick now, Ah h h h.

Aquil.

Aquil. How! [and troth,

Ant. Nothing but untie thy Shoe-string a little, faith That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that's all.

Aquit. Nay, then—

Ant. Hold, hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero-

Shall be preferv'd and fafe.

Aquil. Or may this Poniard Rust in thy Heart.

Ant. With all my Soul.

Aquil. Farewel- [Ex. Aquil.

Ant. Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded inveterate, termagant, Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh h h, yet more! nay then I die, I die—I am dead already.

[Stretches himself out.

Enter JAFFEIR.

Jaff. Final Destruction seize on all the World:
Bend down, ye Heavens, and shutting round this Earth,
Crush the vile Globe into its first Consusion;
Scorch it, with elemental Flames, to one curst Cinder,
And all us little Creepers in't, call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing: But let Venice burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell
Ne'er to extinguish, and let Souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those Pains which mine seels now.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Belv. My Life [Meeting him. Jaff. My Plague [Turning from her.

Belv. Nay, then I see my Ruin,

If I must die!

Jaff. No, Death's this Day too busy,
Thy Father's ill-tim'd Mercy came too late;
I thank thee for thy Labours tho', and him too,
But all my poor betray'd unhappy Friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black Hour;
And yet I live.

Belv. Then be the next my Doom.

I fee thou hast pass'd my Sentence in thy Heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient Patience
Meet thy dear Hands, and kiss'em when they wound me;
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it

With some Remorse, and where thou giv'st the Blow, View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,

And shew me Pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

Jaff. Shew Pity to thee?

Belv. Yes; and when thy Hands, Charg'd with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed, As thou hast done a thousand thousand dear times, To this poor Breast, when kinder Rage has brought thee, When our sting'd Hearts have leap'd to meet each other, And melting Kisses seal'd our Lips together, When lovs have less me gasping in thy Arms,

So let my Death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

Jaff. Nay, Bekvidera, do not fear my Cruelty, Nor let the Thoughts of Death perplex thy Fancy, But answer me to what I shall demand

With a firm Temper, and unshaken Spirit.

Belv. I will when I've done weeping

Jaff. Fie, no more on't——
How long is't fince the miserable Day

We wedded first

Belv. Oh h h.

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy Tears,

Left they umman me too.

Belv. Heaven knows I cannot;
The Words you utter found so very fadly,
These Streams will follow———

Jaff. Come, I'll kis 'em dry then. Belv. But, was't a miserable Day?

Faff. A curs'd one.

Belv. I thought it otherwise, and you've oft sworn
In the transporting Hours of warmest Love [it.
When sure you spoke the Truth, you've sworn you bless'd

Jaff. 'Twas a rath Oath. of washin your has mount!

Belv. Then why am I not curst too?

Jaff. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal Truth,

I doat with too much Fondness. The seed the sweet

Belv. Still to kind ! ...

Still then do you love me?

Faff. Nature, in her Workings, Inclines not with more Ardour to Creation, Than I do now towards thee; Man ne'er was blefs'd, Since the first Pair first met, as I have been.

Belv. Then fure you will not curfe me.

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on Purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.

'Tis now, I think, three Years w'have liv'd together.

Belv. And may no fatal Minute ever part us, 'Till, reverend grown, for Age and Love, we go Down to one Grave, as our last Bed, together, There sleep in Peace till an eternal Morning.

Faff. When will that be? [Sighing.

Belv. I hope long Ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me Thy very Fears) us'd thee with tender's Love? Did e'er my Soul rife up in Wrath against thee? Did I e'er frown when Belvidera smil'd, Or, by the least unfriendly Word, betray A bating Passion? have I ever wrong'd thee; Belv. No.

7 aff. Has my Heart, or have my Eyes e'er wander'd To any other Woman? [should I accuse thee.

Belv. Never, never I were the worst of false ones, I own I've been too happy, bless'd above My Sexes Charter.

Faff. Did I not fay I came to bless thee? * warmen of the party of the pa Belv. Yes.

Faff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven, Pour down your Bleffings on this beauteous Head, Where everlafting Sweets are always springing. With a continual giving Hand, let Peace,

Honour and Safety always hover round her,
Feed her with Plenty, let her Eyes ne'er fee
A Sight of Sorrow, ner her Heart know Mourning,
Crown all her Days with Joy, her Nights with Reft,
Harmless as her own Thoughts, and prop her Virtue,
To bear the Loss of one that too much lov'd,
And comfort her with Patience in our parting.

Belv. How, parting, parting!

Jeff. Yes, for ever parting,

I have fworn, Bebvidera; by you Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this Hour for ever.

Belv. Oh, call back

Your cruel Bleffings, flay with me and curse me ! Jaff. No; 'tis resolv'd.

Belv. Then hear me too, just Heaven,
Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head,
With never-ceasing Vengeance, let Despair,
Danger or Insamy, nay all surround me,
Starve me with Wantings, let my Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace,
But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors.
Wild as my own Thoughts now, and let loose Fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him; if I must, I will not,
Oh, turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, Heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender Days we have liv'd together; By all our charming Nights, and Joys that crown'd 'em,. Pity my fad Condition, speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh h hvoda sal la veget form ness avi

Honous

Belv. By these Arms that now cling round thy Neck, By this dear Kiss, and by ten thousand more, By these poor streaming Eyes—

Jaff. Murther! unhold me:
By th'immortal Destiny that doom'd me [Draws his Dagger.
To this curst Minute, I'll not live one longer,
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall—

Belv. Hold, Sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal Bell [Passing-Bell tolls. Tolls out for Death, I must attend its Call too, For my poor Friend, my dying Pierre expects me; He sent a Message to require 1'd see him Before he dy'd, and take his last Forgiveness. Farewel for ever.

Belw. Leave thy Dagger with me.

Bequeath me something—Not one Kiss at parting?

[Going out, looks back at her.

Oh my poor Heart, when wilt thou break?

Jaff. Yet stay,

Thus round thee ever! But my Friends, my Oath!
This, and no more.

[Kisses ber.

Belv. Another, fure another, For that poor little one you've ta'n care of, I'll giv't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewel.

Belv. For ever!

[thee.

Jaff. Heaven knows for ever; all good Angels guard Belv. All ill ones fure had charge of me this Moment, Curft be my Days, and doubly curft my Nights, Which I must now mourn out in widow'd Tears; Blasted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree, Curst be the Rain that falls upon the Earth, And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast; Oh give me Daggers, Fire or Water, How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the Waves Huzzing and booming round my finking Head, Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom!

90 VENICE Preserv'd: Or.

Oh there's all Quiet, here all Rage and Fury, The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain, I long for thick substantial Sleep: Hell, Hell, Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud, If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter PRIULI and Servants.

Who's there? [They feize her.

Priu. Run, seize and bring her safely home,

Guard her as you would Life: Alas, poor Creature!

Belv. What? to my Husband then conduct me quickly, Are all things ready? shall we die most gloriously? Say not a Word of this to my old Father,

Murmuring Streams, foft Shades, and springing Flowers, Lutes, Laurels, Seas of Milk, and Ships of Amber. [Ex

Scene opening discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepar'd for the executing of Pierre, then enter Officers, Pierre, and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great Rabble. Offic. Room, room there____ftand all by, make room

for the Prisoner.

Pier. My Friend not come yet?

Fath. Why are you fo obtlinate?

Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor Wretch

Cannot die in Peace?

But you, like Ravens will be creaking round him-

Fath. Yet, Heaven-

Pier. I tell thee Heaven and I are Friends,
I ne'er broke Peace with't yet, by cruel Murthers,

Rapine, or Perjury, or vile Deceiving,

But liv'd in moral Justice towards all Men,

Nor am a Foe to the most strong Believers:

Howe'er my own fhort-fighted Faith confine me.

Fath. But an all-feeing Judge
Pier. You say my Conscience

Must be mine Accuser: I have search'd that Conscience,

And find no Records there of Crimes that scare me.

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want Faith.

Pier. You want to lead

My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,

Check'd

Check'd of its nobler Vigour, then when baited
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith:
So filly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money.
Away, no more: Captain, Lowould hereafter
This Fellow write no Lyes of my Conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled Hours.

Enter | AFFEIR.

Heart, strengthen me to hear

This hideous Sight, and humble me, take

The last Forgiveness of a dying Friend,

Betray'd by my vile Falshood, to his Ruin

Oh, Pierre!

Pier. Yet nearer. Washington Devil ! o.M. A.M.

Jaff. Crawling on my Knees,
And prostrate on the Earth, let me approach thee,
How shall I look up to thy injur'd Face,
That always us'd to smile, with Friendship, on me?
It darts an Air of so much manly Virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy Sight,
And Stripes are fitter for me than Embraces.

Pier. Dear to my Arms, tho' thou hast undone my Fame; I cannot forget to love thee; prithee, Jaffeir, Forgive that filthy Blow my Passion dealt thee; I am now preparing for the Land of Peace, And sain would have the charitable Wishes

Of all good Men, like thee, to bless my sourney.

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest Creature, worse than e'en Suffer'd the shameful Fate thou art going to taste of, Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly? Call, call me Villain, as I am, describe The soul Complexion of my hateful Deeds, Lead me to the Rack, and stretch me in thy stead, I've Crimes enough to give it its full Load, And do it Credit: Thou wilt but spoil the Use on't, And honest Men hereaster bear its Figure About 'em, as a Charm from treacherous Friendship.

VENICE Preferv'd : Or, 92 Offic. The Time grows short, your Friends are dead Jaff. Dead! [already. Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffeir; they've all dy'd like Men too, Worthy their Character, sort in a dillay our alune it in ca Jaff. And what must I'do haist wo : sum or . 154 f. Pier. Oh, Jaffeir D van to en I om sinw welle I And tellthy Troubles to thy tortur'd Friend. [rous Friend, Pier. Friend! Could'ft thou yet be a Friend, a gene-I might hope Comfort from the noble Sorrows, Heav'n knows I want a Friend, han he had heaved and Jaff. And I a kind one, and to a married the soll That would not thus foorn my repenting Virtue, Or think when he is to die, my Thoughts are idle. Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffeir. Jaff. Yes, I will live, But it shall be to see thy Fall reveng'd At fuch a Rate, as Venice long shall groan for, Piers Wilt thou Port live slim or l'an ett wha sent Jaff. I will, by Heav'ng doom of to riA is step if Pier. Then still thou'rt noble, alori all in and I all And I forgive thee, oh yet shall I trust thee? Jaff. No: I've been false already. Pier. Do'ft thou love me? Jaff. Rip up my Heart, and fatisfy thy Doubtings. Pier. Curse on this Weakness. [He weeps. Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears! I never faw thee melted thus before; And know there's fomething lab'ring in thy Bofom That must have vent: Tho' I'm a Villain, tell me. Pier. See'ft thou that Engine ? [Pointing to the Wheel. Faff. Why? Pier. Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour, Fought, Nations Quarrels, and been crown'd with Con-Be expos'd a common Carcass on a Wheel? [quest, Taff. Hah! but his middle and I series I is ob had. Pier. Speak ! is't fitting ? Jaff. Fitting?

Pier.

Pier. Yes, Is't fitting?

Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's Noble, to preserve my Memory it.

Offic. The Day grows late, Sir.

Pier. I'll make haste! oh, Jaffeir,

Tho' thou'ft betray'd me, do me some way Justice.

Jaff. No more of that: Thy Wishes shall be satisfy'd, I have a Wise, and she shall bleed; my Child too Yield up his little Throat, and all t'appease thee

[Going away, Pierre holds him.

Pier. No this no more! [He whi/pers Jaffeir.

Faff. Hah! is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do't.

Pier, Remember.

Offic. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.

[He and Jaffeir ascend the Scaffold.

Printer to the order of the said

Captain, you should be a Gentleman of Honour,

Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room

To entertain my Fate, and die with Decency. [bim.

Come! [Takes off his Gown, Executioner prepares to bind Fath. Son!

Pier. Hence, Tempter.

Offic. Stand off, Priest.

Pier. I thank you, Sir; with the state of the bound

You'll think on't.

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before To-morrow.

Pier. Now, Jaffeir! now I am going. Now;

Jaff. Have at thee, [Executioner having bound him.
Thou honest Heart, then—here— [Stabs him.

And this is well too. [Then stabs himself.

Fath. Damnable Deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done Nobly-We have deceiv'd the Senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

[To Jaffeir.

Pier. Ha ha ha-oh oh-

Jaff. Now, ye curft Rulers, had a

Thus of the Blood y'have fied I make Libation.

And fprinkly mingling : May it reft upon you.

And all your Race : Be henceforth Peace a Stranger

Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste

Your Generations—oh poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in Safety to her.

A Token, that with my dying Breath I bleft her.

And the dear little Infant left behind me.

I am fick I'm quiet Jaffeir dies.

Offic. Bear this News to the Senate.

And guard their Bodies till there's farther Order :

Heav'n grant I die so well- [Scene shuts upon them.

Soft Mufick. Enter BELVIDERA difracted, led by two of her Women, PRIULI and Servants.

Priu. Strengthen her Heart with Patience, pitying Hea-Belv. Come come come come. Nay, come to bed! [v'n. Prithee, my Love. The Winds! hark how they whiftle!

'And the Rain beats: oh how the Weather shrinks me!

You're angry now, who cares? pifh, no indeed.

Choose then, I say you shall not go, you shall not; Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then! oh, [Ghost rises.

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come agen,

Am I to blame to love him! oh thou dear one. [Ghoft finks.

Why do you fly me? are you angry still then?

Jaffeir! where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere. Stand off I fay! what gone? remember't, Tyrant!

I may revenge myfelf for this Trick one Day.

Enter Officer and others.

I'll do't --- I'll do't. Renault's a nasty Fellow.

Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Priu. News, what News? [Officer whifpers Priuli,

Offic. Most fad, Sir.

Jaffeir, upon the Scaffold, to prevent

A shameful Death, stabb'd Pierre, and next himself:

Both fell together.

Priu.

Breathless and dead.

ks.

uli.

riu.

Priu. Then guard me from the Sight on't:

Lead me into some Place that's fit for Mourning:

Where the free Air, Light, and the chearful Sun

May never enter: Hang it round with Black;

Set up one Taper that may last a Day

As long as I've to live: And there all leave me.

Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,

But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate. [Curtain falls.

[Ex. omnes.



EPILOGUE.

HE Text is done, and now for Application, And when that's ended, pass your Approbation. Tho the Conspiracy's prevented here, Methinks I fee another batching there; And there's a certain Faction fain would sway, If they had Strength enough, and damn this Play, But this the Author bid me boldly fay: If any take his Plainness in ill Part, He's glad on't from the Bottom of his Heart; Poets in Honour of the Truth shou'd write, With the same Spirit brave Men for it fight; And the against him causeless Hatreds rife, And daily where he goes of late, he spies The Scowles of fullen and revengeful Eyes: 'Tis what he knows with much Contempt to bear, And serves a Cause too good to let him fear: He fears no Poison from an incens'd Drab, No Ruffian's Five-foot-sword, nor Rascal's Stab; Nor any other Snares of Mischief laid, Not a Rose-Alley Cudget Ambuscade, From any private Caufe where Malice reigns, Or general Pique all Blockheads bave to Brains: Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call, No, not the * Picture-mangler at Guild-hall. *The Rascal that Cut the Duke of The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one, York's Picture. Have now set forward, and their Course begun; And while that Prince's Figure they deface, As they before had massacred his Name, Durst their base Fears but look him in the Face, They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame; A Face, in which such Lineaments they read Of that great Martyr's, whose rich Blood they shed, That their rebellious Hate they still retain, And in his Son would murther him again: With Indignation then, let each brave Heart, Rouse and unite to take his injur'd Part; Till Royal Love and Goodness call him bome, And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come; Till Heaven bis Honour and our Peace restore, And Villains never wrong his Virtue more.

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